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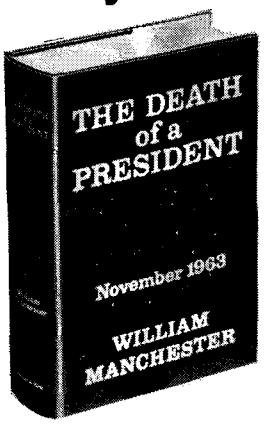

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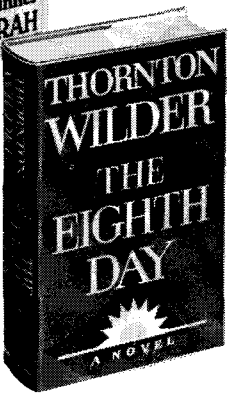

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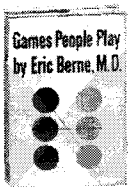

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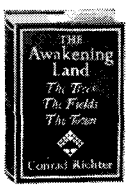

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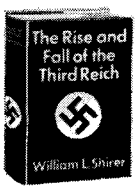

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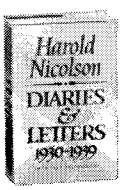

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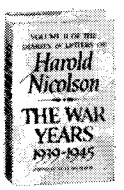

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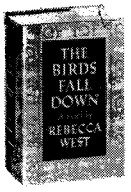

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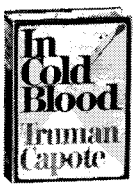

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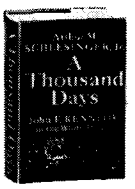

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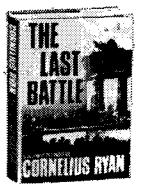

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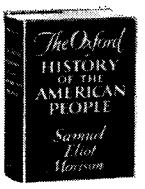

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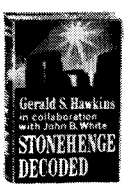

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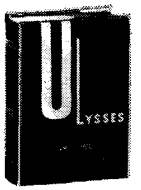

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THE Atlantic

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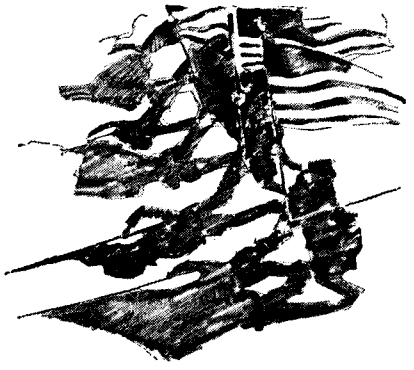

Dissent (which is the big topic of conversation in Washington just now) is at about the same stage in its development as was nuclear energy in the early forties: its cause is widely understood, but only a few people are beginning to appreciate its full, potential effects.

Dissent has not served to change the Johnson Administration's policy in Vietnam — nor will it in the future, unless there is some dramatic, surprise escalation in its volume. It *has* served to help shore up the President's sagging popularity among the national electorate.

Support for the war in the opinion polls challenges the assumption that he must bring an end to the fighting in Vietnam if he is to win re-election next year. Events strongly suggest that just the opposite may now be true: that it would be to his political advantage if the war is still going on. This disturbing, even shocking, prospect contradicts what has been up till now the best-informed opinion: that the President has been escalating the war in order to mop it up well before November, 1968.

In a very complicated way, the cards in this tricky game are stacked in the President's favor — a fact which he no doubt appreciated long before anybody else. Now he only has to play them properly; but in that chilling game of showdown lies the real danger.

The political polls tell the story. It now is a proven fact that Johnson's personal popularity rises whenever he escalates the war in Vietnam. Late this spring, after he bombed the MIG fields in North Vietnam, the polls showed that 72 percent of the people basically supported the Administration's policy and 59 percent wanted more escalation.

But the polls also show that the President's popularity slowly declines after a period of time, when it has become clear that the last escalation has failed to achieve its purpose.

Step-up

The problem, to borrow Senator Vance Hartke's pithy phrase, is that escalation breeds escalation. If the President is to continue to satisfy the nation's increased demands that he bring a quick end to the war through the application of more power, he must continue to widen the target area in North Vietnam. He has been doing this steadily all year long, to the point where there now is a shortage of targets in the north — a shortage so acute that the Administration is more than six months ahead of its preplanned escalation schedule.

(On January 23, United Press International reported from Saigon that the United States would bomb the MIG bases in North Vietnam "within the next few weeks." The next day Defense Secretary Robert McNamara described this report as "absolutely wrong . . . incorrect and irresponsible press coverage." The first U.S. attack on the MIG bases came three months later.)

Thus there has been created in Washington the new fear that the Administration to effect future steps of escalation now must start stepping up the ground war. The fear increased when General Westmoreland asked for 160,000 more troops. That request spawned rumors that it was only a matter of time now before the Reserves would be called to active duty.

The mid-May foray into the demilitarized zone represented another dramatic escalation, but it didn't surprise Washington very much. For weeks prior to it, there had been insistent reports emanating from the Pentagon that the military was urging the President to authorize an Inchon-like landing north of the DMZ.

The general belief, therefore, according to one senator, is that "the President must either have the war going hot and well by election time or time negotiations so that the frustrating results of those negotiations are not apparent."

Every step in this escalation has produced an escalation in the dissent, and the same is going to hold true for the future. By the end of this year, the issue of Vietnam will have split this nation as nothing else has since the Civil War.

Wrap-up

But what President Johnson has realized is that in this unique war, it is possible to exploit dissent to domestic political advantage. And that is exactly what he is proceeding to do. As an exercise in political skill and daring, it is an awesome thing to watch.

Johnson's message is a blunt, mean one. It is that his critics are

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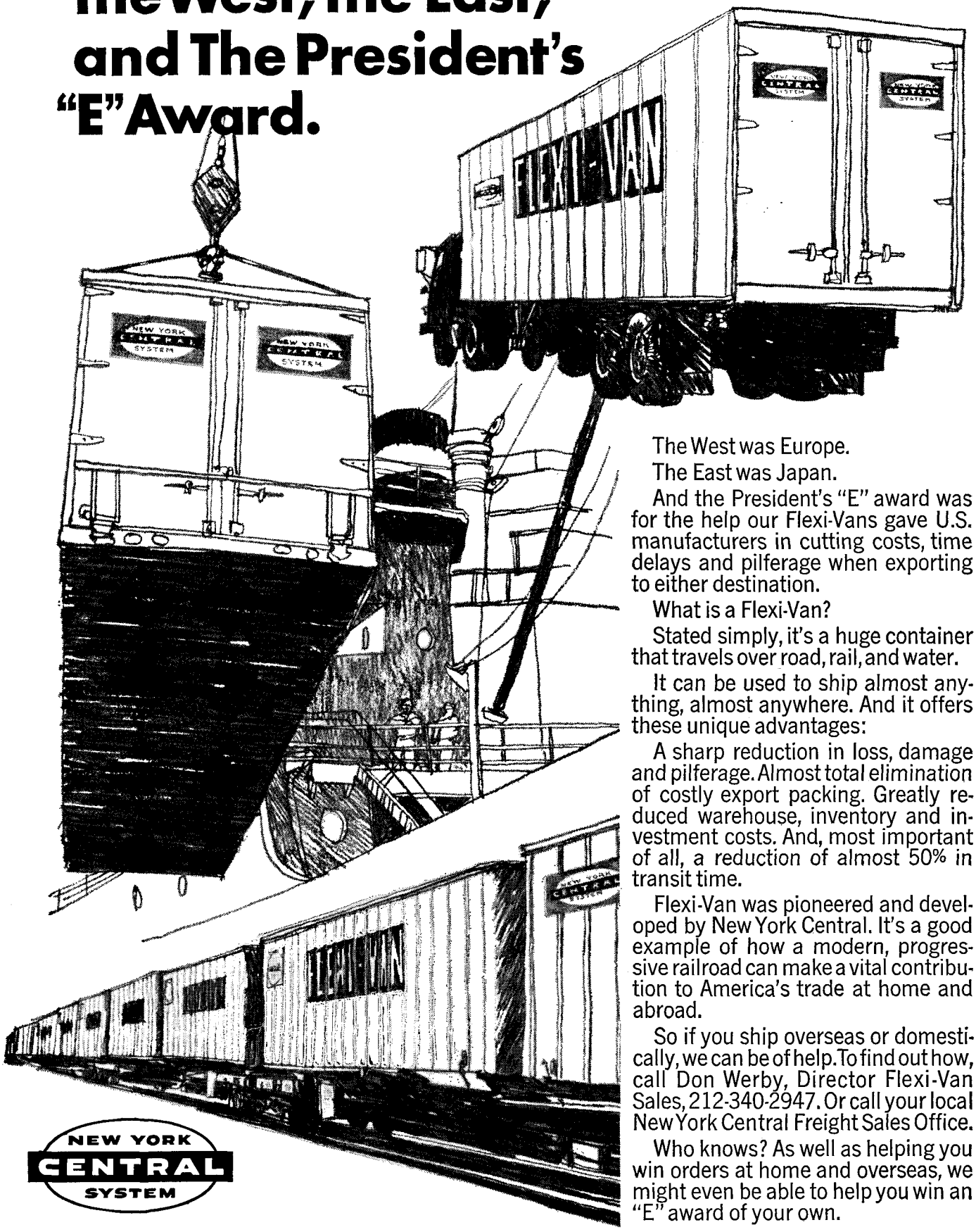

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prolonging this war because their dissent has instilled false hopes in Hanoi. His audience is one that counts in national elections. It is not the nation's intellectual leaders. It is not what Arthur Schlesinger likes to describe as "that small, politically conscious community of people which determines politics." It is the nation's lower-middle-class citizenry.

The dirty cloak

And his strategy is a brilliant one. It is to scramble all dissent and make it into one big messy omelet. It is to wrap William Fulbright, Robert Kennedy, Mike Mansfield, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Stokely Carmichael, Dr. Martin Luther King, Cassius Clay, the Quakers, the pacifists, the peace-marchers, all the preachers and teachers who sign those ads in the New York *Times*, all the draft card burners and the flag rippers, all the demonstrators and the hysterical women — to wrap them all in one common, dirty cloak.

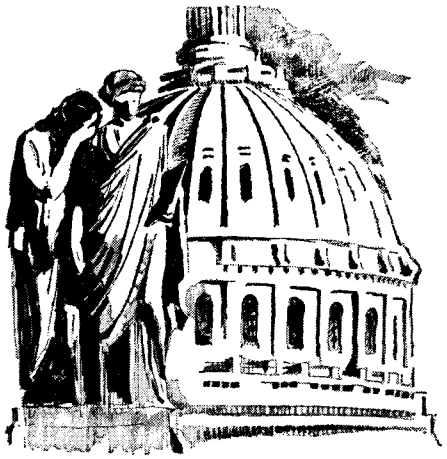
This campaign was carried out all through the wet, gray spring. Hubert Humphrey said it. General Westmoreland came home and said it. And the President said it every time he awarded another Medal of Honor at the White House. The clear implication was that anyone who disagreed publicly with Administration policy was giving aid and comfort to the enemy during time of war.

Meanwhile, Stokely Carmichael was describing Johnson as a "hunky," a "buffoon," and a "liar," the United States as "a cowardly nation of thieves," and was leading chants of "Hell, no, we won't go."

By the time the roses were in bloom, Johnson had pulled ahead of Richard Nixon and even with George Romney in the polls, Humphrey had gained popularity, Robert Kennedy's ratings were drooping, legislation had been introduced to make flag burning a federal offense, and Louisiana congressman F. Edward Hébert, anxious to find a way to punish dissenters, was crying, "Let's forget about the First Amendment." The plans of peace groups for a "Vietnam summer" promised to heat things up even more.

It is now a well-known fact in Washington that many of the most vocal dissenters in the Senate are in political trouble back home. The list includes Wayne Morse of Oregon, George McGovern of South Dakota, and Frank Church of Idaho. The polls also show that even Fulbright's Arkansas popularity is at an all-time low, despite the fact that his criticism of the President's Vietnam policy has earned him a concurrent reputation as a man who "stands up to Johnson."

An examination of the mail these men are receiving from their states reveals a phenomenon peculiar to what must be described as the strangest war America has ever fought. Their constituents do not especially fault them for giving aid and comfort to the enemy. The



biggest problem that the "dove" senators are having is that their constituents believe they are giving aid and comfort to "the flag burners and the draft dodgers."

South Dakota's George McGovern says his constituents really aren't angry at the Vietnamese. "The reason there has been such a reaction is that people are uneasy about the protesters, just protesters in general," he says.

"Flag burners raise my hackles too," McGovern says, adding, "These extreme protesters have done more to handicap responsible dissent than any other single factor."

McGovern admits his stand has caused him trouble. "I am not kidding myself. I know a dissenter in wartime is in a dangerous position. But I honestly believe we are flirting with World War III."

McGovern says that it was "self-defense which prompted the sixteen Senate doves to tell Hanoi that, although they are opposed to the President's escalation, they remain steadfastly opposed to any unilateral withdrawal of American troops from South Vietnam."

"That was aimed more at domestic politics in the United States than Hanoi," McGovern says. "It was an effort to counter the Administration's charge that dissent is prolonging the war. To many, that has been the most maddening, frustrating tactic they've yet used."

Dissent against dissent

Richard Scammon, the former director of the Bureau of the Census and one of the most astute, sophisticated interpreters of national voting habits, describes this reaction as "a dissent against dissent" by America's lower middle class. This group of voters always has been predominately conservative, and it is Scammon's belief that its reaction to "the beatniks" has been consistently underestimated.

McGovern's political dilemma is particularly poignant. South Dakota's Democrats are angry because he is opposing the war, and many of them are expected to split their tickets next year and vote for his probable opponent, Republican Governor Nils Boe. At the same time, an Oliver Quayle poll commissioned by McGovern shows that Johnson, who carried South Dakota by 33,000 in 1964, will lose it by about 30,000 in 1968. So McGovern stands to lose support at both ends.

He has launched a massive publicity campaign in an effort to educate his constituency on his views. Some 85,000 copies of his April Vietnam speech have been mailed home. He is bombarding the state with newsletters which explain his position. And he is spending as much time as he can back home, making public appearances.

It is fog-laden country to try to chart, but it is probable that this resentment and fear of the more dramatic, outspoken peace demonstrations are related to the apprehension these same voters have about increased crime rates and racial disturbances.

It seems that, at least to some extent, it is all part and parcel of the same thing in their minds. Beards are beards. Marches are marches. That young man in the sandals who is ripping up Old Glory in the newspaper picture sure does

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resemble that young man in sandals who marched into the suburbs with the Negroes last summer when they tried to integrate the neighborhood (as a matter of fact, he might well be the same person); and there are King and Carmichael leading the whole thing.

The war machine

Where does all this leave the Republicans, who must nominate someone for President and arm him with issues next year? It may leave them without a profitable issue in Vietnam, and it certainly leaves them in a quandary.

Short of advocating the use of nuclear weapons, it is virtually impossible for the Republicans to squeeze into the right and push Johnson into the doves' nest. The national war machine is under his command, and as he already has demonstrated, he will not hesitate to use it. If the cry of the hawks becomes preponderant, he has at hand the means of response.

If the Republicans nominate what could even vaguely be described as "a peace candidate," Johnson's strategy will be to try to associate him with the dissenters he is now attempting to isolate.

In fact, it appears that the Democrats are counting on the Republicans to find it impossible to believe that there is no political profit to be made from this war. Most of them concede that the President is in trouble if the GOP has the political perspicacity to neutralize the Vietnam issue and play upon Johnson's personality problems.

"Unity" — unity for unity's sake — always has been one of Johnson's old, reliable campaign themes. He used it as a young man when he ran for office in Texas — "Roosevelt and Unity" his posters proclaimed — he used it to historical advantage in 1964, and he is sure to use it again in 1968. But while he has played the "unity" card in the past to disarm his critics, it has rarely been his only card. The new twist is that he is single-mindedly manipulating the darker fears and prejudices of voters he has generally sought to calm with apolitical appeals "for progress," or "against poverty." Now, no longer the hero of the poor or the Negroes or any other force within the old Democratic coalition, he seems determined at least to be the hero of the jingoes.

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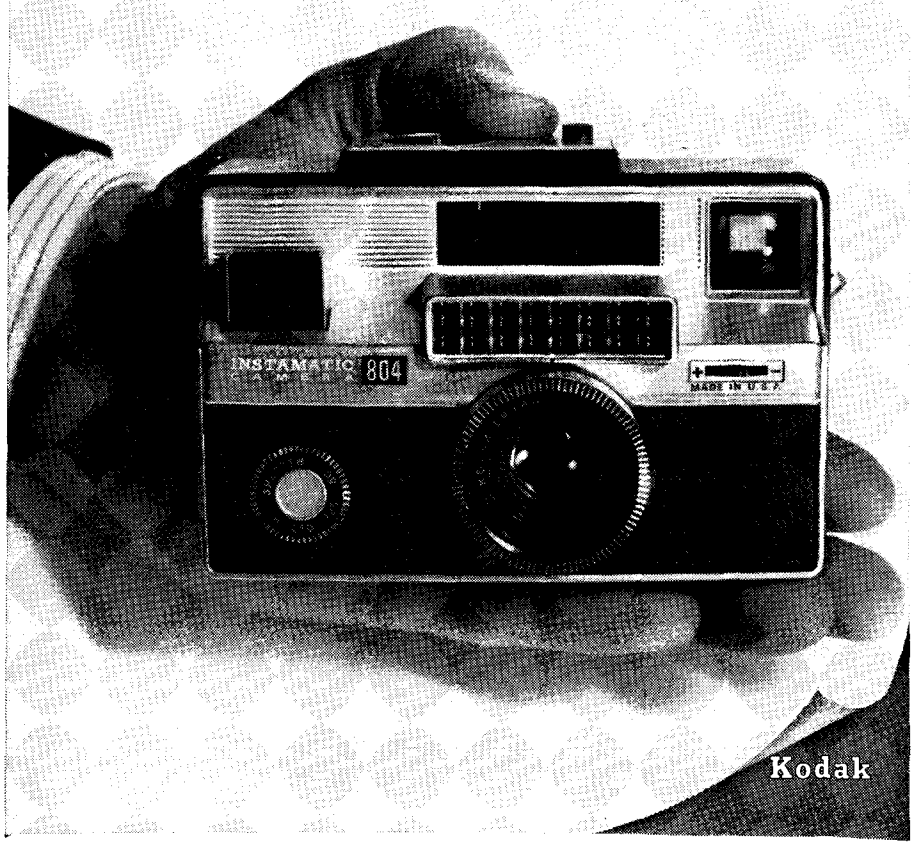

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Submarines at Work: A report from General Dynamics

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A *farm* at the bottom of the ocean?

Before this century is over, man will undoubtedly be farming, mining and manufacturing under the sea. With the world population growing and our natural resources shrinking, we will *have* to exploit the oceans for necessary food supplies and raw materials.

But before it happens, we must learn how to live and work in the strange and hostile marine environment.

Blue collar submarines:

A new breed of fish—the research submarine—has already begun the job of exploring and working in the depths of the ocean.

Unlike World War II submarines, which could dive to only a few hundred feet, research submarines will have to descend *thousands* of feet. And unlike bathyscaphs, which are essentially underwater elevators, research submarines move and maneuver under their own power and can perform a variety of jobs. In fact, "research" is a misnomer; they are really *working* submarines.

General Dynamics, which delivered the first submarine to the United States Navy in 1900, has already built five operational research submarines and is currently building three more. One of them, *Aluminaut*, an aluminum-hulled submarine built for Reynolds International, went mineral prospecting in 1966.

The boat searched for deposits of ore along the Blake Plateau, a section of the Continental Shelf stretching from Virginia to Florida. As *Aluminaut* travelled along the bottom, it scooped up samples of sediment and brought them up to the surface escort ship.

Doing the impossible:

Last year, two other research submarines built by General Dynamics—*Star II* and *Asherah*—performed jobs that had not been possible before. They inspected underwater cables, diving to depths and carrying photographic equipment that puts the job well beyond the capabilities of skin divers.

A cable does not always lie undisturbed on the bottom once it has been laid. It can be dragged by fishing nets and tidal currents; abraded and strained by rocks or sunken wreckage; and corroded by salt water and chewed on by sea life.

Star II, diving to depths of 1,050 feet, inspected and took more than 3,000 still photographs of 42 miles of underwater cable.

Asherah's assignment was to inspect a six-inch power cable that ran for seven miles along the bottom of Rosario Strait in the state of Washington. Before throwing the switch that would send electricity through the cable, officials of the Bonneville Power Administration wanted to know how the cable was oriented on the bottom.

Fitted with externally mounted strobe lights and floodlights, a 35mm. still camera and a television camera, *Asherah* followed the seven miles of cable, making a complete record of it on video tape and in still photographs.

Hunting the aku:

The aku, or skipjack tuna, is one of the mainstays of Hawaii's fishing industry. The annual catch of tuna in Hawaiian waters averages 5,000 tons—largely from netting fish near the surface. Some experts believe the yield could be as high as 200,000 tons a year if a key question could be answered: how deep do schools of tuna live?

In 1965, the research submarine *Asherah*, on loan to the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, found the answer. In the course of diving to depths of 600 feet off Oahu, *Asherah's* observers discovered tuna much further down than anyone had expected. On the basis of this evidence, the Bureau outfitted a surface ship with sonar to locate and track deep-swimming schools of tuna. A General Dynamics study showed the feasibility of a research submarine fast enough and with sufficient endurance to follow oceanic fish and to discover their migratory habits and spawning and feeding grounds.

Fish talk:

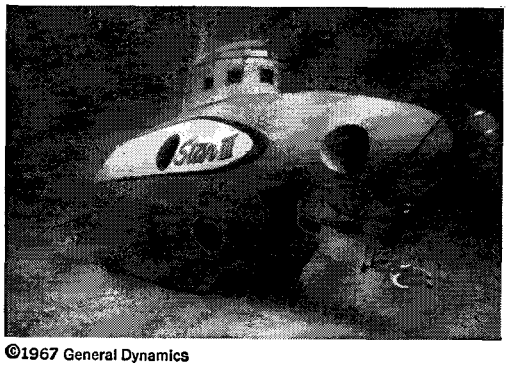
Research submarines have already extended our knowledge of rock and coral formations, the marine phenomenon known as plankton, and the habits—even the conversation—of fish.

Far from being silent, fish talk a great deal. During its dives off Hawaii, *Asherah* was able to record fish conversing in their cave homes. Fish talk has an immediate application to underwater telephone communication; the "chattering" of fish can be picked up, and distort human conversation.

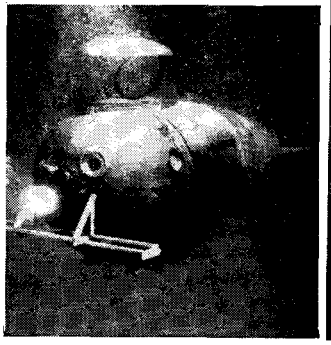
In the summer of 1966, General Dynamics' *Star III*, diving off Bermuda, investigated an ocean phenomenon that sometimes plays havoc with sonar listening results: the deep scattering layer. This is a layer of plankton—organic and plant particles that small fish feed on.

Research submarines have also inspected the understructures and footings of offshore oil wells. There is a

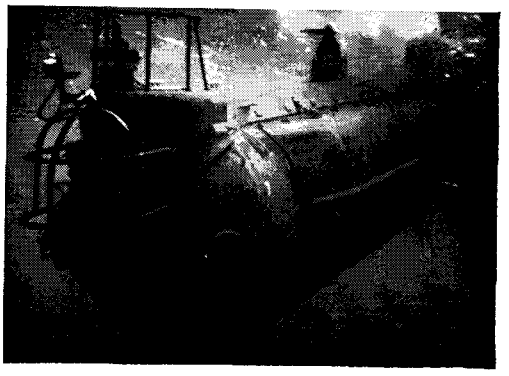
STAR III can carry its two-man crew and 1,500-pound payload, including scientific equipment, to depths of 2,000 feet for up to 12 hours. Its manipulator can perform a variety of jobs.



ASHERAH was designed and built by General Dynamics for the use of the University of Pennsylvania Museum.



ALUMINAUT, built by General Dynamics for Reynolds International, has first all-aluminum hull and is the deepest diving submarine.



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large market for submersibles capable of this kind of work.

And in 1964, *Asherah*, diving in the Aegean Sea off the coast of Turkey, photographed the hull and cargo of a sunken 5th century Byzantine galley on the sea floor. The submarine accomplished in one hour what would have taken skin divers weeks to do.

Ambidexterity:

Many first-generation research submarines have a single external manipulator, or "arm," enabling them to scoop up sediment or pick up objects from the ocean floor.

Second-generation submarines now under construction at General Dynamics will have considerably greater work and repair capacities.

These new submarines will have two manipulators, rather than one—each analogous to the human arm. That is, it has shoulder, elbow and wrist joints (see illustration at right). Fully extended, the manipulators have an 82-inch reach; when not in use they can be folded back against the hull of the submarine to improve its hydrodynamic motion through the water.

Interchangeable claw "hands" will allow new submarines to pick up objects as heavy as 100 pounds—or as delicate as an egg. Clamshell scoops enable them to collect mineral and marine specimens.

But their greatest advance over present manipulators is their power tool capacity. Detachable snap-on tools will enable them to cut cables, drill holes, install or remove nuts on equipment—and do a variety of other deep-sea construction and repair work.

Manipulators may be operated independently of each other or together, depending on the nature of the job.

With manipulators that approach the human arm in dexterity and control—and exceed it in reach, strength and versatility—the ability of research submarines to perform meaningful work will be dramatically advanced.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communications systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

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GENERAL DYNAMICS

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"Don't spit in the soup we've all got to eat," he tells his fellow Democrats in private conversation. Dissent disturbs and distracts him, and he might welcome back the most outspoken of his critics, if only they would return. What he is not telling them, but what is now apparent, is that the critics and the recalcitrants must be prepared to face the potential risks of isolation. He has no choice. Political necessity dictates that this peninsula of discontent be sawed off his continent of consensus. It is dangerous strategy.

If the lonely island he is working to create is larger than he anticipates it will be, it means he will have split the Democratic Party. It also means he probably will be defeated, for no Democrat has won the presidency in this century without liberal support. And what about the Negroes? He must have their vote to win in most of the big industrial states.

Worst of all, it is the most perilous of international risk-taking, for it is open-ended by nature. Even if Johnson succeeds in isolating American dissent, he must continue to escalate the war in Vietnam because that is the only way he can retain the main source of public support for his policy there.

He cannot stand still. He cannot back down. He can only go up, up, and that is what scares Washington.

— Douglas Kiker

Canada

Canada, which celebrates its hundredth anniversary on the first of July, is also marking, for better or worse, a decisive turning point in its role in North American culture. The question, quite simply, is whether Canada is going to become a satellite of the United States.

Canada's potential role is no longer doubted, for it occupies the second largest land mass in the world after Russia; and its relatively tiny population, just over twenty million, threaded in a loose network of cities along the southern border, manages to produce enough goods and services to rank it among the top ten nations of the globe. Canada is rich in raw materials, has the second highest standard of living in the world, and possesses nearly all the resources for an industrial society within its own borders.

But a problem of identification haunts Canada: it is both a part of North America and a part of the British Commonwealth. Whether the Commonwealth really exists as a political force or not, all of its members share an inheritance from England which is both good and bad: good in the political institutions and tradition of civilization it provides; bad in making the younger country spiritually dependent on the older, sometimes long after political independence has been granted.

Canada is not exceptional among Commonwealth countries in its dependence on England. Its present identity crisis is a late phase of the malady which, granting regional differences, affects India, Pakistan, the West Indies, Australia, New Zealand, Ghana, and even Rhodesia. Moreover, despite its benefits in international prestige, Canada's presently strong role in the Commonwealth has had the unfortunate side effect of beclouding the problem of its role in North America.

These two poles of the problem — the unrealized role in North America and unemancipated participation in the Empire — are the major issues in any discussion of Canada. The problem is an important one for Americans because they are going to become more and more dependent on Canadian raw materials in the foreseeable future. Access to those materials will depend, to some extent, on maintaining the friendship which has always existed between the two countries. North American affairs will become the joint responsibility of both countries, and narrow nationalism on either side will not do.

In general, from the Canadian side, proposed solutions have usually taken two forms. For Wilfrid Laurier, a French-Canadian Prime Minister before the First War, Canada was to become a great, independent nation. This was to be "Canada's century." For Goldwin Smith, a regius professor of history at Oxford in the nineteenth century, the idea of Canada seemed a geographic, economic, and ethnic absurdity. Proponents of both of these extreme views may still be found in Canada (along with others, like the Quebec separatists).

Canadian isolation

So far, however, North American culture has been almost entirely American. The reasons are obvious. Canadian contributions have often been high in quality, but rarer than they need to have been. At present, the Canadian cultural debt to the United States is immense. Canadians are in effect financed and defended by Americans. Their advanced education takes place largely in American graduate schools, where they are made as welcome as indigenous students. Their writers and artists could not exist without the support and patronage they receive from south of the border.

More than ten years after the Massey Report on the arts and sciences released the sobering statistic that Canada was the only Western nation which did not possess either a national library or a national journal of public opinion, Canadians are still reliant on American facilities. But now Canada's economy is developing, as are its graduate schools and outlets for creative talent. It is reported that the exodus of gifted people to the south is reversing itself. Canadians are beginning to exhibit a slight annoyance at how little Americans actually know about them, in contrast to what they are expected to know about Americans. Only this year, for instance, was the first chair of Canadian studies established in an American university.

The discernible changes in Canadian sentiment have led me to reassess an earlier, almost totally pessimistic, set of observations I wrote for the *Atlantic* on national culture ("Why Young Men Leave," November, 1964), in order to take account of the positive elements I have seen taking shape in the centennial year. The account which follows is not comprehensive. It omits Quebec, a province which I feel has

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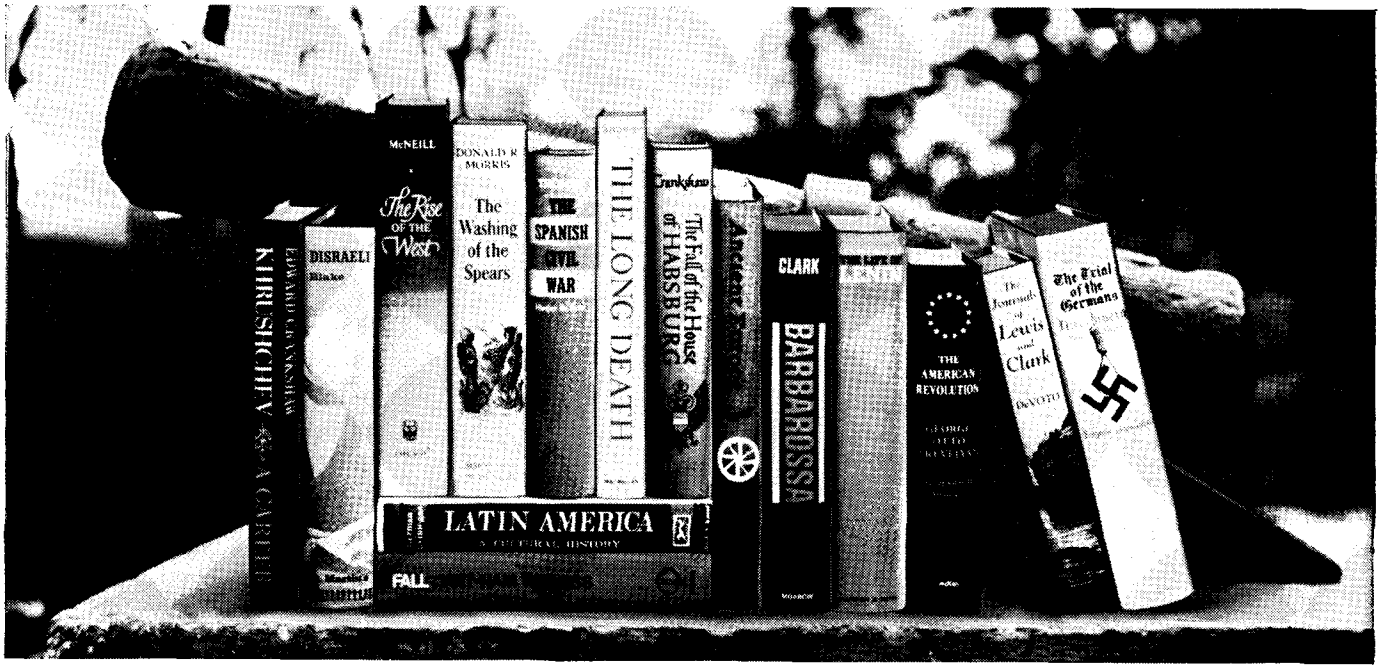

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Coming in the Atlantic

Some solid and, one hopes, enticing hints of things to come in August, or thereabouts:

■ "Culturally as well as geographically Vietnam is half a world away from the United States. . . . The Vietnamese does not live within the segmented Western world of cause and effect, of conceptual analysis, of theoretical distinctions between form and substance. . . . If he imitates the correct procedures, if he behaves in conformity with established patterns, his reward is the approval of the community around him, and by extension that of the spiritual community of ancestors and the transcendent heavens. . . . Though the word democracy is well known throughout Vietnam, it has no hard and fast meaning as an abstract principle." **Frances FitzGerald** on the depth of our misunderstanding of the Vietnamese, in ***The Struggle and the War,*** a brilliant blend of scholarship and reportage.

■ "The publicizing of sensational crime is as old as crime itself. . . . Each decade has had its *causes célèbres*, and each *cause célèbre* has produced a wave of revulsion and talk of curbing excessive publicity. But it has remained just that — talk. . . . This time *may* be different." From **Robert Cipes's** sharp and surely controversial essay ***Controlling Crime News.***

■ "In a land of assimilation they are the last holdouts. They have roamed in this country for over 250 years, but they show no signs of joining us; nor are they ever likely to." From ***The Gypsies,*** an intimate study by **Patricia Lynden** of the ways and beliefs of 200,000 Americans who live lives apart.

■ "Now, personally, being of the temper that chooses to 'rebel along traditional lines,' I'm inclined to prefer the kind of art that not many people can *do;* the kind that requires expertise and artistry as well as bright aesthetic ideas and/or inspiration. I enjoy the pop art at the famous Albright-Knox collection . . . but on the whole was much more impressed by the jugglers and acrobats at Baltimore's old Hippodrome." **John Barth** writing, as few others can *do,* of ***The Literature of Exhaustion.***

Canada

its own problems, virtues, and spokesmen, and the "new Canadians" who have emigrated from Europe since 1945, and who are now appearing as a force for the first time since then. A good deal that is right about Canadian culture today is directly attributable to these two groups; and a good deal that is wrong, to the English-speaking group who still enjoy a plurality, if not a majority, of power. Because the English are still in control, however, any analysis of the factors for and against Canada's playing a new, positive role in North American affairs which omits them is unrealistic. For this reason, and this alone, I have devoted most of my report to them.

Being "American"

Though Canada celebrates its centenary this year, in fact one must date its cultural, as opposed to strictly political, emergence from 1931, when the Statute of Westminster recognized its complete autonomy. The first sign of this emergence was a new nationalism. It had appeared before, but not with a North American coloration For the first time, Canada wanted to be a part of North America. Being "American" became something of a fad. As Professor Donald Creighton of the University of Toronto has observed, "The importance of Canada's membership in the British Commonwealth was now deliberately minimized. People made the remarkable discovery that Canada was a North American nation, and all sorts of astounding conclusions were deduced from this hitherto unrecognized fact. A whole new generation of politicians, publicists, journalists, and professors — the professional Canadian nationalists of the 1930's — arose to extol the sufficiency and normality of our North Americanism." More important, Canada's foreign policy began to shift its center of gravity from the Old World to the New.

In any corner of the provinces nowadays one can hear conversations on what is called "Canadian identity." At least a dozen books and a score of essays have been published on the subject in Canada. Canadian culture is one category, however, and Canadian arts and letters another. And when all is

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said, Canadian literature has probably played only a minor role in North America. With the exception of French-Canadian writing, it probably does not merit the attention which Edmund Wilson recently gave it in *O Canada*. Northrop Frye in his conclusion to the *Literary History of Canada*, published in 1965, remarks quite accurately that "there is no Canadian writer of whom we can say what we say of the world's major writers, that their readers grow up inside their works without even being aware of a circumference." In fact, the force of the subtle stories of Mavis Gallant lies in the way her discontented English-Canadian characters constantly reject the narrow confines and hollow, elitest values of their own society.

But if literature has not been entirely successful in achieving its goals, notable attempts have been made by historians, economists, and sociologists. A recent book of this kind is John Porter's *The Vertical Mosaic*, an analysis of the power structure of Canadian society. No foreigner could read this book without observing, as D. W. Brogan did on a trip to Canada in 1950, that "there is . . . for an outsider . . . a permanent shock arising from the fact that being so alike [Canada] is not identical" to the United States. Porter shows that Canadian society, differing from American, is not a classless, democratic melting pot. This is merely the image which Canadians have of their society. In maintaining the self-image of the melting pot, Canadians perpetuate fundamental deceptions about themselves, deceptions which ultimately lend to a kind of Canadian paralysis.

Nineteenth-century society

Until radio began in 1923, Canada had only limited forms of media in the country: church, school, and local newspapers. It was in many ways a nineteenth-century society, yet one that had managed to survive the same catastrophic war of 1914–1918 which shattered so many Victorian illusions in Europe.

Canada emerged very suddenly in the last four decades into both political independence and the complex world of radio, then television, the computer, and the bomb. It is significant that two Canadians, Harold Innis and Marshall McLuhan, were among the first to describe this latter fundamental change of environment.

The present Canadian is basically ahistorical in makeup, but sees himself as a composite image of definable, historical elements. As long as he looks in the rearview mirror, this view of himself is an acceptable deception. But let him confront himself directly and realize that he has no historical identity, and he receives a profound shock. The African member of the Commonwealth, by contrast, may actually possess a long history of which he is not yet sufficiently aware because of bad education; and when he finds out about it, he may be led, as some have, to excesses of nationalism. A Canadian faced with a similar situation has to admit that historical nonexistence is the native reality with which he must live.

Playing the Canadian hand

In realizing this, the Canadian, paradoxically, may be ahead of some other societies, but this does not lessen the *angst* of having to live in a world still seen largely in historical terms. It is in part a result of having gone "from colony to nation" without having also undergone the fundamental reassessment of identity which accompanied the revolution in the United States.

But this reassessment, this demythologization, has begun, and as is usually the case, political and economic realities are forcing Canadians at last to play their hand. Just now it is the financial control of Canadian businesses by Americans which has forced Canadians to reassess the role they wish to play in North America. The present debate has focused on the purchase of the Mercantile Bank of Canada by the First National City Bank of New York, but this is just the latest and most bitter controversy about American capital investment in Canada. Americans are said to control over 60 percent of Canada's productive capacity. They continue to buy Canadian industries and businesses at what appears to be a steadily increasing rate. A list of the firms which have recently sold out to American interests may be found in *A Choice for Canada*, the latest volume by Walter Gordon, the proponent of economic nationalism. Mr. Gordon, a former Liberal Finance Minister, has recently been invited back into the cabinet to make a thorough

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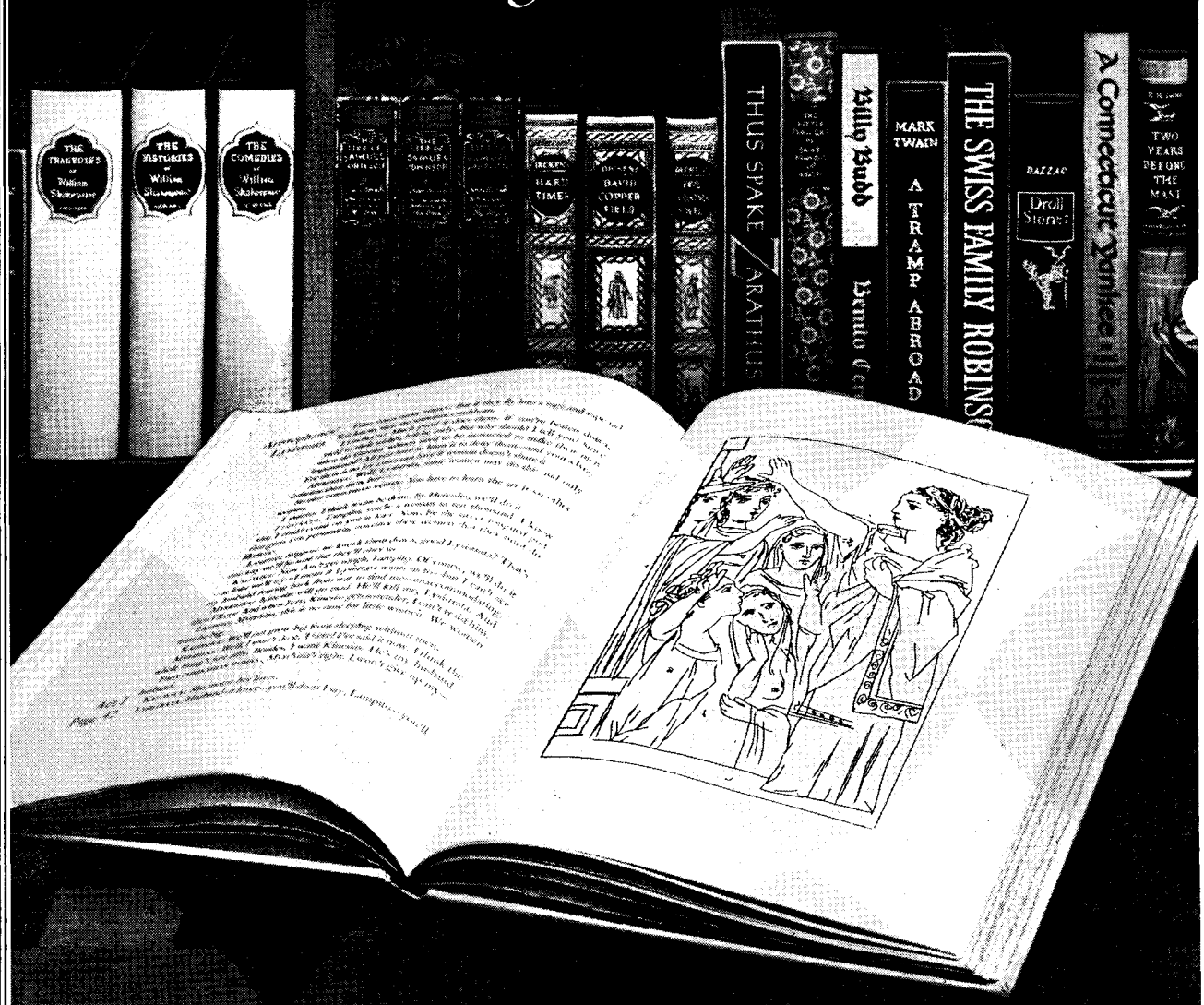

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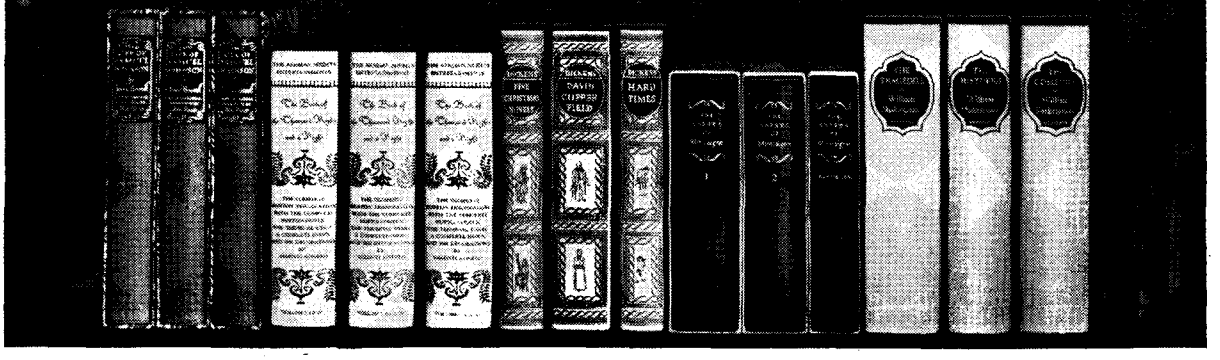

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study of American control of Canadian enterprises. Mr. Gordon's thinking is not isolated, and he has said something important to Canadians, even if he has not told the whole story.

Who controls whom?

A more moderate position, as well as some more positive measures, issued from the Liberal Party's national meeting in Ottawa in October of last year. This was the first major policy convention of the Liberals since the war. Held in the dignified salons of the Château Laurier on the eve of the centenary of the confederation, the convention could not help attracting national attention. The delegates themselves represented virtually every Canadian type; it was the first time many of them had been together under one roof. It was rather unsophisticated, nationalistic in flavor, and openly democratic.

Perhaps the key event of the convention was the battle between Walter Gordon and the present Finance Minister, Mitchell Sharp. A private feud between the two rages on, but at the convention it ended in a compromise draw, in which Gordon yielded in his bid for power while Sharp revised his views on American investment. Sharp told the convention that he wished to remain both Canadian and Liberal; he said he found no contradiction in Canada's wish for independence as a nation and a positive, outward-looking policy in international finance.

If a remedy was to be prescribed, Sharp said, it had to be positive, not restrictive. He suggested a Canadian Development Corporation for channeling foreign capital into places where it was needed. He warned that Canada's actual need for foreign capital was bound to increase, owing in large part to the dramatic failure of Canadians to seize the initiative themselves.

Gordon replied that foreign control was not a partisan, regional, or personal issue, but a national one. "Specific proposals" in a nationalist direction were needed, he said, even at the risk of lowering the standard of living a bit.

One of these proposals, in fact, came just a few months later in the Canada Bank Act, passed by Parliament last spring. The First National City Bank is now asked to sell Mercantile because the parent company is violating this new Canadian statute. A bank spokesman complained in his testimony in Ottawa that the bank law was "discriminatory." Doubtless it is. But doubtless Canadians, like Europeans, resent the fact that major decisions affecting national corporations are being made in New York. In contrast to Europe, Canada holds a strong bargaining tool in its natural resources; it will therefore benefit both countries if a trade balance is restored. In a speech last spring, Maurice Sauvé, Minister of Forestry and Rural Development, presented the Canadian position in fair terms:

"Our perspective of foreign investment should not be one of fear, concern and nationalism for nationalism's sake. Our approach should be positive and should be based on our assessment of the overall needs of the Canadian economy. In our acute sensitivity to the imagined effects of foreign ownership on the performance of our economy I believe we have allowed ourselves to be distracted from more important problems facing us. Our objective should be to develop the full economic and social potential of our nation. What should concern us is whether foreign investment and Canadian investment are being effectively used to reach this objective."

But even intelligent nationalism cannot help being confused with the uglier brand of chauvinism which is a colonial holdover; to most Canadians who know no economics, all the rhetoric of flag-waving sounds the same. Many Canadians still think that the assumptions on which their society was founded in Upper Canada — the rejection of the United States because of its disloyalty to the crown — give Canada an innate and inviolable superiority over its southern neighbor, especially in matters of patriotism, education, and culture.

Colonial elite

Canada also possesses a colonial elite, whose spiritual loyalty to the crown is, to say the least, a mixed blessing. John Porter's study showed that of the 760 men who make up Canada's economic ruling class, most come from the English-Canadian group. The novelist Bria Moore, a sometime resident c Canada, painted a satirical portra of just such a Canadian:

"There is no such person a Stewart Henderson McMaster, ' he is easily invented. Almost c tainly his name will have a Scottis ring. He is English on his mother' side, and his wife, the grand daughter of an Anglican bishop, i also of English descent. He is director of two or more of Canada' dominant business corporations, university governor, an executiv member of the Canadian Manufac turer's Association and the Canadia Chamber of Commerce. He sits o the board of more than a doze charitable institutions. . . . St McMaster does not consider himse British. He is Canadian. Of cours his people came from the Britis Isles. They weren't 'foreigners.' H believes that other nationalities, ex cept the French, are not reall Canadians. Last time he was i London, he and his wife were pre sented to the Queen at her annua garden party. It was a great mo ment. The British way of life mad Canada what it is today, and St McMaster thinks that no one shoul ever forget that point. . . . He not anti-American, mind you. F from it. Some of his friends went t college in the States and he know a number of Americans in hi business. Still, they are not quit his dish. Always pouring money int research and complaining abou delivery dates and costs that ru over estimates. They simply don' understand the way things are don up here."

An amusing caricature, but d people such as Stu McMaste really have a stranglehold on Cana dian culture? Their image has t some extent been invented, partl by themselves for self-preservation partly by their enemies out c hatred. They have, it is true, in flicted severe psychological damag on Canada, but their contribution comprise some of the most charac teristically Canadian institutions like a belief in education, an idea of public service over private, an a sense of justice founded upo constitutional democracy. Many o the members of this class have ma a forceful break with previous ge erations to enter neglected profes sions, like university teaching. I an age in which Canada's talent i

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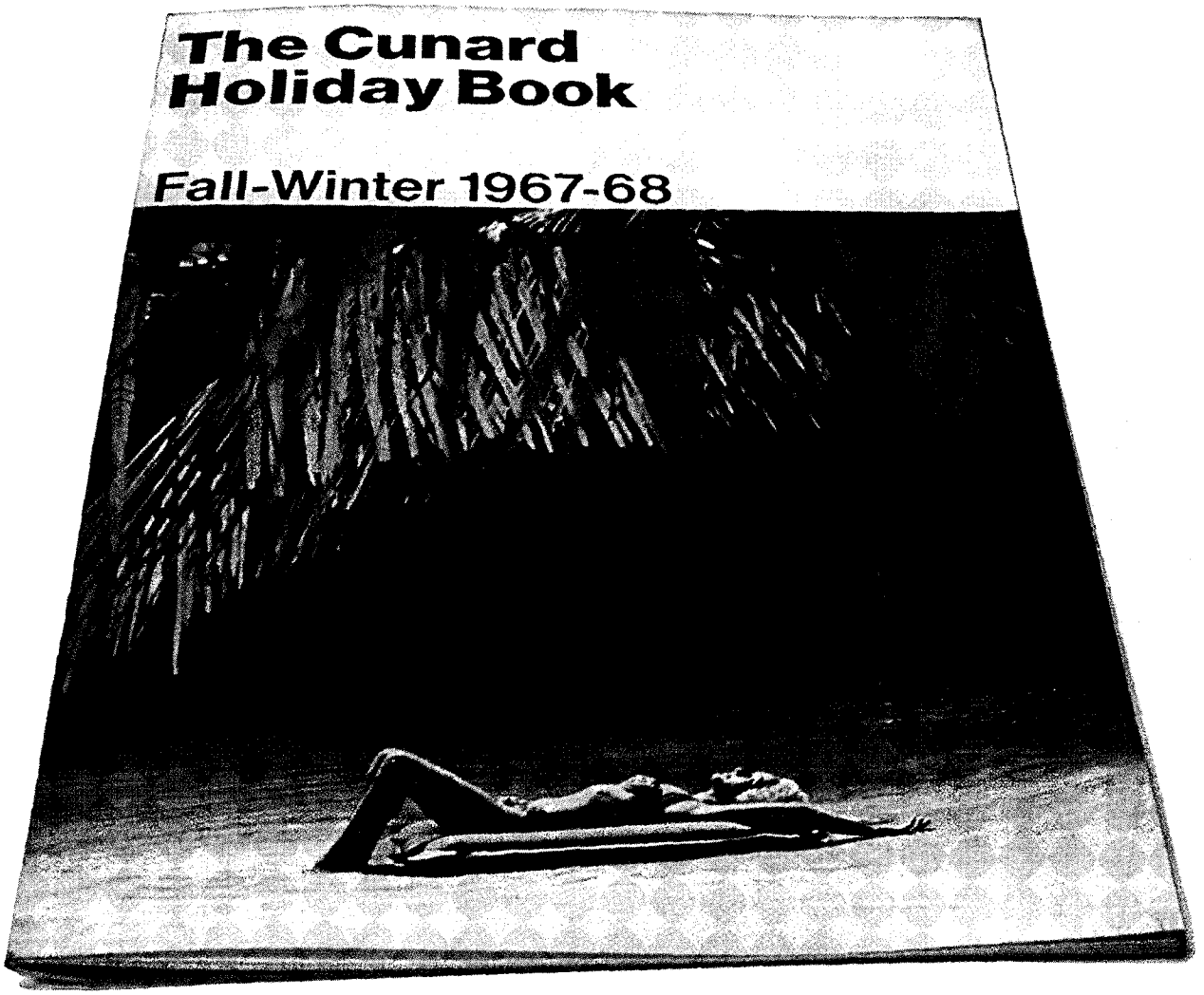

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The Ocean Depths: Solution to Many of Man's Problems

by C. O'D. ISELIN
Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution

e undoubtedly originated in the sea: d, as population increases, it will be- ne increasingly important in sustain- ; human life. The oceans exchange ergy with the air above in many subtle d interesting ways. As we learn more out them, we should be able to har- s their vast potential for our own uses.

e expanding population of the world expending the non-renewable re- urces of the land at an ever-increasing e. The biological and chemical re- urces of the ocean, on the other hand, iew themselves naturally. It is the nagement of these potential resources t is the challenge of the young science oceanography. Already oceanography on the verge of solving at least some he more immediate problems facing nkind.

haps the first real breakthrough will tying oceanography and meteorol- / together in such a way as to provide ful world-wide weather forecasts. e electronic computers and modern munication systems make such a ting possible. To what benefit? Al- st every form of human activity, par- ularly agriculture, would profit ough better and longer range weather dictions.

e next logical step would be actually manipulate the oceans so as to ake" weather. Hopefully we could n distribute rainfall more evenly or re abundantly on the land. This step ne would relieve the present food rtage in many parts of the world and mit farming over vast land areas now dly used.

e biological management of the oceans themselves so as to produce the maximum sustained yield of food presents a more formidable problem, both politically and scientifically. But it is a problem, I believe, that can be solved.

The total yield of the ocean fisheries has been increasing very rapidly, doubling about every ten years. This trend can be expected to continue. Nevertheless, the potential biological yield is very much greater. Traditionally man has taken only a small percent of his diet from the sea. There are a number of reasons for this—simply, in some cases, because people don't like fish—but perhaps the most important is that fish are not easily or cheaply preserved. Chemical engineering has advanced to the point where this no longer need be an obstacle.

Strangely, the efficient management of the natural biological productivity of the sea is more of a political and social problem than a scientific one. There is the distinct possibility of the marine equivalent of agriculture. Yet until now, except for some specialized cases of shellfish production, we almost completely lack practical experience in this field. Especially we lack the equivalent of cheap fencing on land. Even now, however, there has been some experimentation with acoustical fences, and Maine sardine fishermen are using "bubble" fences—simple pipe with holes through which compressed air is forced. Fish are not inclined to pass these bubble fences. Not until such fencing is in universal use will fishermen become farmers.

Politically the barriers to aquaculture are even more formidable. The traditional lack of ownership of existing or potential resources of the salt water environment impedes practical experimentation. The concept of freedom of the seas, which developed gradually because the waters were considered almost worthless except for transportation and naval warfare, is diametrically opposed to their wise utilization. Even pilot plant operations are not practical under current law or local customs.

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that for the most part scientists interested in the oceans have had to limit their efforts to understanding the marine environment rather than turning it to our use. While it cannot be claimed that this has yet been fully achieved, a vast store of mostly unused knowledge has been accumulated.

Very recently agreement has been reached as to the ownership of the subbottom resources of the North Sea; similar explorations by commercial companies are beginning in other areas, and there is every hope that similar agreements will be reached. These particular resources, oil and gas, are not renewable. The real challenge for the future is to solve the political as well as scientific problems and tap the many marine resources that cannot be destroyed by man. Solving these problems could well be a key to survival for millions.

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Canada

easily lured elsewhere, the English Canadians also provide a bastion of loyalty.

Yet few of Canada's richest families, almost exclusively of this group, have followed the example of the Masseys and done for Canadian cultural and political life what the Mellons, the Rockefellers, and the Kennedys have done in America. Too often the rich English Canadians follow the simpler pattern of abdication, leaving their assets in the country to earn dividends while they become absentee landlords.

Too often, as well, the English Canadian will be found to be wrongheaded in his approach to the United States. He will complacently maintain that Canadian culture is superior to the American culture he rejects, while the latter is in fact captivating him. He may even go on to maintain that he can, if he wishes, participate in American culture at the same time. This too is erroneous, since Canadians do not, as a rule, become more than superficially absorbed in the American way of life or its ideals. So the anglophilic Canadian's appraisal of America is doubly inaccurate: he thinks he is participating in a culture in which he is not, while he rejects that very culture as being inferior to his own.

"Middle diplomacy"

Canada's Department of External Affairs was founded in 1909 by Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier, who established embassies in Washington, Paris, and Tokyo. Like other Canadian institutions, it did not emerge from dependence on Great Britain until the thirties. Thereafter, Canadian foreign policy was virtually inseparable from that of the United States, except for the virulent anti-English, and later, pro-Vichy sentiment among French Canadians. Only after World War II, when the myth of an impregnable North America disappeared along with the myth, short-lived, of the infallible diplomatic wisdom of the United States, did Canada's foreign policy appear to diverge from that of its southern neighbor.

Of course, Canada is not a "neutral" country, nor does it wish to be; it is North American, pro-Western, and dependent on U.S. arms and protection. However, as a "middle" power, Canada has a certain mobility and disinterestedness in international affairs. Canada's steady, unrevolutionary growth has, throughout its history, tested and retested its diplomatic *sagesse*, both within its loosely united provinces and in the world at large. Canada has gradually built a superb diplomatic service, unquestionably the most distinguished branch of Canadian government. Unlike other nations, it has almost consistently reserved key diplomatic posts for career officers, and pays diplomats salaries among the highest in the world. If Canadian diplomats are united on any single theme, it is the subordination of certain national interests in the pursuit of international cooperation and peace.

The Canadian record in the United Nations bears eloquent witness to this creed. Canadians have occupied a position of trust on almost every peacekeeping operation since the UN was founded. The independence of Canadian foreign policy has also revealed itself on important issues, like the admission of China and the war in Vietnam. The Canadian government tried to reach a compromise in the "two Chinas" deadlock of the last session of the General Assembly.

The Canadian position on Vietnam is similarly unideological. Recognizing that violations of the Geneva Agreement have taken place on both sides, Canada merely wishes to replace guns with diplomacy before the war is escalated to monstrous proportions. A Canadian diplomat, Chester Ronning, has made numerous trips to Hanoi in search of peace; and Prime Minister Lester Pearson has continually offered his services as a negotiator.

Canadian internationalism, moreover, is not limited to North America or to the United Nations. It was Mr. Pearson's leadership at the last meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London which really saved the confederation from destroying itself through racial tensions.

Expo and exposure

The best in Canada's aspirations for a new role in North American culture is represented by Expo 67. The international exposition, which will run until October on two islands in the St. Lawrence at Montreal, is the first attempt Canadians have made to show their land to the world. It has every chance of being a success. Typically, it is Montreal rather than Toronto which has taken the initiative, for during the past decade Montreal has become a truly cosmopolitan city.

Canadians and Americans who visit Expo will have a great deal to think about on this anniversary of confederation. For the Canadian perhaps Expo will mark the start of fulfillment of the long-abdicated role in the culture of the continent it is his destiny to share with the Americans. The danger for the American is that he will merely dismiss the Canadian as being unworthy of notice. Canadians will encounter another danger. After Expo is finished, they may relapse into isolation and provincialism. But if they do this, the new, high-speed laws of the electronic age will not easily allow them another chance at asserting themselves and ridding themselves of the ghosts which have been haunting them and hampering their role in North America.

— *Brian Stock*

Greece

In the pre-dawn hours of April 21 American-made Patton tanks rumbled through the darkened streets of Athens as a small group of conservative Greek army officers seized power in King Constantine's name but without his approval, and overthrew democracy in the land which coined the word.

Similar scenes took place simultaneously elsewhere in Greece from Thrace to Corfu. It is a commentary on both the disillusionment with which many Greeks viewed their political leaders and the efficiency of

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the military planning that only two deaths resulted. Only in the Hatfield-McCoy country of Crete, its rocky mountains carpeted with the first wild flowers of spring, was there more than minor scuffling. Elections, from which antimonarchist leftist forces were expected to emerge in a dominant political position, had been scheduled for May 28. The coup ruled them out.

The King and the rebels

Although twenty-six-year-old King Constantine's initial reaction to the coup seems to have been one of anger (he managed to notify some naval and air force units of his disapproval before the telephone lines to Tatoi Palace, sixteen miles from Athens, went dead), he quickly decided to go along with the plotters rather than risk a second civil war within twenty years.

While the young monarch's decision may have been influenced by the knowledge that the rebels planned to go ahead with him or without him, the King felt that he must act in the hope that he could use his influence to moderate the policies of the new military regime and speed Greece's return to representative government. (He told American Ambassador Phillips Talbot he had considered exile, abdication, and resistance but decided he could best serve his people by remaining on the throne.)

That this was not an entirely vain hope was demonstrated within hours of the coup when the King obtained the appointment as Prime Minister of Constantine Kollias, the sixty-six-year-old Crown Prosecutor of the Supreme Court. The rebels' choice had been a military man, Lieutenant General Gregory Spandidakis, fifty-seven, who was made Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Defense. The King was ultimately able to procure appointment of a cabinet which was two-thirds civilian, with the additional understanding that no more military men would be brought into the government. But real power is held for the moment by the three officers who began planning the coup two years ago and triggered its execution.

They are Brigadier General Stylianos Patakos (Minister of the Interior), Colonel George George Papadopoulos (Minister to the Prime Minister), and Colonel Nikolaos Makarezos (Minister of Economic Coordination). Patakos, the best known and eldest (fifty-three) of the plotters, provided the muscle for the take-over in the form of tanks from the armored training school which he commanded at Goudi in suburban Athens.

But the brain behind the regime was taken to be that of Papadopoulos, a squat forty-eight-year-old artillery officer with extensive intelligence experience. Papadopoulos, who sports a neat but graying mustache and speaks in a parade-ground voice, graduated first in his class at Military Cadet School (Greece's West Point) in 1940 and served during World War II with right-wing General George Grivas' resistance organization. Between 1959 and 1964, he held top posts within K.Y.P., the Greek Central Intelligence Service.

Less is known about Makarezos. He is the same age as Papadopoulos, graduated in the same class at Military Cadet School, and also is an artillery officer. His credentials for running Greece's complex and shaky economy are, at best, vague.

Spartans in Athens

All three officers are of middle-class background, violently anti-Communist, and pragmatically monarchist in the sense that they feel that the throne can be useful in uniting Greece and achieving their objectives. While it would be wrong to define them, as do some publications, as clerico-fascists — if only because their movement appears to lack ideological content and the backing of any such civilian group — it is clear that the plotters have small respect for parliamentary government as practiced in Greece and look to the Greek Orthodox Church for support. One of their first moves was to arrange for the appointment of a new Archbishop of Athens and Primate of Greece. While reform of the somewhat backward Greek church is their goal, the purpose behind it is thought to be conservative: to place the church alongside the monarchy and the army as a central institutional force in Greek society.

The Spartan, puritanical cast of the junta's thinking was revealed in their initial ban on miniskirts and beatnik haircuts while making attendance at Mass mandatory for schoolchildren.

It is clear that the triumvirate acted at least partially out of resentment and fear generated by civilian meddling in the military establishment, a situation which grew out of the Aspida ("Shield") affair.

Aspida, according to a 475-page indictment published last year at the trial of twenty-eight of its members (fifteen were convicted), was an organization of leftist Greek military officers which intended to overthrow King Constantine and establish a nonaligned, Nasserite republic outside NATO. A less conspiratorial view is that Aspida was nothing more than a group of liberal army officers who, because of their political beliefs, lacked influence within the conservative Greek military establishment, and united to help one another.

Leftists or liberals?

Whatever the facts, the then Prime Minister, seventy-nine-year-old George Papandreou, and his Harvard-educated son, Andreas, forty-eight, are accused of favoring Aspida officers. The Papandreous, whose slightly left wing Center Union Party (in reality a coalition of splinter parties with a tendency to fragment under pressure) swept to power in Greece's free elections of 1964, were no friends of the conservative military establishment, if only because they felt threatened by it. Andreas, who headed the economics department at the University of California at Berkeley and once was an American citizen (as his wife, Margaret, and their children still are), hoped to become his father's political heir. Because of his American ties, he felt the double necessity of talking in a somewhat anti-American, anti-NATO style, in quest of both nationalist and leftist support. But it is certain that Andreas Papandreou is no Communist. He hoped, like other politicians in other lands, to use extreme leftist support to gain power, with the thought that he could jettison his more dangerous followers at some future time.

But to succeed in such tactics, the Papandreous — both of whom were arrested when the junta seized power in April — had to try to ensure against a right-wing army coup. Hence the involvement of Andreas with Aspida, the retirement and transfer of conservative officers, and the resignation in 1965 of the elder Papandreou when King Constantine

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refused to allow him to assume the portfolio of Minister of Defense as well as the premiership.

What followed was a succession of center Prime Ministers, and a stalemate between the Papandreous and their allies to the left, and the King, representing the establishment, to the right. The roots of disaffection which produced April's coup go far deeper, however, than the dismal spectacle of Prime Ministers unable to maintain power, the political bickering, the governmental inefficiency and corruption in places high and low which have marred public life beneath the Acropolis during the past two years. They go back to the civil war of 1946–1949, touch the nature of monarchy, and involve the psyche of a turbulent people who lived for 400 years under Ottoman rule and share the dual and often incompatible religious heritages of Rome and Byzantium, combined with a half-forgotten vision of the grandeur of classical Greece.

Since the "donation" of that earlier Constantine, Greek ties with the Middle East have been as strong as they have been with Western Europe. The hated Turkish yoke, which Greece threw off less than 150 years ago, reinforced the country's educational and social backwardness while according its bearded Orthodox priests a degree of patriarchal political authority unknown in the Western world. The Attic experience with democracy since then has been both intermittent (punctuated by military dictatorships led by generals such as Plastiras and Metaxas) and less than fruitful. The Nazi occupation and military rule during the bitter civil war which followed did little to strengthen Greek democratic institutions.

Of these institutions, the monarchy has been alternately a unifying force and a source of deep division among Greeks. The dynasty dates from 1863 (with a republican interregnum from 1924 to 1935) and is Nordic in origin. The first king was a Dane, as is the present queen. Although some say an alien dynasty is essential for Greece if only because no Greek could agree to bow before another, the attitude of the Hellenes toward their monarch at best has been ambivalent. It is worth noting that exactly fifty-six years ago, George Papandreou was sentenced to eighteen months in jail for demanding the abdication of King Constantine's grandfather.

Constantine's monocled uncle, King George II, had been sent packing once by his subjects (and later invited back), before the invading Germans forced him into exile in 1941. King Paul, Constantine's father, was a genuinely popular monarch without whose leadership (fortified by American aid dispatched by President Truman when Britain could no longer bear the burden) the civil war against Communist-led guerrillas might not have been won. Despite this, or perhaps because of it, antiroyalist sentiment focused (as it still does) on Constantine's handsome mother, the German-born Queen Frederika, fifty, a granddaughter of Kaiser Wilhelm II's. Constantine came to the throne in 1964 at the age of twenty-three and almost immediately became involved in squabbles with the Papandreous, in part provoked by their antimonarchist rhetoric.

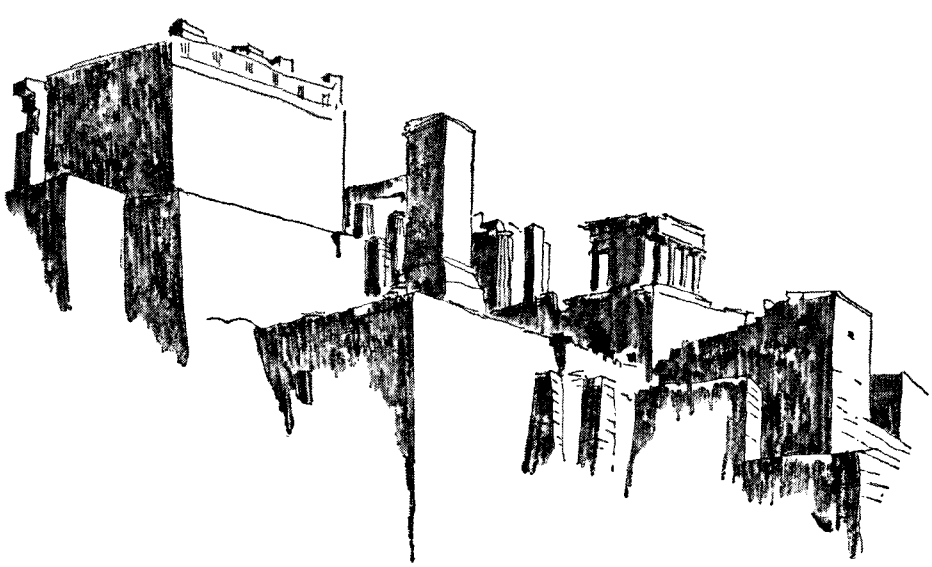
The youthful King Constantine is darkly handsome and married to a beautiful woman. He is an Olympic gold medal yachtsman (Greece' first in sixty years) and a black-be karate expert. He is fluent in English and German and wears his clothes like an *Esquire* male model. But the image of Constantine as a royal playboy dependent upon his mother for political advice was shown during April's events to be far from correct.

The young King played coolly such cards as he held by getting word to foreign newsmen that he was not behind the coup. In a Delphic statement to his new cabinet six days after the coup, Constantine gave a very small hello, indeed, to the revolutionary regime when he said it was his "fervent wish" that his troubled country revert to parliamentary government as soon as possible. When he added that it was his hope that "a state of justice, a true and healthy democracy, will be speedily organized," he at least implied that the present regime is an aberration.

The coup's critics

The coup has cast a pall or Greece's relations with both th United States and Western Europe. Although *Pravda* and other Communist publications were quick to brand the take-over as CIA-backed, there is no evidence to indicate that this is so. After a few days of uncertain groping, during which Ambassador Talbot attempted to ascertain whether centers of resistance to the coup had sprung up or were likely to appear, the United States, which provides Greece with about $80 million annually in military aid, went on a business-as-usual basis with the revolutionary regime. Whether it was wishful thinking at that point or not, Washington's policy is clearly to attempt to reinforce the position of the King as a possible counterweight to the military junta, and to use such leverage as it possesses to encourage an early return to democratic government.

The events of April also have complicated Greece's relations with two international organizations, NATO and the European Common Market (Greece is an associat member of the latter). In May, Denmark, the homeland of the Greek queen and the nation most



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intimately associated by blood with the Greek royal house, went on record as deploring the course of events in Athens, particularly the arrest and detention of more than 5000 Greeks regarded by the new regime as dangerous leftists. Greece is particularly vulnerable to world opinion, not only psychologically but financially. Invisible earnings from Greeks working in foreign countries or at sea, remittances from persons of Greek extraction (of which there are more than one million in the United States alone), and tourist income (49 percent of which is American) rose 15 percent last year to a record $646 million. Should revulsion with the present regime significantly reduce this inflow, Greece's mini-economy would be dealt a severe blow.

Much depends now on uncertain international factors and on how the revolutionary regime acquits itself. The Greek social and economic structures are not highly developed, and neither the liberal Center Union nor the right-wing radicals demonstrated during their years in office a capacity to modernize the country effectively.

The real danger is that the country may yet erupt into civil war, provoked as much from within the military establishment as from the stunned and disorganized leftist forces, either democratic or Communist. Patakos, Papadopoulos, and Makarezos all went over the heads of their seniors and duped their fellow officers when they staged a royalist coup on their own initiative. Whether the older generals, such as Spandidakis and Lieutenant General Efstratios Ziotakis, the Undersecretary of Defense, who before the coup commanded the vital Salonika corps, will be able to reassert control over their junior officers remains to be seen.

In such a situation, however, real power often lies with unit commanders rather than with generals, and as such, the relationship between the triumvirate and other majors and colonels is likely to be crucial. The day before the coup, the original trio formed nine other officers into a special executive committee, to which another twenty officers adhered only hours before the army marched. Approximately three hundred other officers participated directly in "Prometheus," the NATO-formulated general staff contingency plan under which power was seized. But it is almost certain that many of these officers thought they were acting under the orders of their commanding generals and with the approval of the royal house.

By the time these secondary officers realized that on the basis of Constantine's silence he was not privy to the plot, it was too late. But nobody likes to be duped, particularly when his neck may be at stake, and the triumvirate may have some explaining to do in military circles in months to come.

No blueprint for calm

If he could do so without risk of a war, Constantine might well be tempted to cement his dynasty's position in the eyes of the people by leading a loyalist counterrevolution which would return democratic government to Greece. But as the young King and most Greeks realize, a nation which shares frontiers with three Communist nations providing haven for 90,000 Greek Marxists, many of whom are of military age, must think twice before risking internal fighting.

What is certain is that the individualistic, argumentative, fiercely independent Greeks ultimately will not be content to remain politically mute. The revolutionary regime, which might well decide it can get along without the King if he proves uncooperative, has an Augean task cut out for it in its determination to clean up Greek public life.

But it is likely to discover, as other officers have, sometimes to their sorrow, that it is far easier to seize power unconstitutionally than it is to return a nation to normal political life. While NATO provided the blueprint for "Prometheus," it has no contingency plan designed to make it possible for a junta to yield power peacefully. The drama of Greece is far from over.

— Smith Hempstone

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Douglas Kiker, the ATLANTIC'S *Washington correspondent, is also on NBC's capital staff. Brian Stock is a young Canadian who studied at Harvard and at Cambridge University, England, and now teaches in Toronto. Smith Hempstone is European correspondent for the Washington* STAR.

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letters

Germany 1967

SIR: Sadly enough, George P. Elliott in your May issue ("Germany 1967") seemed to be the only American looking at Germany who saw or felt the alarming implications in the similarities of the German and American temperaments.

Count Ciano, an Italian, in the thirties over Spain poetically compared his bomb bursts to beautiful roses. In 1967 an American commander in Vietnam observed that it was a "beautiful day for a shoot out."

To believe that the Germans were more mad or criminal than others in a mad, power-hungry world is to miss what may well be the last great lesson of human history.

CLYDE MARTIN
Chelmsford, Mass.

SIR: The German race is not one to be long confined and restrained. Though the generation and the idealism of the 1930s have been exterminated, Germany is beginning to look toward the present generation for its fulfillment. Hopefully Western Europe and the United States will aid them by regarding them not as the "supressed" but as equal and ambitious contemporaries.

KENNETH GUIMOND
Buffalo, N. Y.

SIR: I believe with Midge Decter that "for so much murder and so much torture there had to have been a great lust for hatred."

LOUISE DARCY
Biddeford, Me.

SIR: In the article on Germany in your May issue one author wonders what Germans born since 1937 will do in the future.

If you continually preach hatred toward a group and try to make them the criminals of the world, they will sooner or later react. For better than twenty years the youth of Germany have been conditioned to the idea that they are criminals. Does it not follow that someday they must react to this idea much the same as Negroes are reacting now to their years of degradation?

Why must you try to make me feel guilty for something I did not do? (I was six in April, 1945.)

GEORGE BRESSIM
Williamsport, Penn.

SIR: In his closing sentence, Irving Kristol expresses the strong feeling that an opportunity was lost to rid the world of a restrictive nationalism, that of the Germans. I think he is wrong in assuming that there is a political arrangement possible on this earth at present that could eradicate cohesive biological bonds as strong as Germany's. Learning, as opposed to instinct, is the only force behind the disenchantment of the young Germans.

S. THOMAS STOCKER II
New Orleans, La.

SIR: I believe you would have done well to have excluded the essays of Midge Decter and Stanley Kauffmann. They are haunted by the specter of Dachau, perhaps rightly, but they wrongly try to haunt others with it too. *Let* the madman die, and be concerned about the health and happiness of his children!

MICHAEL G. HRON
Valparaiso, Ind.

SIR: It is depressing that a magazine of the quality of the *Atlantic* should make so much space available to such obviously ignorant and biased superficialities.

FRANZISKA P. HOSKEN
Lexington, Mass.

More on Catholic bishops

SIR: The article by Daniel Callahan ("America's Catholic Bishops," April *Atlantic*) is an excellent commentary on the role played by our American bishops today. Yet I am bothered by his apparent lack of balance.

I do not feel that the American bishops should be picketing or participating in rallies for or against the Vietnam war. While the Church is obviously concerned with the cause of peace, and the Vietnam situation is a cause for concern for *all* Americans, the bishops should not be the ones to partake in picketing or any other demonstrations. This i a matter of public concern, but *no* one which would pitch the Americar Catholic hierarchy against the poli cies of the government.

J. A. OJEDA, J
Austin, T

SIR: In your article on "America' Catholic Bishops," Daniel Callahar says, "Though the American peopl are divided on the Vietnamese war not one bishop has opposed it."

This stands in contrast to th broad condemnation of war in ou day by Pope John XXIII's encyc lical "Pacem in Terris," and Pop Paul's clear words "no more war war never again" in his addres to the United Nations in October 1965.

I find it hard to believe such statements as these from Rome wer not meant to apply to particula wars such as Vietnam. If Americar bishops don't think so, the Catholi Church here, and perhaps aroun the globe, has a survival problem o its hands.

RAY SOUTHWORT
Los Angeles, Calif

That Dickey poem

SIR: A friend of mine found th poem by James Dickey ("May D Sermon," April *Atlantic*) and gav it to me. You restore my faith i the courage and dazzlingly goo boldness which used to be th *Atlantic's* hallmarks. Give us mor yes again more . . . I love it . . don't stop O GLORY BE . . .

SISTER EVA MARY, CS
Dunbarton College of Holy Cros Washington, D. C

SIR: I've been reading and reread ing James Dickey's "May Day Ser mon." It has great force and depth and keeps knocking me out. Prob ably no one around has the oracula tone as authentically possessed a Dickey, and though I imagine many people have been offended by "Ma Day Sermon," the open sexuality ha helped bring Dickey's best poem ou of him.

STEPHEN BER
Dept. of English, Temple Universit Philadelphia, Penn

SIR: I admired immensely Jame Dickey's "May Day Sermon," poem which to my ear and eye ha the true ring and look of perma nence. When it is read aloud, i

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achieves its fullest swell and magnificence — all that wonderful booming, thundering rhetoric grows and gathers to an overwhelming magnitude. I find it awesome that Dickey was able to maintain its sweep and pitch and ascent over its full length. Only a major poet can do that, and even a major poet cannot do it often. To my mind, the poem confirms past any doubt Dickey's place among the very few true poets of his generation.

SAUL MALOFF
Books Editor
Newsweek Magazine

SIR: This time you have gone too far! I vowed that your diabolical publication would never be placed in my mailbox again. But through the good graces of one of our 408 members, the April issue of the *Atlantic* was sent to me, calling my attention to James Dickey's filth-filled eight pages in your magazine.

This poem, if indeed it may be called a poem, is insulting to the people of the Baptist denomination. Not only this, but it has, through Mr. Dickey, taken the prestige of Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress into the gutter.

The *Atlantic* has hit an all-time low in exposing the open sewer which is the usual mind of the avant-garde poet. "May Day Sermon to the Women of Gilmer County by a Lady Preacher Leaving the Baptist Church" is nothing more than the vomitus of an extremely sick individual.

The *Atlantic* owes an apology to the good people of the Baptist denomination, as well as to the high art of poetry.

RAYMOND C. SWAIN
President/Founder
Poetry Society of New Hampshire

The ATLANTIC owes no apology and makes none for publishing James Dickey's superb poem. —THE EDITOR

Advice and consent

SIR: John Kenneth Galbraith's comments on the power wielded by large corporations ("Market Planning and the Role of Government," May *Atlantic*), individually and in the aggregate, would have been more valuable if he had chosen a better example than the introduction of the Ford Mustang into the market in North America. Surely Ford did not thrust this product upon us, but, rather, it arose as a belated response by Ford to our great interest in the foreign sports car.

A better example of the power of Ford would probably be that we must accept the Ford "package" if we want a North American sports car, the Mustang, with its cocked-up rear deck and its relatively poor cornering qualities versus comparable European cars.

R. J. FLITTON
West Vancouver, B. C., Canada

SIR: I wish to comment, as a private citizen, on the shocking article appearing in the *Atlantic* in April (Washington Report, by Douglas Kiker) regarding the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

I have worked for many years very closely with all phases of FBI activities. I want you to know that there is no doubt in my mind, and there could not be any doubt in the mind of any other person having my experience with the FBI, that it is the finest and the most efficient investigative agency the world has ever known.

MORTON L. SUSMAN
U.S. Attorney
Houston, Tex.

SIR: Thank you for the excellent article "The Battle of the Scrolls" by Chaim Raphael (May *Atlantic*). Since the discovery of the scrolls, there has been a tendency to exaggerate the influence of the Essenes upon Jesus. Mr. Raphael's article supplies a needed corrective in its emphasis on normative Judaism as the source of Jesus' teaching. While Jesus undoubtedly was acquainted with the sect and what they taught, the differences between Jesus and the Essenes are enormous.

HELEN G. JEFFERSON, TH.D.
Berkeley, Calif.

SIR: In the April Record Reviews Herbert Kupferberg states, "Birgit Nilsson demonstrates anew that she is the foremost Wagnerian soprano of our times." Miss Nilsson is a fine Wagnerian, but why can't your reviewer be realistic and say instead that Miss Nilsson has joined the ranks of the great Wagnerian sopranos of our times? To say that she is the foremost of our times is as absurd as to say that Helen Traubel and Kirsten Flagstad never sang Wagner.

GERALD V. PARENT
Inglewood, Calif.

SIR: I would like to comment on a few statements made by the Peace Corps Volunteer who recently returned from an assignment in northeast Thailand (Letters, February *Atlantic*).

I take particular exception to her alleged knowledge of "military men who hated and distrusted the Thais because they never got to know them." The majority of servicemen not only like and trust Thais, but actively seek to learn the habits, customs, and language of their hosts.

Let me cite a few examples of community relations at my present station in northeast Thailand: we donate blood to a local hospital, money to a local school, and time, money, material, and medical supplies to a nearby village (which has, incidentally, nicknamed the village after our radio call sign in appreciation of our assistance). We regularly invite local military and civilians to enjoy the hospitality of our base, and we receive counter invitations from them. Our detachment is not alone in its concern for the Thais; we do no more here than is done at every other installation by nearly every serviceman stationed in an allied country.

CAPTAIN JAMES F. MCCORMAC
APO San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: I can match Hugh Nugent's quintuple hedge ("The Laws of Probability and Bureaucratic Style," March *Atlantic*) in a sixteen-word sentence with the following, captured years ago from a prime-time TV commercial:

"And you can now get a Chevrolet for probably a lot less than you might imagine."

JOHN DESCUTNER
Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR: The report on Israel that appeared in the March issue states that President Nasser is providing hospitality for "Faisal's deposed father, ex-King Ibn Saud, and his vast entourage of wives, concubines. . . ." Faisal's father, the great Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud, died in 1953 after a long and successful reign over the kingdom that he founded, Saudi Arabia. It is Faisal's brother, ex-King Saud (the immediate successor to his father's throne), wh was formally deposed in November, 1964, and is now said to be in Cairo.

JACQUES ROUMANI
Princeton, N. J.

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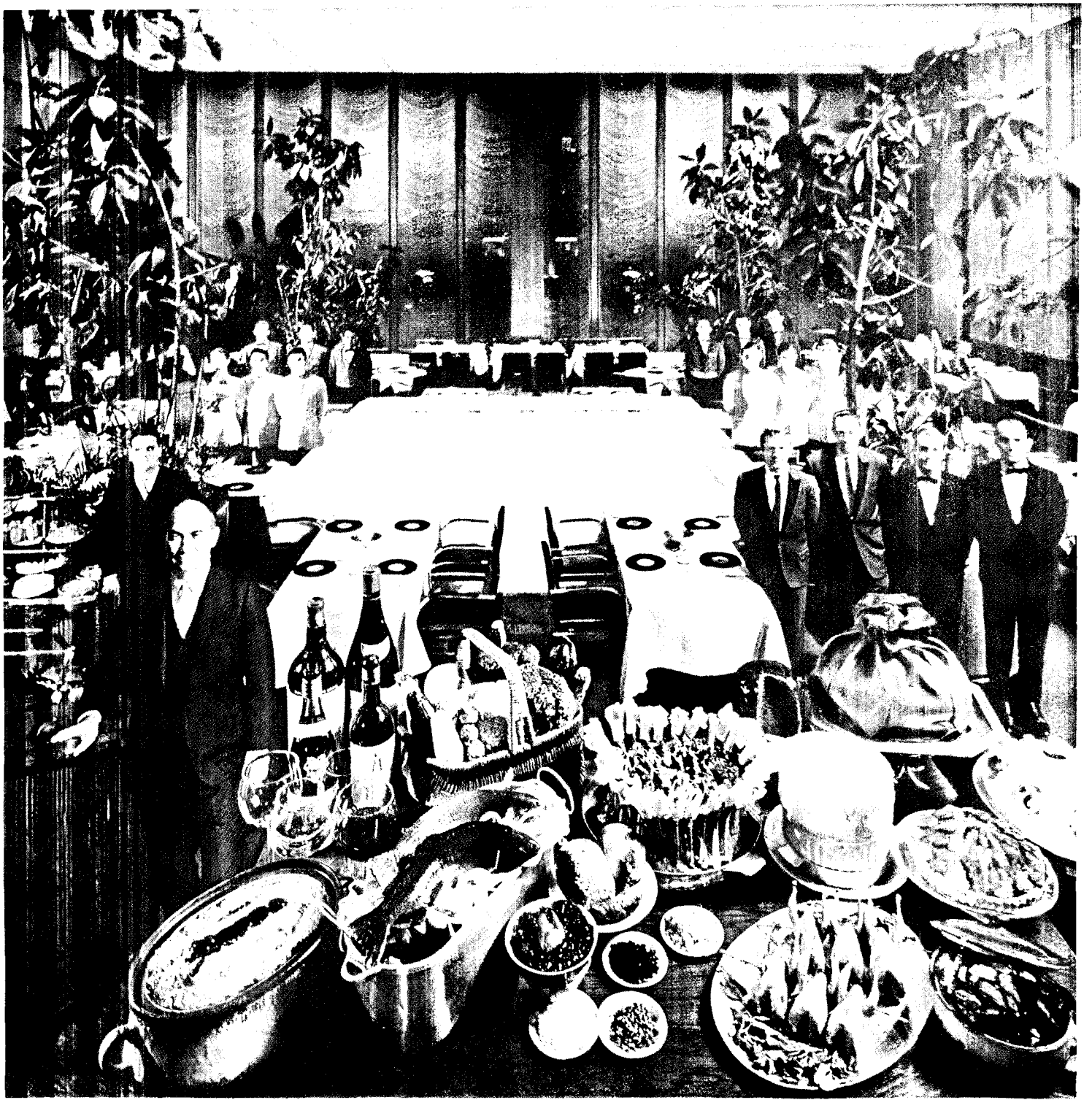

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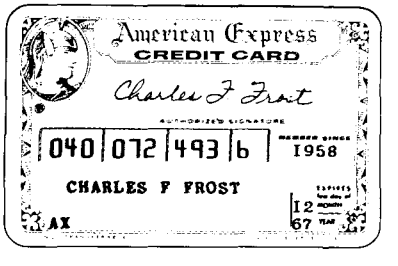

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IS THE FCC DEAD?

BY ELIZABETH BRENNER DREW

The only obstacle to total domination of radio and television broadcasting in this country by self-interested corporate giants or provincial monopolies is the Federal Communications Commission. The role of the FCC in the communications field in general and its failure to influence the broadcasting industry in particular are explored in detail by Mrs. Drew, a Washington-based reporter who writes frequently for the ATLANTIC.

THERE are scattered about Washington a number of relics of the 1930s, including some government agencies. They stand as antiquated responses to the challenges of another era. They go about their business with thirty-year-old machinery while the space age streaks by them. In some cases this is harmless enough. But with new communications technology exploding all about, the obsolescence of the Federal Communications Commission is not to be taken lightly.

The idea was that an independent federal agency would regulate the use of the publicly owned airwaves in the public interest, and assure an economic and efficient communications system. Yet the FCC botched the development of AM and FM radio, of VHF and UHF television, of allocating radio channels for other services; and it is now spreading confusion in the new field of community antenna television. It has been immobilized over pay-TV for fourteen years. To this day, there is no coherent FCC policy on minimal performance standards for broadcasting.

Disappointing as this record is, it could be lived with, as other policy failures are tolerated, if that were all there was to it. What worries close observers is that this same agency is now confronting a new set of developments undreamed of when it was established — of nations communicating within and between each other via satellites, of communication through a laser beam, of computers taking over from telephones and wire services, of ingenious electronic methods of invading privacy, of saturation of the electromagnetic spectrum while technological breakthroughs await its use, of mergers within the industry with unforeseen consequences. The evidence is that it cannot handle the job. What the consequences will be of permitting it to continue to try is anybody's guess.

Newton Minow, who took a turn not long ago as chairman of the FCC, described it after his resignation as "a quixotic world of undefined terms, private pressures and tools unsuited to the work."

In regulating broadcasting, for instance, the Commission is to "encourage the larger and more effective use of radio in the public interest." What the Commission has made of these instructions is only one example of how the FCC chronically resolves the dilemma of nurturing the private and protecting the public interests. Over the years the majority of FCC commissioners have escaped the broadcasting conundrum by wrapping themselves in Section 326 of the Communications Act of 1934, which proscribes censorship. While it is a long way from censoring to requiring minimal quality programming, they make the trip with no difficulty.

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The Commission's power over broadcasting stems from its responsibility for allocating space in the publicly owned electromagnetic spectrum. The spectrum is like a mammoth rainbow divided into "bands," or groups of frequencies, which are allocated for use by a particular type of radio service — the AM and FM bands for radio, VHF and UHF bands for television, or other bands for private uses. A company seeking to operate a radio or television broadcasting station applies to the FCC for the use of a particular frequency, or channel, during certain hours over a given radius. The applicant pays homage to the principles of serving the community by providing public affairs broadcasts and quality services; and if he is more persuasive than fellow applicants for the same channel, in exchange for a $75 to $100 fee he is granted a lucrative broadcast license.

In 1965 the television broadcasting industry had a net income of $447.9 million, nearly triple that of ten years ago; the radio broadcasting industry had a net income of $81 million, nearly double that of 1955. It has been estimated that some TV stations earn over $10 million a year. But the FCC has long agreed with the industry that to suggest measurable obligations to the public is to interfere with "free enterprise" and "freedom of speech." Edward R. Murrow once remarked: "I can find nothing in the Bill of Rights or the Communications Act which says that [networks and stations] must increase their net profits each year, lest the Republic collapse." On the other hand, the current FCC chairman, Rosel Hyde, typifies the traditional FCC stance: "The law forbids *me* from interfering with programming, even if it doesn't forbid some other commissioners." The argument goes on, even though the proponents of minimal standards have long since lost.

The Commission grants and renews licenses to use the airwaves for some five million transmitters — radio, television, marine, police, fire, industrial, transportation, amateur, citizens, and common carrier. Each year it processes some 800,000 license and renewal applications. The 7000-odd commercial radio and television licenses must be renewed every three years. When any station wants to increase its power or move its antenna, the FCC must consider the request. While it says that it cannot spare the manpower to check on whether broadcasters actually perform as promised in their license applications, the Commission vigilantly tracks down shrimp fishermen who use dirty words over their radios. The 1966 annual report tells us that it "closed down 40 unlicensed broadcast operations, the latter mostly by juveniles," and investigated "over 500 cases of troublesome radiation from faulty garage door openers."

To handle all of this, plus regulating AT&T, a $35 billion industry, and the other common carriers, such as ITT and Western Union, plus facing the issues raised by new developments in the fast-changing communications industry, the Commission has a staff of 1500 and a budget of $17 million. This is slightly more than one third of the budget of the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries.

There are seven commissioners, more than on any other major regulatory agency except the Interstate Commerce Commission, each serving seven years. The commissioners are appointed by the President, who also designates the chairman, and are confirmed by the Senate.

The Commission's problems are deeper than the personalities of seven men at any given time. Partly they are the problems of any bureaucracy — of frozen-in personnel, of overproceduralized methods, of indecision. Partly they are the problems of any commission — of getting a majority in sustained agreement on complex issues, of each of the commissioners asserting prerogatives and independence, of the difficulty for the staff to proceed on any assumption of what the Commission's view is, of staff and commissioners making alliances and playing off one against the other. One staff member told me how a certain FCC commissioner is considered to be inclined to the most recent view he has heard, so various staff members vie to be the last to phone him before a Commission meeting. The turnover in Commission membership exacerbates the problem of policy continuity and even simple administration of the agency. More than one FCC commissioner has complained recently of the difficulty of securing paper clips.

Partly, the FCC's problems are those shared by all of the regulatory agencies. John Kenneth Galbraith has written that "regulatory bodies, like the people who comprise them, have a marked life cycle. In youth they are vigorous, aggressive, evangelistic, and even intolerant. Later they mellow, and in old age — after a matter of ten or fifteen years — they become, with some exceptions, either an arm of the industry they are regulating or senile." Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, who once headed the Securities and Exchange Commission, has suggested that every regulatory agency be abolished every ten years. Nobody loves them. For instance, the FCC occupies two dingy, labyrinthine floors in the Post Office Department, with the spillover staff lodged over a grocery store on 12th Street. While other agencies have limousines, FCC commissioners ride around in the mail-delivery station wagon; when all seven are being transported, the most junior rides in a jump seat facing out the back.

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Presidents pay fitful attention to the regulatory agencies and have frequently used them as dumping grounds for burned-out politicians or difficult characters who must be given a job. Presidents Kennedy and Johnson put up admirable but incomplete resistance to this tradition. Congress insists that they are an "arm of Congress," keeps them weak through meager budgets, and frequently jumps on them when they make a move or badgers them for not moving. Early in the Kennedy Administration, regulatory agency chairmen met informally to share their sorrows; they called their group, appropriately, "The Tightrope Club."

On the whole, however, the more politically powerful is the industry to be regulated, the more likely are congressmen to frown at regulation, and there are few groups more powerful than the broadcasters. A broadcaster's friendship can mean life or death for a member of Congress; his station may treat the congressman's every utterance as newsworthy, or give aid and comfort to the enemy. Nevertheless, the FCC has been all too prone to bend before the real and imagined and anticipated pressures from Congress. It tends, even more than other agencies, to confuse the demands of a few congressmen for the will of Congress. At times it retreats further than the opponents require.

For years, for example, the Commission had a vague policy that too many commercials were too many, but it never stipulated how many were too many. In 1963 it proposed to adopt as a rule the limits contained in the National Association of Broadcasters' Code: that commercials should take up no more than eighteen minutes out of an hour of radio time, and sixteen minutes out of an hour of television time. The FCC would enforce a rule to which the broadcasters in a burst of public spirit had "voluntarily" subscribed. If the NAB caught an offender, he lost his Seal of Good Practice; if the FCC caught him, he might be fined $1000 a day. Industry codes are a time-honored tactic for heading off government regulation; and although the FCC would not have been expected seriously to enforce the industry's standards, many stations did not want it even to entertain the idea of regulating commercial time. The House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, then heavily weighted by congressmen inclined to industry's viewpoint, held a hearing and issued a report condemning the Commission's proposal. Shortly thereafter, the FCC formally backed off, but to underscore the point, the House voted 317 to 43 not to permit it to adopt the rule anyway.

Since the Senate did not act on the House resolution, it did not have the force of law. In light of the lopsided House vote, it would have been understandable for the Commission to drop the commercial issue for the time being. But the FCC kept marching backward. The Commission had been asking radio stations that were members of the NAB code to explain their reasons if they ran more than the code's limit of eighteen minutes of commercials in an hour. Stations that did not belong to the code were queried only if they ran more than twenty minutes. The NAB complained to the FCC that it had established a double standard, which was encouraging members to drop out of the code. In response, last fall the FCC changed its policy and asked all stations if they planned more time for commercials than permitted under the NAB code, and if so, why. However, Chairman Hyde, according to *Broadcasting* magazine, quickly reassured broadcasters that the FCC would not be inflexible. It quoted him as saying the Commission would still "stress the idea that responsibility in this matter is more properly the concern of the licensee."

Subsequently, *Broadcasting* reported that "word got around that the FCC was accepting explanations from a good many licensees who reported they were exceeding the code's limitations on commercials." In desperation, the NAB early this year eased the already generous code rules in order to be as lenient toward its members as the government agency supposedly regulating them.

There are a number of broadcasting pressure groups — the networks, FM broadcasters, "Daytimers," advertisers, and so on — which form ad hoc coalitions, depending on the issues at hand. That they do as well as they do is less a testimonial to their professionalism than to the fact that there is hardly ever anyone on the other side. Even "public-spirited" newspapers, often owned by station owners as well, may applaud calls for better programming, but when an issue such as commercials arises, they are either silent or pro-industry.

Each year, the commissioners dutifully attend the NAB's convention in Chicago (except in a presidential inaugural year, when the broadcasters go to Washington), visiting the hospitality suites and learning to understand the industry's problems. Then they return to Washington to regulate it. The key pressure on the Commission, however, works more quietly. "It works subtly, almost silently," says a former commissioner, "like the water on the stone. If you want to be reappointed, you do not want to earn the enmity of AT&T, a network, a multiple-station owner. These are really the insidious pressures. We spend too much time reading the trade press, and care too much what they say about us."

If a commissioner does not want to stick around the agency, likely as not he ends up with the industry. If one were to include law practices, it is probable that 90 percent of the commissioners who leave the FCC take jobs involving the industry.

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Occasionally, as in the late fifties, there are out-and-out scandals involving the FCC, but it seldom comes to that. The industries that deal regularly with the Commission learn to be decorous. In more than one sense. Commissioners' desks are littered with little plastic gewgaws, pieces of cable, models of satellites, many of them personally inscribed. One commissioner approvingly explained to me that when he lunches at an AT&T headquarters "they never serve pâté de foie gras, or strawberries out of season."

Many an FCC staff member also has departed for the more lucrative pasture on the other side of the FCC, but as a general rule the staff is not as soft on industry as the commissioners are. Some of the highest-level staff inevitably reflect the commissioners' views, but as a general rule it is the staff which wants to act, punish, or investigate, and the Commission which demurs.

I HAVE been assured by several longtime observers of the FCC that it now enjoys the highest-caliber set of commissioners in its history, a claim which invites a closer look at the group. (I am told on good authority that one of the commissioners was to go to the FPC, the Federal Power Commission, but ended up on the FCC through a typographical error.) Three out of the seven commissioners, including Chairman Hyde, have made a career of serving on the Commission. Robert T. Bartley, fifty-eight, a Texas Democrat and nephew of the late House Speaker Sam Rayburn, served on the staff in the 1930s, later worked for the NAB, and then was appointed an FCC commissioner in 1952. Bartley opposes the growth of large communications companies, but otherwise does not believe in an active FCC. "My personal feeling is the least regulation the better," he told me. "I don't think the government should attempt to spoon-feed or lead. The regulatory agencies were brought about to correct abuses. We should wait for signs of abuses." Robert E. Lee, a fifty-five-year-old Republican, is a former accountant and FBI agent who was appointed to the Commission in 1953 through his connections with Joseph R. McCarthy. Lee's apologists point out that he has made himself quite an expert on UHF.

James J. Wadsworth, sixty-two, is a former U.S. representative to the United Nations who was appointed to the Commission in 1965. Like others, he believes that the FCC is "bogged down in trivia," and he says that his own problem is that "I don't understand the technical jargon, the communicators' language." "I hate to read a long memorandum," he told me. "Anything over two or three pages, I can't handle it."

Kenneth A. Cox, a fifty-year-old Democrat, is a former Seattle attorney who served on the staff of the Senate Commerce Committee, headed the FCC's Broadcast Bureau under Minow, and was appointed to the Commission in 1963. Cox is thought to be one of the ablest and hardest-working commissioners.

Lee Loevinger, fifty-four, is perhaps the most controversial commissioner. A former law professor and Minnesota Supreme Court justice, Loevinger came from Minnesota with a reputation as a fire-breathing trustbuster to head the Justice Department's antitrust division when the Kennedy Administration took over. Whether, as some say, he was too trustbustery for the Kennedys, or, as others maintain, he was too difficult to deal with, or both, Robert Kennedy wanted him out, and he was placed on the FCC in 1963. Since then, Loevinger has turned out to be almost constantly on the side opposing new regulatory moves, and is an industry favorite for the intellectual gloss he puts on the nonregulation philosophy. His harsh, sometimes brutal, criticism of some of his colleagues and the staff has caused an even further decline in agency morale. He once called the Broadcast Bureau the "pigpen" of the FCC. He caused a stir by stating in a speech last year: "The more I see of television the more I dislike and defend it. Television is not for me but for many others who do like it, but who have no time for many things that I like. It seems to me that television is: the literature of the illiterate; the culture of the low-brow; the wealth of the poor; the privilege of the underprivileged; the exclusive club of the excluded masses. If television is forced to admit the elite, it will lose its exclusivity for the masses. . . . Television is a golden goose that lays scrambled eggs; and it is futile and probably fatal to beat it for not laying caviar."

Nicholas Johnson, thirty-two, a former professor of administrative law, was named to the FCC last year after two stormy years of trying to breathe life into the Federal Maritime Administration, which he headed. Quickly dismayed by the FCC, Johnson busied himself trying to spread concern over the agency's lack of resources to meet what he sees as "communications crises of substantial proportions." After spelling out some of the new problems in a recent speech, Johnson characteristically reeled off a series of thoughtful questions: "The topics differ — and many more could be added — but for each similar questions spring to mind. What is the impact on our society? How can this new force most effectively be channeled to human good? Are unrestrained market forces, or some form of government regulation most appropriate? . . . What are the forces regulating the development and rate of introduction of the new

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technology? Are they effective in serving interests beyond private economic gain? . . . Who is asking these questions? Who answers back? What price do we pay for this placid comfort of silence in a boat none dares to rock nor cares to navigate?" Some of Johnson's colleagues dismiss him as a brash and somewhat quixotic publicity-seeker, a naïve youth who asks questions that older and wiser men have long since laid aside.

Apparently President Johnson hoped that the appointment of a spirited young man would temper the dismay among the caring public and glee among the broadcasters at his promotion four days earlier of Rosel Hyde to the chairmanship. Hyde, a sixty-seven-year-old Idaho Republican, has been with the Commission and the Federal Radio Commission which preceded it for forty years and has been a commissioner since 1946. Hyde has a reputation as a kindly conservative who believes in minimal regulation and has learned through long training in the bureaucracy not to rock the boat. Associates of the President say that Hyde was selected in the hopes that appointing a Republican chairman would negate suspicion of favorable treatment for the broadcast interests still held by the Johnson family. If this is so, the President's antenna failed him to a surprising degree. "The broadcasters," commented *Television*, a trade magazine, "have recently begun to breathe a little easier. An old friend, very much to their liking, has been placed at the head of the agency." When a commissioner, Hyde opposed FCC proposals to limit network ownership of programming, to further limit the number of stations in major markets one broadcaster could own, to police overcommercialization, and to require programming plans from license applicants. One of his first major acts was to appoint as head of the Broadcast Bureau — the section that grants and renews radio and television licenses — George Smith, a conservative Republican who had been a private communications lawyer for thirty years and then an assistant to Commissioner Lee. (Smith, who appears to be in his sixties, refused to reveal his age. He and Hyde are known among the staff as "The Dynamic Duo.") Hyde likes to focus on other than broadcasting issues and says that the problems facing the agency are "awesome indeed." "We must pioneer new policies in uncharted areas," he says. The rhetoric is fine; the results remain to be seen.

THE Hyde appointment signaled the end of a sequence of troublemaking young chairmen: Minow, and his successor, E. William Henry. Minow, thirty-five when he was appointed, a former law partner of Adlai Stevenson and Willard Wirtz's, came on strong in the fashion of the New Frontiersmen. His speech calling television a "vast wasteland" was his first before the NAB. The broadcasters retaliated. In 1960, President-elect Kennedy asked James M. Landis, a law professor and former chairman of two agencies, to make a special study of all the regulatory agencies. The FCC, reported Landis, "presents a somewhat extraordinary spectacle. . . . The Commission has drifted, vacillated and stalled in almost every major area. It seems incapable of policy planning, of disposing within a reasonable period of time the business before it, of fashioning procedures that are effective to deal with its problems." He charged the agency with excessive subservience to congressional committees and the networks. Unfortunately, however, the portion of the Landis report that drew the most attention was a proposal characterized in the press as suggesting a White House "czar" over the agencies. This, plus the new Administration's greenness in the first "hundred days," jeopardized all the regulatory agency proposals. The FCC proposal, which would have strengthened the hand of the chairman and provided for considerably more delegation to the staff, was openly opposed by a majority of Minow's fellow commissioners and gave the industry an opportunity to strike back. It was roundly defeated in Congress. (A watered-down version was later approved.) In retrospect, 1961 offered a great missed opportunity.

Regardless of his formal powers, however, and of whether he can command a majority of the commissioners' votes — as Minow with rare exception could not — an FCC chairman can have an important effect. He sets the tone, focuses the issues, appoints key staff members, attracts or drives away fresh talent, drums up public and press interest. Moreover, if it is believed that he is close to the throne, he can have considerable influence over his colleagues, all of whom are subject to reappointment during a President's eight years in office. Minow was believed to be close to President Kennedy — closer, perhaps, than he in fact was — and he was probably the first man to make the FCC glamorous. Moreover, he pushed through Congress bills to promote UHF television and give federal aid to educational television, and he steered the agency to closer examination of licensees' performance. It is also said that he shamed the networks into more public-service programming, but how much this was a result of his harassment and how much of the networks trying to climb out of the trough of the quiz scandals is problematic.

Minow departed, however, after only two years. Loevinger was appointed to the Commission in his place, and Henry was named chairman. Henry,

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then a thirty-four-year-old Memphis attorney with Kennedy connections, was in the Minow mold but had to begin again the making of alliances. Some of his colleagues never forgave Henry the fact that he moved in glamorous social circles, and thought it unpardonable that he appeared in a much-publicized charity show as Batman. Henry continued to fight for more educational television, for closer examination of licensees' performance, and pushed through the FCC's first full study of AT&T since the 1930s. Until then, the FCC and AT&T simply negotiated as sovereign if unequal powers. When a commissioner suggested that there ought to be a full-blown study of AT&T, AT&T officials assured him that he was quite an expert already; when commissioners asked questions, AT&T helpfully showered them with facts and figures; if commissioners, particularly the chairman, sought a rate reduction, AT&T would gladly discuss it. It was always a matter of who had the votes, the chairman or AT&T, with AT&T taking care not to inspire any noisy dissent.

Minow is particularly proud of securing a rate of $1 for the first three minutes on station-to-station calls after 9 P.M. and on Sundays. The problems with such a procedure are that it is difficult to trace where AT&T might make up for the lost revenue, and perhaps another chairman will prefer low rates on Tuesdays, or when there is a full moon. The AT&T investigation is still under way, with a grand total of eighteen staff members spending full or part time on it.

The most common explanation put forward for the Commission's chronic failure of foresight is that it is too busy with its day-to-day problems. It is therefore fair game to examine how well the Commission does what it does do. (It should be said here that in my many visits to the Commission offices I detected no signs of frenzied labor, or of long hours.) For all of its burdens, the Commission meets only one day a week, and frequently disposes of its business by lunchtime. Each Wednesday morning, the Commissioners mount the semicircle dais in their meeting room and deliberate whether Broadcaster X may move his antenna tower, or Broadcaster Y may go from 250 watts to 500 watts. A Commission meeting apparently resembles nothing so much as a Mad Tea Party, with commissioners dozing and bickering and catching at straws.

Earlier this year, for example, the Commission deliberated whether an unpopulated mountain is a "community" and somberly concluded that it was not. On another occasion the staff brought before the Commission the request of a group of Delaware educators for a small closed-circuit television system. The staff suggested that since the rules involved were so many and so complex, the Commission should waive the lot of them. John Gardner once remarked that "the last act of a dying organization is to get out a new and enlarged edition of the rule book."

While some problems before the Commission take years to resolve, it can act with surprising dispatch, as it did in the case of the merger of ABC and ITT. The proposed merger would be the largest in the history of broadcasting; the two companies have a combined revenue of over $2 billion annually. ABC and ITT applied for FCC approval of the merger on March 31, 1966. During the summer, because Commissioner Bartley was pushing for a full evidentiary hearing, the Commission scheduled a one-day meeting in which principals of the two companies would tell the commissioners why they wanted to merge. Questioning by Bartley, Cox, and Johnson extended the "hearing" into two days, September 19 and 20. Meanwhile, Hyde had been writing to the Justice Department's Antitrust Division, asking if it saw any problems. The Division finally responded with a five-page single-spaced letter from Assistant Attorney General Donald F. Turner stating that Justice was "not presently contemplating an action under the antitrust laws" but laying out "the possibilities of adverse effects [which] are significant enough . . . that they deserve full and serious consideration by the Commission." Turner's letter arrived after 6 P.M. on December 20. The following morning the Commission approved the merger.

The principal reason given for approval was the one advanced by the applicants: that ABC needed additional revenues, which ITT could provide, to make it more competitive with the other networks. Bartley, Cox, and Johnson dissented. Bartley charged that the Commission had "rushed into an approval of the merger" without considering "fundamental questions of highest importance." Johnson said he was "simply stunned and bewildered." He pointed out that ABC was already a profitable venture, and that ITT had made no commitment of funds to ABC. He and Bartley worried about the effects on ABC's news and public-affairs programming of ITT's extensive overseas holdings, and about the economic effects on the broadcasting industry of having one major broadcaster part of a huge conglomerate corporation.

Justice petitioned the FCC to reopen the case, charging that the FCC had violated the law by holding such a brief hearing, that it had failed to examine "crucial facts." The Department later produced evidence that funds would not actually be passing from ITT to ABC, but that ITT was looking upon ABC as a source of funds — $100

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million over the next five years. The FCC's own staff subsequently agreed with Justice on this key point, and the Commission reluctantly reopened the case. It declared that in the light of "the public interest in a prompt settlement of the present uncertainty, we think that expedition is required." A new decision was expected as early as June.

The Commission can also show dispatch in renewing license applications. When a broadcaster applies for a license, he makes specific pledges about the amount of time he will devote to public-affairs programming and local service. It is explained that the Commission does not have the manpower to monitor stations to see if in fact these pledges are carried out, but that his program practices will be closely examined when he files for his triennial license renewal. Minow and Henry instituted a renewal application form designed to draw more information about actual programming practices, but this information appears to be of little moment to the Commission. Earlier this year, Cox and Johnson dissented from the routine renewal of a group of 206 licenses when the applications showed that 2 proposed no news programming whatsoever, 7 proposed no public-affairs programming, 23 proposed less than one percent of their time to be devoted to public affairs, and 88 proposed no other type of public-service programming. "It seems to me," said Cox, that stations "are downgrading their commitments . . . because they feel the majority of the Commission won't do anything about it." Cox charged that the Commission was making "a farce of the whole reporting and reviewing process."

Theoretically, the Commission sought to reduce its agenda by developing a set of standards for licensees and permitting the Broadcast Bureau itself to grant and renew licenses if they meet those standards. "Frankly," conceded one commissioner, "I couldn't tell you what the standards are now. The staff sort of figures out our current policy from what we did in the last two months." Though there is a great deal of talk about delegating, the Commission is too suspicious of the staff and the staff is too perplexed about Commission policy for it to happen much. One of the penalties of all this is a serious backlog of contested applications, and for the wrong reasons. There are some cases of competing applications for licenses, or appeals from a Commission decision, which have been before the Commission for ten or twenty years.

Minow believes that the station-by-station license and renewal procedure, conceived in the days before networks, amounts to swatting gnats. Henry came to believe that it would make more sense to establish minimal requirements and then give licenses away by lottery. The broadcasters, typically confusing a privilege with a right, say that station licenses ought to be granted permanently, subject to revocation for cause. It is possible that they suggest this in knowledge of the Commission's record of revoking licenses: 1 in 1961, 5 in 1962, 4 in 1963, 4 in 1964, 0 in 1965, and 2 in 1966. The record of renewals refused is not much more extensive: 16 in the last 5 years. Hyde's solution is to renew licenses for five- instead of three-year periods ("with maturity goes responsibility").

WHEN Congress in 1962 created the hybrid Communications Satellite Corporation — part owned by the common carriers, most AT&T, and part a public corporation — to operate an international satellite, it left a number of issues unresolved. Should Comsat compete with the common carriers, or should it be a common carriers' carrier? The Commission chose the latter course, thus guarding against severe competition for the carriers. Who should operate the lucrative ground stations, Comsat, the carriers, or someone else? The Commission "temporarily" permitted Comsat to operate the first ones and told Comsat and the carriers to get together and carve up the rest. This is an odd way to proceed on such an important matter, but by thus splitting the baby, nobody got too hurt. Except perhaps the baby, but it is too early for the layman to know that.

Also left unresolved by Congress was the enormously important and complex question of who is to operate a domestic satellite system, or systems, and for what purposes. What kind of domestic system, or systems, should there be, available for what kinds of uses, by whom, and how competitive? Should the common carriers continue to be protected from the competition of new technology? Who will benefit — or will anyone — from the costs saved by communicating by satellite? Technically, some of the issues are before the Commission in the form of the Ford Foundation's proposal for a satellite system for television, with the money saved when the commercial networks switch from conventional to satellite communication to be turned over to public television. Comsat, now an aggressive creature itself, countered by urging the FCC to permit it to operate a general-purpose domestic system, arguing that that is what Congress intended, that technology is ready and time is wasting. (Whether technology *is* ready is debated by the experts.) The satellite issues are so fundamental, the competing interests so great — the networks, AT&T, which earns $50 million a year from carrying television signals, the nation's largest foundation, Comsat — and the stakes are so large that it is possible that Congress and the White House will make the decisions. (The separate issue of public television

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raised by the Ford and Carnegie Foundations is already before Congress.) That might be just as well. I asked Chairman Hyde how many FCC employees were studying the issues raised by Ford. "Only one full-time person," he replied.

The Commerce Department, ordinarily not a very melodramatic place, completed a study not long ago of what it called the "silent crisis" — the shortage of spectrum space — and recommended a special group with an initial budget of $11 million, eventually $50 million, to handle the problem. The FCC, in a major leap forward, will devote $300,000 to research on spectrum allocation this year. The questions involved are complicated and important: what are the relative social, economic, even political implications of allocating more or less space to the various users — from doctors' beepers to police cars to television stations to communications satellites? Should traditional users, such as oil companies and ham radio operators, be displaced in favor of new technologies such as pocket telephones? The popularity of a children's walkie-talkie toy last Christmas caused something of a crisis for the FCC. What should be done about this? Or is it perhaps time to rearrange the allocations among private spectrum users? The FCC still proceeds, according to a system established some twenty years ago, to grant a certain band across the country to each type of private user, although the need for the forestry band is minimal in New York City, and there is even less demand for the taxicab band in the Gulf of Mexico.

Is cable television, which reduces the use of spectrum space, something that ought to be encouraged on those grounds, regardless of the discomfort to established television interests? Does it suggest methods of bringing other services, such as facsimile, data, or shopping, into the home? What does it mean that within five years about half of all information transmitted will be between computers, and how can the competing interests between, say, AT&T and IBM, be resolved, preferably with the public getting its share of the benefits? The FCC has begun a study of the computer issue, but no special staff has been assigned to it.

Chairman Hyde explains that the acute staff shortage is ameliorated by the fact that "we get a lot of valuable help from various industry groups." Hyde said that the industry groups give information and advice, and that a representative of the FCC sits in their meetings to prevent collusion. But collusion is not the only danger, nor is it likely to be eradicated by the FCC representative. Many government agencies set up business advisory committees as a way of getting advice and keeping peace; but there can be a problem when a limited staff is dependent upon the industry to the point where the industry can dominate the agency's policies. Presumably Congress did not set up regulatory agencies with the intent of having the agencies turn to the industry to inquire how it should be regulated.

There is thus a great deal of evidence that it is time to redefine and re-evaluate the FCC's mission. It is time to dust off "the public interest" and re-examine where it comes in. It is not all that new to suggest that the FCC should be revised. The law journals are full of suggestions for changing the FCC, and the literature is a nitpicker's delight. Most of it is in terms of establishing more clear-cut procedures on behalf of the applicants. But the FCC's problems are beyond nitpicking, and of importance to more than the clients. A thorough re-evaluation would suggest a number of new combinations, ranging from tinkering with the existing institution, to transferring some of its functions elsewhere, to starting afresh. There are some basic principles on which thoughtful critics agree: somewhere there must be an agency with sufficient funds for research, in house or contracted out, that can keep the government abreast of communications developments. There must be sophisticated analysis of the interrelated communications issues which are now approached in a haphazard *ad hoc* manner.

It is all too easy to call for a reorganization of an agency which does not seem to be coping, for reorganization for its own sake means next to nothing without a redefinition of purpose and without sufficient resources in both staff and funds to carry it out. Yet there have been many worthy suggestions for structural changes: almost all observers of the FCC feel that seven commissioners is at least two too many (Henry thinks it is four too many, and Minow concluded it was six too many); no one disputes that the machinery must be streamlined. But none of this will matter unless the FCC, or whatever agency emerges, is invested with the mission and prestige which the issues before it demand, and which in turn will attract, and hold, good men. It would be naïve to suggest that such an agency could operate, or its leaders could be chosen, without regard to the political context, but it is not too much to ask that it be more independent of it.

One close observer has suggested that the issues are so important that the agency should be as prestigious as a U.S. Court of Appeals, and the appointments to it taken as seriously. Perhaps commissioners should serve for longer terms. Certainly the agency might be less composed of men who use it as a sinecure or springboard. The FCC cannot be expected to work a self-transformation. That leaves Congress and the White House, and this sort of reform is not likely to start in Congress.

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NEGROES IN THE PRIVATE SCHOOLS

by Charles Merrill

A school involving itself in integration often skates so close to failure that it becomes overdependent on success, Charles Merrill has found in twenty-five years' experience with racial problems in education. But he has found also compelling reasons for continuing and expanding the experience. A graduate of Deerfield Academy and Harvard, and a teacher since World War II, he is headmaster of Boston's coeducational Commonwealth School.

One of the more interesting changes in American race relations over the past five years has been the rising number of Negroes in private schools. Even if this rise has affected, on a long-term basis, only three to four thousand Negro boys and girls, its impact upon the white middle-class youngsters who go to these schools may add up to some genuine social value.

There were always a few schools with a name for racial liberalism — Andover, Exeter, Northfield, Mount Hermon, less well known schools like Wooster and Windsor Mountain, city schools like Collegiate in New York, Georgetown Day in Washington, Francis Parker in Chicago, the Quaker schools around Philadelphia — but until recently, these schools were few and the numbers of Negro children involved were few indeed. Even schools that considered themselves liberal took refuge in the policy of "We'll accept any qualified candidate who applies," and then sat passively when no qualified Negroes turned up. In reality, so few roads existed between the white world and the Negro that not many people were in the mood to travel.

Both sides saw only their fears. A Negro father paying his first visit to a boarding school asked lots of questions, but "Who will cut my son's hair?" was his most personal worry. Then, how about dances? I taught at a school in Missouri which admitted its first Negro boys in 1952 under the proviso that they not go to the dances. The second year they did, but danced only with Negro girls. I am now ashamed of the timidity we showed, but at the time it seemed forced on us. The tiptoeing schools kept looking for some never-never combination of Ralph Bunche and Jackie Robinson that would guarantee success.

A fair amount has changed, however, during the past five years. Last fall I made a survey of twelve Boston private schools — primary and secondary, boys, girls, and coed — and where in 1962–1963 these twelve schools had a total of 23 Negro students, they now have 104. Where in 1965–1966 they had spent $61,000 in scholarships for these students, in 1966–1967 the figure was $92,000. For half these same schools more than half the scholarship budget for this year was set aside for Negroes.

These changes have been the result of a number of individual decisions by headmasters, teachers, trustees, alumni, even students, that their school should pull its weight in facing the issue of racial justice. Negro parents are more aggressive now in seeking out private schools; the schools are more experienced in exposing themselves to outsiders. The matching-up process has also been helped by development of two types of placement groups.

The most important of these is the Independent

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Schools Talent Search Program, started in early 1964 at Hanover, New Hampshire, to recruit and place Negro (plus some Puerto Rican, Indian, and proletarian white) boys into boarding schools in the northeastern part of the country. Twenty-six schools joined the first year, and their membership dues of $1 per student paid for most of the administrative costs of the headquarters, located on the Dartmouth College campus. The idea received a great boost by the addition of a seven-week summer program called A Better Chance, financed by the Rockefeller Foundation and held at Dartmouth, to prepare the boys for their arrival at Groton or Pomfret by training them intensively in reading, writing, and mathematics, as well as in such middle-class skills as wearing a tie and playing soccer.

The second year saw the addition of girls, a new summer center at Mount Holyoke, and, even more important, the financing of new students by the Office of Economic Opportunity, under Sargent Shriver. This was the first time that the federal government had given aid to education at private secondary schools. The aid was generous: $2500 per student for tuition, room, and board, plus $250 for pocket money, travel costs, and medical expenses. By the summer of 1966 college centers had been opened also at Williams, Carleton, and Duke, and in September ISTSP had placed 500 boys and 175 girls at 104 member schools, with almost 400 of these children financed by the government.

Another approach has been that of local groups trying to place Negroes into private day schools of a given city. The Negro Student Fund in Washington, under the leadership of Mrs. Lydia Katzenbach, wife of the then Attorney General, and a board of prominent professional and government people, was the first example of this type. It received some help in meeting scholarship costs from the Ford Foundation, and in the two-year period of 1966 and 1967, succeeded in placing 64 children. In Boston the same sort of project, the Boston Area Schools Placement Program, started in late 1965 under a different kind of leadership. One director was Melvin King, a Negro social worker who had run unsuccessfully three times for the school committee and was by then convinced that neither the public school administration nor the Boston voters were interested in improving the education of Negro children; another director was David Stockman, a businessman who had become indignant upon finding that the schools were offering places and scholarships to Negro children and none appeared to fill them. The Boston program had weaker resources than the one in Washington, with one young Negro paid administrator and a fair amount of volunteer help, but by September it had placed 40 students in independent schools and 72 in parochial schools, had assumed $3500 worth of partial-scholarship obligations, and had a bank balance of zero.

WHAT is the life of a Negro youngster in a private school, and what is the impact upon such a school when a number of Negroes go to it? It is hard to isolate the issue of race when the differences are also of class: the majority of these Negro students are the children of working and lower-middle-class families, while the majority of their white schoolmates come from business and professional families. And the differences of class, cultural background, previous schooling are compounded further by lack of family support. Of the two dozen Negro students my own school has had in the last six years, only half had a father at home.

The main problem is the scholastic one. So much has to be done at first that neither the teacher nor the student knows where to begin, whether from the youngster's lack of the tools of the trade or his inability to buy the discipline of the middle-class system: "Write this paper along these precise lines and hand it in tomorrow at eight thirty." And it doesn't come in. One form of self-protection is to obey orders, another is to disobey any order given: "They're not getting *me!*" To keep from losing his temper at what seems like unnecessary failure, the teacher is expected to have instant recall of the whole race sociology of American history, whose evils these students pay for and pay for: the Southern laws that imprisoned a master found guilty of teaching a slave to read; the slave system that broke up families and sold each child separately; the employment system that keeps a Negro from getting a job to let him support his family; a society that good-naturedly despised his music-loving shiftlessness and furiously attacked him whenever he tried to break out of the stereotype.

A teacher who works with Negro students gradually comes to learn how overwhelmingly racist is the totality of American life. The direction of education is to bring a child *in*, to involve him in his own learning and the setting of his own goals. The whole direction of American history has been to leave the Negro *out*. In my school I teach American history to the eleventh grade. What to say? Jefferson's and Jackson's concepts of democracy specifically excluded the Negro from any participation in them. Lincoln was kind but condescending. Wilson froze racial segregation into the federal civil service. A primary aim of our labor movement has always been to protect white standards against Negro competition. And in the usual American novel, the heroine would have been glad to accept the young Negro reader as a servant, not as a friend.

"When the others sing 'America the Beautiful'

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in chapel, I can't," one of our boys said. The impact of racism means that any school with a sizable Negro minority is going to have a direct acquaintance with the realities of American life that are quite outside books. A girl with us from Mississippi had been suspended at her previous high school for wearing an LBJ button in the fall of 1964, and then expelled and imprisoned for going to the wrong drugstore for a Coca Cola. One of our graduates has been imprisoned four times now in summer organizing work in Mississippi and Alabama. Out of this type of experience the Negro student comes to school with a range of interests pretty well limited to his own problems. And if his education does open the world to him, he may find himself cut off from his old community. He is an "Uncle Tom," the most dread and spirit-shattering of epithets, not because he laughs at Mister Charlie's jokes but because he is interested in mathematics.

A school involving itself in integration skates, all too often, so close to failure that it becomes overdependent on the victories achieved by each individual Negro and the way these victories then allow him to come in to the school community. The first successes are likely to occur in athletics. Our soccer varsity generally has two or three Negro stars, boys who had never seen a soccer ball before they came to us. Yet the stereotype of the Negro as the professional athlete is worth avoiding. We needed the two good artists and the skilled politician we had; we needed especially the girl, richly endowed with beauty, character, and academic distinction, whose success helped strengthen every other teammate in difficulty. In a school like ours, set into an almost rigid liberalism, Joyce was secure enough in her position to become the most articulate spokesman, in any argument, for the conservative point of view. In a large boarding school in Connecticut, a number of boys, shortly after school had opened, were talking about the drama club's fall play, Ionesco's *Rhinoceros*. They couldn't figure it out. A Negro boy who had seen *Rhinoceros* at Dartmouth the previous summer told them what it was about and how it represented the theater of the absurd. His classmates then looked upon him in a different way.

Failure has the opposite result: the outsider goes further *out*. In trying to avoid academic failure, the school is faced with some serious problems, theoretical and practical. Is it trying to serve the child who needs help the most or the child most likely to succeed? For the Negro parent whose child has never been taught to read properly in the public schools, admission to a private school is the last chance to make it. "Isn't that what you're there for?" No, not entirely. Even if the new school will lighten the course load and give extra tutoring, the difference in standards is almost too great. For a child who has not picked up what the public schools *can* offer, it is too late.

How should schools act toward failure in Negro students? "If Harry has been with you two years you can't send him back to the sort of school he came from!" That is partly true, but there is a limit to the energy and skill a headmaster can ask from his teachers for those at the bottom of the class if he is also asking a great deal for those at the top. And it does no one good to have too many people around who can't pull their weight.

On the other hand, "I'm going to fail anyway" is a disease that Negro students are susceptible to; Negroes help provide an antidote to the disease of white adolescents from educated and affluent families who are forever saying: "What is the purpose of all this? I'm just going through the motions to satisfy my parents' need for status."

In social rather than academic matters, when a school community acquires a little experience, it can begin to relax. Every new event is no longer an ordeal, and children acquire an unselfconscious tact, or learn when tact doesn't seem necessary and they can rely on frankness. This makes life easier for the popular Negro youngster, invited home to dinner with the family as almost a routine matter; it makes life harder for the unpopular youngster because no one feels any compulsion to go out of his way to give him a hand. Or the problem simply changes rather than improves as it goes from theory to practice. At biracial parties the theoretical problem used to be Negro boys dancing with white girls. The actual problem, however, is that white boys and Negro boys are likely to dance with the white girls and no one dances with the Negro girls.

Then too, as the size of the Negro minority grows, the results may not be what one hopes. The human cost of token integration has always seemed extraordinarily high to me. The one representative is always on parade, always on guard. If he has some colleagues, however, he can choose at mealtime between his white or his Negro friends. But if there are enough Negroes around to provide a minimum range of interracial friendships, yet not enough individuals on either side with the warmth and ease to reach toward the other, all one gets is two societies, courteous but distinct. The spirit of the times also has changed. There is less optimism and perhaps less generosity, on both sides, in 1967 than in 1964. "I really don't think I can trust any whites," said one of our boys. And a girl: "The only time a white man does anything for you is out of a sense of guilt."

Nevertheless, there are strands, hard to see sometimes, that tie young people together. A girl too

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shy and bookish to make friends readily with other Negroes finds one close white friend who sees the world with the same thoughtful eyes. Another girl, far from her home in Georgia, falls seriously ill, and in the visits she receives at the hospital, realizes with a bit of surprise how firm a place she holds in her schoolmates' affection. A mixed quartet pick up the habit of going off to listen to records together. These are fragile strands, and nothing in American society helps to make them stronger. Nevertheless, friendship is not the only gain of a racially mixed school: a frank recognition of difference and even of hostility has its values.

"Don't always load the dice on the race issue," said one of our Jewish boys in a class where we were discussing poverty and its relation to race. "My grandfather when he came from Russia was just as poor as yours, and he was able to work his way up to a fair sort of life for him and his children." This is an explosive issue, and the girl he said it to exploded. "Sure he was poor. But there were still jobs he could get, and when he got money he could be a part of American society, and my grandfather couldn't."

The most thought-provoking example of maturity in race relations appeared out of a play that one of our Negro seniors wrote last winter. Leroy, an intelligent though not a particularly successful student, came originally from Tennessee. His father is dead. His mother, who works in a beauty shop, is a fundamentalist who fears that her son's soul is endangered by all the Godless things he has learned, partly at our school. Leroy's hero is Malcolm X, and he talks about race pride and the necessity, perhaps, of violence as a way of defending this pride; but Leroy is also fascinated by science, and a beautiful scarlet silk-screen abstraction by him hangs in the main hallway of the school.

Leroy started writing his play as a way of involving local youngsters in group activity more creative than hanging around on street corners, but as time went on he began to persuade more and more of his middle-class schoolmates to play the white parts and to share their skills in lighting and design. And while the play was rehearsed and argued over in a Roxbury parish house, each person involved kept adding new lines, new episodes, new ideas. The story is coffee and cream, the Negro term for mixed sex relations, only the cream is sour.

The chorus, the background of meaninglessness and ever potential violence of ghetto life, is a gang of loose-jawed, beer-drinking, street-corner casuals. Against them are set the earnest members, complete with white liberal, of the teen-age Action Group who will help organize the community. The actors who play these "good" young people are playing themselves. Their words are a little too reasonable, too articulate, and they know it. Joe, the white liberal, falls in love with Laverne, the Negro girl. Laverne is then shown with her frightened, Jesus-calling mother, Joe with his whining, selfish parents. Girl and boy walk a road of sorrow, insulted and threatened by all who pass them, particularly by Laverne's jilted lover from the street corner. Then Joe, seated with Laverne at a Negro restaurant, where the waiter calls him trash, sees his father enter with a Negro prostitute. Horrified, he flees; Laverne runs after. Her scream pierces the blackened stage. She has been knocked unconscious and raped. Joe must be the assailant. The Negroes close ranks, and when Joe reappears, now with a white girlfriend, both of them are brutally attacked. The play ends in two more scenes: Joe in bandages at home, tended by his new girl, rethinking his allegiances, and back to the street corner, where the casuals are joking nervously about the cops. But who did rape Laverne? The joking turns sharper. A little old lady stands up. She had seen it. The attacker was the jilted Negro. "I did it because I loved her!" he cries, and the lights go off.

All the arguments made by this crude little play are a lot more complex than they would have been five years ago. The villain is still the white society that castrates the Negro male and leaves him impotent or in a rage, but white actions in a time that speaks a civil rights language are more complex than they used to be. And the Negro response is also more complex. Laverne takes Joe as her sweetheart because he is more gentle as well as more secure than her lover on the street corner. And the ultimate crime which sets off a holy war of race was committed by black against black.

Perhaps then the value of these limited contacts between white and black adolescents in one or two hundred private schools is to confuse racial attitudes a bit, to show that the situation is not simple and that despite all the official rhetoric, both races distrust, resent, and fear each other. And if matters are bad now, they will get worse in the 1970s when the real fight is locked as to who controls the cities. Will the Negroes who cannot escape into the suburbs be allowed to elect a mayor — or district attorney or chief of police — of Newark, Washington, Baltimore, Chicago? There had better be a fair number of men and women then who have dealt with the other team as human beings and can accept them as colleagues, as neighbors, as parents of their children's friends; who accept, from personal experience, the complexity of motivation and result. The exhaustion of scholarship budgets, the end of federal support for educational experiments, and the increasing coldness of opinion in the surrounding communities may see in the school year of 1967–1968 the first downward turn in academic integration in ten years. We must not let this happen.

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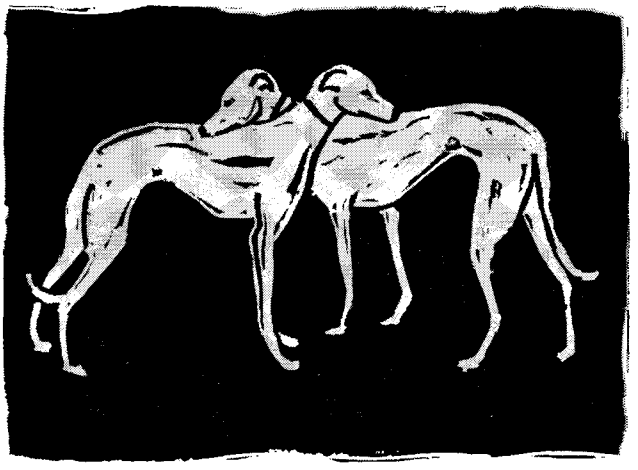
The Savage Sound

A Story by JESSE HILL FORD



In this quiet lament, Mr. Ford conveys the subtle reactions of a civilized man when an animal's taught gentleness is overcome by the natural instinct to kill. This story will be included in FISHES, BIRDS AND SONS OF MEN, *a collection to be published by Atlantic-Little, Brown in the fall.*

Two rooms away, in the farmhouse kitchen under a utility table, the whippets, Bett and Mistress, slept the sound sleep of innocence and youth, coiled like little springs, snuggled against the old bedspread Morgan's wife, Sadie, had put there for them when they were first received into the house five months before, as puppies.

In the high-ceilinged bedroom Bud Morgan tossed in his half sleep, and finally, for what seemed at least the tenth time, he reached for the bedside lamp switch, put on the light, and picked up his watch — ten after four.

He had pulled on his canvas trousers and was lacing his boots when the phone in the kitchen rang. Going down the hall and through the dining room he saw, through the tall windows, pale morning at rest over the fields like gray wings. In the warm, good smell of the kitchen the whippets greeted him from beneath the table's shadow, a soft thumping of tails against the old bedspread. Morgan answered the wall phone.

"Morning," said Yates.

"I'm already up," Bud Morgan said. "I've hardly slept."

"I forgot to say this basset bitch of mine is gonna find pups," said Yates. "I wouldn't want you to be expecting too much from her. But a good run is what she's needing. My young dog, she's just finding what it's all about."

"Well, my puppies are just stark ignorant. They don't know what a rabbit is."

"See you in about fifteen minutes," said Yates. He rang off.

Bud Morgan stooped to leash the young whippets. They kept leaping against him. With soft mouths they playfully gnawed his wrists. Mistress, the shyer, began methodically licking his thumb. It was her usual show of affection. Bett, the bolder, the faster, and the stronger of the two fawn-and-white bitches, kept gazing up at her master, her gray eyes dark, her narrow face anxious. Her lean body quivered under his gentle hands. Bound up in her life more than any other single wish, the man knew, was the urge to run. This, by the dark look of her eyes, was what she told her master.

Stepping quietly, Morgan went out the front door. Going up the curving gravel drive to the hard road, the whippets jerked and danced against their leashes. Quite a picture, Morgan thought, those deep chests, narrow heads, flat ears, flat stomachs, and long, muscled haunches. Waiting beside Morgan on the shoulder of the road, the whippets stood and shivered, white tails curled down, forward between their slanting hind legs.

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Yates appeared driving his old green hunting car. His pleasing, honest face was still solemn with sleep. He smiled. His bassets bayed and yodeled and shook their leash chains, making a commotion from the closed trunk of the automobile.

Going around the car Bud Morgan got in the front seat. He took the whippets up in his lap and shut the door. Adoring him, the young hounds rested their long necks against his thick arms.

"I'll say, they're pretty little things, ain't they," said Yates. He drove on east toward a pale pink sky. The road went curving down to cross the cypress bottoms, still as sleep. Then it climbed out of the swamps to high ground again.

The hunting place Bud Morgan had decided on was a twenty-acre hayfield with a soybean crop laid in long bushy rows beside it.

"Rabbit sign is fresh in those bean rows all about," Bud Morgan said. "If you want to, slow down now. Turn in here, by the fence line." The land was his own.

Yates made the turn. Down alongside the field they went, on ground packed smooth by tractor treads.

"I believe we'll find this place all a man could wish for," Morgan was saying. Because he wanted to hide his impatience and mask his excitement he spoke very slowly, almost as though apologizing. "The rabbits *ought* to be in there," he said seriously.

"But now don't expect too much of my good old bitch," said Yates. "She's awful heavy right now." There was a gray stubble of whiskers on his pink healthy face. He stopped the car and got out.

Standing by the car trunk, Yates yawned and began rolling his sleeves halfway to the elbow, baring strong, sun-weathered wrists. The bassets bayed and thrashed to be let out, but Yates attended his sleeves with the studious air of a man dedicated to unending postponement. Beyond adjusting his sleeves he might not have another thought in the world. Like Morgan he wore faded canvas trousers reinforced against briars. His shirt was of green cotton work cloth, and his boots, like Morgan's, were quarter length and moccasin style, carefully oiled last night with neat's-foot, and carefully laced this morning with new hide thongs. Squatting, Yates checked his bootlaces again. Finally, he stood up and opened the lid of the car trunk. He grabbed for the leashes. "Here, Molly!" he said, with calm pride in his voice.

Carrying a whippet under each arm Morgan walked around to where Yates stood bent over the trunk, untangling the leashes. Suddenly Yates stepped back. The heavy bassets shook themselves. With a surprising, explosive nimbleness, both hounds leaped out of the trunk and began following close at Yates's heels, moving easily, as though somehow rolling ahead on their short, crooked legs. Their leash chains jingled a quick march rhythm, a sound professional and sure; it told Bud Morgan that these animals knew what they were about. *They* were no strangers to the business. Watching all this, the whippets cowered in Morgan's arms.

Although the sun was still below a line of trees far off to their right, the threat of its appearance gave the air a certain damp heaviness. Dew stood in droplets on the hunters' boots. Blackberry brambles pulled at their trousers. They stopped.

Beyond, in the midst of the bean field, a clump of willows marked the location of a pond. Yates knelt and unleashed the bassets. He whispered something to them. Tails high, the two heavy beasts disappeared in the rows. They were hardly out of sight when their clear voices belled against the flat stillness of August and broke the gray morning silence that had seemed to stand like a veil between Bud Morgan and the approaching day.

The singing cries entered Morgan's heart and set it pounding against itself. Curiously solemn, the whippets ceased their squirming, first begun when he knelt with them a little distance from Yates.

Yates stood listening. Still as iron, Yates seemed.

Leaning in Bud Morgan's arms, the whippets pressed forward. Their nostrils moved as though to ask what the smell and meaning of this new sound might be. Suddenly they drew back, as though to take shelter under the man's body. The bassets came closer. Now they moved away through the bean field again, making a wide, slow circle.

"About now we should see the old rabbit," Yates said in a low voice.

Just then, sure enough, the cottontail appeared. Out of the bean rows he came. He hopped almost straight at the hunters before slowly veering from sight again beyond the tall foliage of the spreading bean plants.

Steady on, and carefully slow, the bassets came, now baying almost in unison. Coming out of the rows they made the same circuit, the same veering turn that the rabbit had managed so easily. The bassets moved over the ground with painful exactitude, as though savoring a mysterious, requisite love of their slow work.

Laden with her cargo of unborn pups the old bitch paced head down beside her daughter, as though trying somehow to embrace the ground with her bent legs. Both heavy heads went forward, as though freighted by their huge leathers, those ears hanging like dark, dead-brown magnolia leaves. Then they were gone, gyp and bitch, the one no less painstaking and slow than the other.

"Let Molly take him twice around. Then we'll scare him. Let's see if we can't spook him off to the

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hayfield," said Yates. "Then your little beauties can take and ride him a little bit."

"If they will," said Morgan, nodding in agreement. After coaxing Yates as he had, after beguiling his friend into this new partnership, Morgan was suddenly unsure about it. Though he had set them down at cottontails time and again, the whippets had never coursed a rabbit. At the sight of Morgan's little dogs the sitting rabbit had always crouched, as wild animals will. Just when the whippets looked away, wondering what their master could be about, by setting them forward thus, and so urging them, saying: "Sic! Sic! Sic!" in such a hissing voice — invariably, as they turned back in their wonderment, the wise rabbit chose that instant's confusion to go bounding into the honeysuckles.

"Here he comes," said Yates in a quiet voice.

Loafing along hopping slowly, just as before, the rabbit appeared. "Hey! Hey!" Yates shouted. The man jumped forward. The startled rabbit crouched and then leaped out in a flat sudden sprint, heading straight to the open field.

At the same time Bud Morgan unleashed the pups. The whippets sprang away, paused an instant, and then dashed suddenly on, full speed after the rabbit. Bett passed the little creature. The frantic cottontail swerved. Mistress, close behind, made every turn and tracked every zigzag. Turning a short circle and coming back, Bett cut between the rabbit and the honeysuckle thicket, turning it back into the field and driving it zigzag once more, down the breadth of the mown meadow. Like hawks, the whippets skimmed, coursing back and forth tirelessly.

Emerging from the bean rows the bassets dutifully took the trail to the open field where the whippets went swerving this way and that, turning, deviling, and chivying the rabbit.

Yates dashed forward and caught his hounds. He leashed them in a scramble of whistling, dusty confusion. "They caught him yet?" Yates yelled. He ran to Morgan, dragging the hounds.

"Not yet. Over there — see!"

Dodging uncertainly between the dogs, the rabbit suddenly stopped. The whippets stopped. They stood panting, tails up, ears forward, gazing at the gasping, stretched-out cottontail.

Morgan ran through the mown stubble. "Kill!" he cried. "*Sic! Sic!*"

Yates crossed the field, his bassets straining in front of him.

Without looking away from the rabbit the whippets sat down. Then, just as casually, though Morgan, shouting and running full speed, came closer, they slowly crouched beside the exhausted rabbit.

At a word from Yates the bassets ceased their lunging.

Caught in the wonderment of what they saw, both men knelt.

"They don't know to kill," said Morgan softly.

The rabbit made no move to be up.

"See how they *lie* there," said Yates. "Down by him, beside him like he was a lamb."

The rabbit, catching its wind a little, and again sensible of danger, struggled up. Hopping uncertainly, it went west to the bean field, toward the willows, the pond thicket where it had been born and where it had lived its brief life.

"*Sic! Sic!*" Morgan hissed.

Standing up, ears forward, the whippets gazed after the rabbit.

They began trotting, going slowly at first. Then, tirelessly and gracefully, like machines, they leaped forward in unison, and flattened down to full speed, like pale arrows. Slowing suddenly beside the rabbit, they loped along on either side of it, like an escort. At the bean rows, where the rabbit disappeared, they turned back. They made a wide circle of the meadow, full speed. Bett went leading, as usual, and shy Mistress came behind. On they came, full speed. They flung themselves at Morgan, who sat squatting on his heels. Mistress licked his thumb. Bett lay across the foot of his boot.

"Well," Yates said. "Try another cast?"

"All right." Bud Morgan leashed his animals.

"What a sight. I still can't hardly believe it," Yates was saying.

"It's their puppyhood. They don't know quite what they're supposed to do." Like a ball of blood the sun had risen above the dusty horizon. Bud Morgan picked both whippets up in his arms again. He marveled at their beauty in the red new light. The dew on their sides wet his shirt.

"Oh — they downright played with that rabbit. They never harmed a hair of him," Yates was saying. He came close. He touched each little dog on the head. "Not a hair!" he said.

"I'd never want to tell anybody. Not about *that*," said Bud Morgan.

"Why, who'd believe? Besides," Yates went on, "give 'em time. They'll learn. They'll get a fine edge in time. Oh, aren't you a pretty sight! One nip and you'll break brother rabbit's neck so clean and quick he'll never know what came between him and daylight — one of these days!"

"Maybe I spoil them," said Morgan. "They've such a sweet nature. May be as I've petted them too much and shut out their natural instinct. Eh?"

They walked east, across the hayfield. Sunup splayed the branches of a huge oak at the field's edge. Just in its shadow Yates bent to unleash his

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bassets. They trotted off to a fine stand of cotton, dark green and blooming and well cultivated, with the earth showing dry and clean between the rows, a fine yellow loam, soft as powder.

"No, no," Yates said, politely disagreeing. It was his way. "Love never harms. Only give them time, Bud. Once they *know* what's wanted of them, they'll be all the better. Then they'll kill themselves to please you."

"They've been raised with the cats. They were taught not to hurt kittens, not to chase chickens," Bud Morgan said. "Now when it's time to kill something, they don't seem a-tall sure about it. Sadie pets them worse than I do."

He squatted. The little dogs crouched under him again. They put him in mind of adoring children.

The bassets gave tongue.

"Here we go," said Yates. "Look for him this way in about one minute. Your little beauties are going to kill this one, Bud. See if they don't! Let's let him pass the second time."

The whippets stood and trembled when the rabbit broke cover. It circled the oak. When the bassets came, the whippets began leaping. They whimpered. They shivered to be set free.

"There — be patient!" Bud Morgan whispered. He caught them close in his arms. They licked him, but this licking was a different sort. They licked him now as a means of supplication. They begged him to be let go. "Hold a little!" Morgan said. Bett growled. "There, little sweethearts — another minute now!" Morgan said, listening to the chase. Off deep in the cotton plants the rabbit had turned.

Now suddenly it came out of the rows. Yates ran forward. With a loud yell he spooked the cottontail, waving his arms. Morgan slipped the whippets' leashes.

The rabbit turned to sprint, so close by that Morgan could see its little mouth working, opening and closing with fright. Before it could pass the outer spread of the oak a snapping, slashing, somersaulting frenzy of snarls overtook it. The rabbit leaped and was tossed. The whippets struck it one after another, whirling to strike and snap again, fighting and rearing over the carcass. Blood streaked their sides. Again and again they flung themselves on the sodden mass of fur between them. Seeming not to know the cottontail was dead, they went on and on shredding it, snatching it one away from another and shaking it till it smacked their ribs. When Bud Morgan knelt to pull them away Bett whirled and bit him between thumb and forefinger, drawing blood. She coiled back as he leashed her. Her lips drew back in a snarl, her eyes were dark and aglaze. She had no seeming sense of what she had done.

The bassets came. Standing, Morgan pulled the yapping whippets back a few paces. The heavy bassets approached cautiously. Molly, the big pregnant bitch, pushed the torn carcass a few times with her blunt nose. She looked at Yates and sat down, almost wearily. The younger basset only sniffed the carcass and turned away. Yates leashed them both, saying: "Didn't I tell you? Didn't I *tell* you?"

When Bud Morgan picked them up the whippets fought his embrace. Leaning in, stretching at each other across his broad chest, they snapped and snarled. Blood was like grease down their sides. Morgan's hands were sticky with it. "Hush!" said Morgan. "Be still!" Both animals, as though waked from a trance, subsided.

"Want to try another cast?" Yates was asking. "I believe they're on to it."

A strange sorrow had entered Morgan's breast. He looked at the little whelps panting in his arms. Bett stretched her neck and licked his nose.

"Yes," Morgan said. "All right. If you're satisfied your hound is up to it — heavy as she is."

"Oh, she *needs* to run," Yates replied. "And yours — why yours really caught on!"

"Yes," Bud Morgan said in an odd voice. He knew he must harden himself down to the truth. He had sent away clear to New Jersey for these dogs. They were the first whippets ever seen in this part of Tennessee. Men must surely marvel at the sight of them, how they killed a creature. As hunter, heretofore Morgan had always done the killing himself. That, he decided, walking a little way behind Yates so his friend would not see his face, that was the difference. Now the dogs were obliged to do the killing. The man was left with nothing but an uneasy feeling across the shoulders, like a strange harness.

Caught in his new strangeness Morgan realized it was too late to turn back. Uneasy though he was, he had already knelt again. Far off, low to the ground, hidden by the dark green field beyond, the bassets gave a long, victorious cry.

The savage sound gave Morgan's breast a surge. He plucked a crawling tick from Bett's smooth neck and mashed it between his thumbnails. "Don't fret," he whispered. "You'll soon be used to it. Don't fret, pretty girls. It's all right."

The pups hardly seemed to hear him. Though he held them close, they were already far, far away, gone a strange far distance such as he might never span. Suddenly they had, so it seemed, gone away to another world.

If he didn't unleash them soon, they would turn on him. He watched his hands move obediently to the leash toggles. His heart was no longer beating so rapidly.

"Here he comes!" Yates was calling, above him. "Here he comes! Steady, *steady now!*"

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viewpoint

Growing Pains of the Multiversity

by William Willcox

Last month a student activist at the University of Michigan found virtue in that much beset institution, the multiversity. Now another Michigan man speaks up for the multiversity's faculty and scholars. Professor Willcox has been chairman of the history department at Ann Arbor since 1965.

In the past two years a number of articles in the *Atlantic* have explored aspects of campus unrest. The controversy that some of these articles have aroused suggests that no two observers agree on the meaning of what is going on; the only agreement seems to be that American universities are in a period of turbulence, and that the larger the university the greater the *Sturm und Drang*. Recent exposure to the troubles of the University of Michigan is my excuse for venturing reflections on this steadily growing problem. It is one about which I am no more expert than any other concerned professor; but the subject, as Clemenceau said of war, is too important to be left to the experts.

The central question is what the forces are that generate academic turbulence. Until that question is faced, discussion of remedies is pointless. The unrest is, I believe, not only nationwide but also too deep-seated to be easily or quickly eliminated; its causes, however differently they may manifest themselves at Ann Arbor or Berkeley or any other campus, lie in the very nature of the large university. Unrest, in other words, is bred by the system, and is the price we are paying for the forced growth of higher education.

In the *Atlantic* (November, 1965) Professor Howard Mumford Jones insisted that "university education is a privilege for the competent, not a right to be claimed by the many."

Whether or not this *should* be true, it is in fact becoming less true every day. The A.B. degree, now more than ever before, is a prerequisite for success in life, and our society accepts the proposition that everyone who is minimally qualified is entitled to one. Students regard it, perhaps unconsciously, almost as much their right as the right to vote; and as population grows, the federal and state governments pour more and more millions into the system to make sure that sufficient degrees are available.

But money alone is not enough for expansion. Building new classrooms, offices, and dormitories and training or recruiting new staff take time; and the pressure of swelling enrollment never leaves the necessary time. Universities in general, and state universities in particular, are consequently in an ongoing crisis because they do not have the facilities they need, at any given moment, to cope with that moment's problems of overcrowding. The effect is twofold, student unrest and faculty unrest.

The students find themselves adrift in a vast, bustling, but essentially formless community. Their classes are usually too large for any give-and-take with the professor, and those of them who corner him in his office have won at hide-and-seek against heavy odds. Their dormitory is a population, not a social unit, and they tend to escape into apartments — lairs which, when they find them, are too cluttered for studying, so that their search for study space carries them even into the library stacks. Far from having a vast smorgasbord of human knowledge and experience spread before them to select from, their choice of courses is limited by distribution requirements; and their intellectual experience may also be limited to soaking up material and regurgitating it on examinations. They have reason to wonder, as one of them recently wrote in the *Michigan Daily*, whether they are "learning much of consequence to their lives or of relevance to their society."

These complaints are not new. Classes were too large when I was in college, contact with faculty members too meager, and we complained about being spoon-fed. But the situation is far worse now. Free time is disappearing, as one university after another, in an effort to use its plant more efficiently, reforms its calendar by curtailing vacations. Admissions standards are going up, and with them the academic caliber of the student body, so that competition

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for high grades becomes keener; the many students who hope to go on to a respectable graduate school need an undergraduate record of A's and B's, which is out of reach of the majority. Young men and women, short of space and time, are competing against one another in subjects that often seem to them inconsequential. Small wonder they feel tension.

The therapy of action

Although they may find outlet for tension in unpolitical ways, such as experimentation with sex or drugs or the newest art form, political opposition to the university administration has the appeal of bringing them together in the united action. They share in some measure the disgust with the status quo felt by the radical activist, and the longer their patience is tried, the more open they are to his argument that force is the only way to get change. But this does not mean that they share his goal.

The goal of the new radicalism, alias the "Movement," in its extreme form is to overturn the whole structure of the modern university. Stephan Weissman cogently expressed in the *Atlantic* (October, 1966) what is wrong with that structure, and why the "Movement" aims to bring about "the end of administration control, a sharing of power even in the classroom between teacher and student, and the creation of an atmosphere of autonomy in which individuals and communities with[in] the university can engage in their own politics — be they right, left, or even pornopolitical." The existing academic system, he continues, has no legitimate authority, and no compromise with it is possible. "Force will continue to be necessary and justified as long as the American university deprives students of their voice in decisions that affect them, supports the politics of a repressive status quo, and subordinates intellectual activity to security clearances and the national interest."

This is a call to revolution, but those who seem to heed the call may in fact be far from revolutionaries. When an administration appears to students to be both arbitrary and static, they will rally behind the radical activist for the sake of action. Few want to destroy the university, to judge by the Michigan experience, but many want to wake it up. They do not need to know precisely what more they want. Their demand for "student power," I am convinced, is emotional as much as political, and does not necessarily mean that they wish to exercise any power beyond that of agitating. Agitation, by publicizing the need for reform, jolts not only officialdom but also the faculty.

The faculty role

Professors are not spontaneous reformers. They are so deeply immersed in problems of their own, created by the mushroom growth of the university, that they cannot concentrate for long on student problems. Any teacher worth his salt is interested in students. They are one of his main concerns, but to assume that they can or should be his only one is unrealistic. Two other concerns are equally important to him, and they are worth a moment's scrutiny. They are his own research and his role in his department.

Research means much more to an academic than promotions or salary increases. It is his surest way to keep alive intellectually, and hence to be a stimulating teacher, and for one kind of teaching it is an absolute prerequisite. Graduate students — and this is a point often overlooked in the endless debate about the connection or gulf between scholarship and teaching — can be trained in research only by a practitioner who keeps his knowledge fresh. Graduate programs are a vital function of the university, and graduate enrollments are soaring. A professor who does no research is useless to the graduate school. His department is unlikely to keep him to teach only undergraduates, and he either leaves for a small college or joins the administration.

The faculty member's departmental role is even less understood off the campus than his research. A department is, among other things, a business operation, with a yearly budget that often exceeds half a million dollars; running such a business requires both nonacademic administrative assistance and a great deal of time from the academic staff.

Almost every professor, in addition to his teaching and research, has to play a part in this departmental housekeeping. Who will handle graduate admissions, or advise M.A. and Ph.D. candidates when admitted? Is a visitor needed to replace Professor Pundit while he is on leave, and if so, how is one to be found? Are the teaching fellows or assistants getting the supervision that they need? (The answer is invariably no.) Is the undergraduate honors program, or the freshman survey course, in need of overhauling? (The answer is invariably yes.) The problems these questions suggest, and hundreds more, are directly related to the department's teaching function; but they distract from teaching itself.

Recruiting new talent

Another related problem, which consumes quite as much time as housekeeping, is the recruitment of new staff. Here every prestigious and would-be prestigious institution in the country is competing against all others at every level, from the newest Ph.D.'s to the greatest celebrities; and the locus of competition is the individual department. Obtaining a bright young assistant professor is a minor triumph, obtaining a full professor is a major one, and hours and hours of work go into both.

When a vacancy occurs, an *ad hoc* departmental committee asks authorities all over the country to suggest candidates, whose names go into a file that soon bulges with relevant

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and irrelevant information; the committee then rank-orders the names according to its judgment, or failing that, its hunch. The highest man on the list who is temptable is asked to the campus, and unless he puts his foot in his mouth, receives an offer. (Ritual decrees that such an offer be called recruiting, whereas an offer from an outside institution to a staff member is called raiding; if the effort to recruit fails, or the effort to raid succeeds, the man in question is written off as less talented than the department had supposed.) This is an elaborate game that is extravagant of time, a kind of academic cricket match; but no way has been found to simplify or accelerate it.

As a department grows, housekeeping and recruitment demand more hours of everyone. The larger the staff, in theory, the more chores can be performed without increasing anyone's burden. But the theory does not square with the facts. A department seems to be an organism that grows in complexity, as if it were subject to Parkinson's Law, faster than it grows in size: the more members it has, the more work it requires of each to keep it functioning.

No time for students

These multifarious activities of the professor preclude his spending much time with students. He talks *at* them in the classroom more than *with* them outside it, and he has little idea of their problems and dissatisfactions. A freshman may be in touch with his instructor, and a Ph.D. candidate is almost sure to be in touch with the scholar directing his dissertation; but except for these two ends of the academic spectrum, little real communication exists between faculty and students. Lack of it is no one's choice and no one's fault. The fault lies in the nature of the university.

Communication between the student body and administrative policy-makers, to judge by the Michigan experience, is as poor as that between students and faculty. This again is nobody's choice. The danger of appearing to rule by fiat is obvious to any administrator, for students have repeatedly proved that when they believe they are being governed arbitrarily, they can paralyze the government.

The way to avoid this danger, however, is far from obvious. Consultation with student leaders in advance of a decision is no panacea. Who are the leaders, and whom can they lead? The editors of the undergraduate newspaper have influence, but their views may be far from representative. The members of the elected student council have little more than a hunch about the diverse and shifting moods of their vast constituency (only a fraction of which has turned out for the election), and if their hunch proves wrong, they are discredited. No one, in short, can speak confidently for the entire student population, and it cannot be consulted as a whole.

I am not saying that students must therefore continue to play their old passive role. Far from it. Some of them — how large a percentage on any campus no one knows — are more and more insistently demanding a part, if only a consenting part, in decisions that affect them. When their demand is not met, the effect on the university is serious. To say that their agitation is intolerable, that they must conform or go home, is beside the point. They are publicizing their discontent in a highly wasteful way, which is as distracting to them as to everyone else; but it is also a highly effective way. As to whether it is tolerable, what alternative is there? If agitation cannot be stopped, it has to be tolerated.

It can be stopped only when policy-makers obtain a sufficient measure of student consent to allay unrest. But this is more easily said than done. For a lot of nonsense is talked about establishing lines of communication between the faculty and administration on the one hand, and the student body on the other. These two parts of the academic community are different in kind: one is the institutional university, in which a well-organized teaching and administrative staff has its own internal channels of communication, however inadequate they may be; the other is a body of students that is institutionally amorphous. Even if this body has a collective voice, which is doubtful, finding a way to hear it defies the wit of man.

Listening for ideas

Although the communication problem, put in terms of twenty or thirty thousand students, is probably insoluble, much can be done in terms of more modest, piecemeal changes to get in touch with accessible areas of opinion. A department's graduate students, for example, have something worthwhile to say about their program; so have the undergraduates of a large college about evaluating their courses and teachers. In such limited areas some communication often takes place already. But in my experience it is woefully inadequate, and I refuse to believe that professors and students, working together, could not find ways to improve it. Any improvement, no matter how humdrum and inconspicuous, would at least demonstrate the faculty's willingness to learn from those it teaches.

Professors and administrators, I have been arguing, are so preoccupied with keeping the system going that they do not consider reforming it until student agitation forces their hand. Whether the ideas behind the agitation are sound or impractical, expressed with proper decorum or improper tumult, they are a stimulating challenge to things as they are. To respond to the challenge negatively, by a mere buttressing of the status quo, is to ensure continuing unrest. Somehow — and I do not pretend to know how — means must be found to listen for ideas, and to select and act upon the good ones in concert with the students themselves.

They are, after all, the customers, and their criticism deserves to be heard.

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Naïveté versus Reality in VIETNAM

by Denis W. Brogan

The distinguished professor of political science and Fellow of Peterhouse at Cambridge delivers in this essay "a call on the American people, on its leaders, on its pastors and masters for candor, self-control and self-criticism" in the dark days into which the Vietnamese war has led us. The paper is drawn from Sir Denis' introduction to the Blaustein Lectures which he delivered last year at Lehigh University.

THE most important international events of the past year have been the changes in Chinese policy internally and externally. Internally, an upheaval has taken place whose character and scale we are not yet competent to judge. Externally, China is more and more hostile to the outside world of the West *and* more and more hostile to Russia. Each of these attitudes is of great importance for American policy and for the foreign policy of America's allies. But it is essential that the American people and the American government accept the awkward fact that the most important thing about China today is the continuation of the Chinese revolution, and that internal revolution may well be — is almost certain to be — far more important than any question of Chinese foreign policy or of the American tendency to see China, perhaps to see all outside powers, in terms of their impact on the United States. Even if there were no differences of opinion and policy between China and the United States, if there were no war in Vietnam, if China had no interest or part in that war, or if the United States had washed its hands of policy on the Asiatic mainland, the Chinese upheaval would still be the most important news story of these years.

It is easy to assert, for it is true, that the Chinese Communist export movement has failed for the moment. It has failed disastrously and conspicuously in Indonesia; and in a continent where so many people, very wisely, plan to back a winner, the savage penalties inflicted on those Indonesians who backed a loser — that is, the Chinese Communist-directed revolution — are highly educational. Maoism may be the wave of the future all over Asia — this is not at all impossible, and, as some people argue, is highly likely — but it is a wave which at the moment is receding. And if this is true of Asia, it is still more true of Africa and of Latin America. The great siege of the urbanized, capitalist, or deviationist world by the rural masses led by the Chinese Communists has not yet begun. It may never begin. For the moment, unless the rulers of China have completely lost the caution which in many ways they have displayed since they triumphed in 1949, their real attention is being devoted to whatever is going on in China.

It is obviously convenient for the rulers of China to persuade the rulers of the United States that China is as much a menace for world order as were, for example, Hitler's Germany and militarist Japan. But this may be a necessity in diverting the attention of the rulers of America, and even the rulers of Britain, from the realities of the Chinese situation, from the problems which any rulers of China will have to face.

It is possible to argue, and it has been argued

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powerfully, that the new China of Mao is economically and militarily a paper tiger. It is possible to argue that China is in fact an intrinsically poor country and that it is "overextended," not in territorial area, but in its demographic aspects. That is to say, the fact that the Chinese are a quarter of the human race — and soon may be a higher proportion — may be a handicap and not a help. To become a modern industrial state, China, like all other countries in the past, will have to squeeze surplus value out of the peasants to provide the capital for an adequate program of industrialization. But there may be no surplus to be squeezed out of the peasants because there are too many peasants. Mao can preach an austerity program; he may not only be reaffirming his belief in the virtues developed during the Long March and during the war against the Kuomintang, but also be as ready to preach and practice a doctrine of "frugal plenty," with the emphasis on the frugal, as was Eamon de Valera in what seems a remote past in modern Ireland. But his hand may now be forced by the problems of population, by the birthrate, by the relatively meager resources of Chinese territory compared with the needs of the Chinese people. True, the problem has been traditionally also a Japanese problem, and statistically speaking, is still a Japanese problem, which looks more serious than the Chinese problem. But the Japanese are not so much handicapped by vanity, by unwillingness to learn, or by being ruled by a classical Chinese poet as are the Chinese.

What is the point of these rather banal remarks? It is merely to suggest that the great upheaval now going on in China may be of great importance for the immediate present, and perhaps still more for the future of China, but may have no immediate importance for the policy of the United States. It may be that Mao is swimming over another waterfall, to adjust a famous English proverbial expression; or, to go back to a Chinese metaphor much used a few years ago, he may be making another "great leap forward" and may fall on his face again, as he did then. The policy now being preached and practiced by the organized strenuous youth movements of China may be a policy designed to cover up resentment and hostility to many aspects of the remaking of Chinese society which have been so much admired by Westerners, who would be horrified to see any such society created in their own countries. It may be, as has often been suggested, that Chairman Mao is anguished by the thought that the austerity, discipline, and devotion which the Chinese Communist Party displayed in such abundance, and which produced in many aspects of Chinese life very impressive results, have now become unpopular and possibly impracticable. "The mandate of Heaven" may be in the process of being withdrawn from Chairman Mao. I do not think this is likely; but some great subterranean earthquake *is* occurring, and all that political seismologists can do is to register the internal quakes, landslips, and possibly volcanic explosions — and to remember that these are far more important for the Chinese governors and governed than any external triumphs.

We may be sure that however archaic are the military theories of Marshal Lin, however much he may believe in the superiority of his mass armies, he does not believe any longer that the United States is a paper tiger; and he may very well hesitate to launch out on a course of action in which the reality of the tiger's claws will be decided.

In any event, we may be certain that control of China, with the harnessing of the forces released by the new campaign for saving the soul of the Chinese Communist revolution, preoccupies the rulers of China and the people of China much more, even, than does Vietnam or North Korea, or the wickedness of Russia, or the impotence of the United States. And just as the policy of China is certainly not centered exclusively or mainly on the problem of relations with the United States, it will probably be wise for the rulers of the United States and the American people not to see in Communist China the cause of all their ills, and in its defeat and destruction the remedy for those ills, ills inherent in the human situation and not in the particular wickedness of societies which are refusing to adopt the American Way of Life.

It is against this background of the great internal upheavals in China, of the vicissitudes and the transformation of China, which may take another generation before more than the outlines are visible, that the American people should consider the problem of Vietnam. The Americans have inherited in Vietnam a series of problems which they did not create. It is easy enough to dismiss these problems as the results of the nefarious rule of France for fifty years or so. This is to take too simplified a view of East Asiatic history, and too simplified a theme of "imperialism." In many ways, modern Vietnam is a French creation. It could be argued, indeed, that the destruction of French rule in what they called Indochina has been a disaster, as it has brought to the surface a number of problems which the French had at any rate managed to control from roughly 1870 onward. It is easy to see the movement southward of the militant Tonkinese as simply a Communist conspiracy inspired, subsidized, directed from China. It is easy to see everything that is displeasing in the states of what was the French Union of Indo-

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china as weaknesses which are due to imperial rule. But many of these problems date from long before any French people had ever heard of Indochina.

A good many of the problems now facing the United States as the new imperial power are more or less the same as those that faced France as the old imperial power. Just as President George Washington found himself faced with many of the problems of the American frontier that were too much for King George III, so the new imperial power, the United States, is faced with many of the problems which became too much for the French after the collapse of France in Europe and the destruction of their power and prestige by the Japanese between 1940 and 1945. One of the alarming features of a great deal of the official output of reassuring messages from the White House and the Pentagon is the verbal resemblance to what the French were saying from 1945 until 1954. The same possibly insoluble problems produce the same comforting noises.

Of course, the noises made by the Pentagon or even by the White House are more comforting and more plausible than those made in Paris or in Saigon by the French. The United States is not a defeated country and has overwhelming resources which the French lacked. Until quite recently, it had the great advantage of not appearing necessarily as an imperial power opposing a strong, indigenous, nationalist movement. The strong nationalist movement was threatening French power, feebly it is true, before the last war. One of the first agitators who was in at the birth of the French Communist Party after the First World War was the young Annamite student Ho Chi Minh. Whatever chances the French had of adjusting themselves to a dignified retreat from Indochina such as the British achieved in India, they lost very largely through the imperious temper of Thierry d'Argenlieu, the monk turned admiral, but still more through the refusal of the French to accept the obvious consequences of a British type of withdrawal; for if the British had to leave a far greater, richer, more powerful imperial position, held firmly for a much longer period, it was impossible to believe that the French in Indochina (or the Dutch in Java) could succeed where the British had failed, or where the British had voluntarily given up their imperial role, whichever way we care to look at it.

The French not only failed to convince the revolutionary leaders, north and south, in Tonkin and Cochin China, of their good faith; they did not display good faith. And contrasting with the last years of French rule, the American assistance to the political and economic well-being of Vietnam could possibly have seemed not a new form of imperialism but a specialized form of American aid. Whether this was a practical policy or not, no one will ever know. For by the time the French threw in their hand in 1954 and the Americans picked it up, it was a bad hand with very few trumps.

It is for this reason that so many of the official apologias from the White House and the Pentagon sound like the old French stories. The crisis of credibility which destroyed what little willingness the French people had to continue the "dirty war" is now raging in the United States. There is, in fact, far more disbelief just below the surface, among people whose disbelief is quite serious, than has yet been overtly declared.

It is now evident that one of the difficulties which the French inherited or invented is now plaguing the Americans. In India, for all their faults, the British had trained at Oxford and Cambridge, Sandhurst and in jail, a ruling class for both India and what became Pakistan. It is possible that Ho Chi Minh could have become another Nehru if a great many things that did not happen had happened. But the weakness of the French position between 1950 and 1954 was above all political. The policy of bringing back the former emperor of Annam, Bao Dai, to be a rallying center of nationalism, traditionalism, and the political base for an amicable settlement with France was not intrinsically foolish. Of course, Bao Dai was not a leader with anything like the intelligence or energy of Ho Chi Minh. His dynasty had not such deep traditional roots as many of the French seem to have thought. But above all, he was not given a chance to "make like an emperor." The French did not even build up the traditional, ornamental, sacred character of the office to which they wished to restore Bao Dai. Even had his imperial authority and prestige not been weakened by his loss of all plausibility as a ruler under the Japanese, it would have required a great deal of political talent on the French side and political talent among the counselors of the emperor to make this experiment succeed. And it was the political failure which doomed the French military effort. For it must be remembered that no indigenous South Vietnamese force or, so far, any American force has had such military successes as were achieved by Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny. But Marshal de Lattre and Marshal Leclerc, following up the principles of Marshal Foch, realized that the basic problem in Indochina was not military but political. (We now know that in 1919 Marshal Foch refused to send troops to the debatable land between renascent Poland, the Ukraine, Great Russia, Hungary — all the fragmented relics of the broken-down empires. He asked, "Is there a government to support?"

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And being told there was no such government, he replied, "A government can get along without an army, but an army cannot get along without a government.")

The problem which faced the French faces the Americans. The governmental structure they are backing in what is now called South Vietnam is less and less plausible. There it is not a crisis of credibility, but of the virtually universal prevalence of incredibility. It is conceivable that Diem was the best ruler in the American sense that could be found for South Vietnam. If that is so, the experiment of creating a state and an alleged nation called South Vietnam was doomed from the start. But it is also obvious that no successor has been found for Diem, that the decline of political effort by the Vietnamese state has been catastrophic and has been reflected not only in politics but in war. The young man who calls himself Marshal Ky is quite clearly a very inferior version of a traditional mandarin like Diem, but may not be so much handicapped by religious associations as was the zealous Diem and his much too zealous brother, the Archbishop of Hué. But it is very difficult indeed to see what is the claim of Marshal Ky on the support of his fellow countrymen, a claim that begs a great many questions in any case, and on the government of the United States. It is certainly not due to any known military achievements. That he is tough, brave, anti-Communist, and all the other adjectives beloved by *Time* magazine is no doubt true. Anti-Communism, like patriotism, is not enough. (The role of Marshal Ky is rather like a parody of the role of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek in his last active years. "Why," asked Senator Tom Connally, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate, "if he is a generalissimo doesn't he generalize?" One could put the same question to Marshal Ky, and one need not stay for an answer.)

It is because of these, I should have thought, extremely obvious considerations that it is rash to parallel the situation of the government set up in and around Saigon (this seems to be the best description of it) with a gallant little nation striving to protect its independence, its culture, and so forth. There is no visibly viable body politic in South Vietnam, and there is less and less, at the moment of writing, evidence of an effective fighting force. From the point of view of its supporters as well as its enemies, the United States in Vietnam today is not merely in the French bed; it is behaving in that bed in the same way that the French did.

To say this is not to condemn, by this parallel, all American action. The Americans are discovering, to their astonishment, that a great deal of what the French did in Indochina was worth doing, and that a great many of the Indochinese in North and South Vietnam, in Cambodia and Laos, are very much more deeply marked by their French training than they are likely to be by any American training. Even the enemies of French rule opposed French rule in a French way. So it does not follow that the Americans are doomed to fail in Vietnam simply because they are, by necessity, in many ways imitating the French; in some ways imitating the French better, and in some ways imitating them worse. And the immense economic and military resources of the United States make it possible that they can do a great deal to repair the damage that more than twenty years of war have caused in Indochina (an increasing amount of damage being caused by the Americans themselves).

But it is a very dangerous illusion to think that what is being defended in South Vietnam is an established, rational, deeply rooted small nation "rightly struggling to be free," or to remain free. Such a nation may be created in the future. The unity running from the Chinese border down to the borders of Malaysia which existed in 1939 was a French creation. It does not follow therefore that the area in the Mekong Delta which the French called Cochin China could not be turned into a state with as good prospects of survival as, say, Thailand. Even so, it would be under constant threat from the North, where the energetic Tonkinese covet the fertile lands of the South.

What is, in the circumstances, a "rational political policy"? Perhaps no rational political policy is possible. The late Lord Morley, the eminent Liberal intellectual, used to say that one of the hardest lessons to learn in politics is that there are often no good solutions, only less bad solutions. It seems to me quite certain that there is no good solution of the type contemplated, one assumes, by John Foster Dulles in 1954. That is to say, there will be no South Vietnamese state committed emotionally, ideologically, by gratitude, by necessity, to follow the policies of the United States in Asia, and still less in the world. Without having any inside, or indeed much outside, knowledge, I believe it to be certain that the inhabitants of this unfortunate portion of the globe would settle for the departure of the Americans, of the inhabitants and soldiers of North Vietnam, of the Viet Cong and the various military leaders in South Vietnam in return for almost any kind of peace. Many of them would probably settle for the return of the French — at any rate, for the return of the French regime as it was in 1939. Americans tend to exaggerate the ideological commitment of people and to see the world in black and white terms. They also feel that people should and do prefer to live

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up to the assertion "Give me liberty or give me death" without at this moment deciding what "liberty" means in this context. It should be pointed out that when Patrick Henry made, or is declared to have made, this choice, he was in no danger of death and in no particular danger of losing his liberty. In one form or another, the whole country that was French Indochina has been suffering the horrors of war since 1940. The whole of Tonkin, Annam, and Cochin China has been suffering the horrors of war with hardly any interruption and on an increasingly horrible scale since 1953. In these circumstances, it is extremely unlikely that the luckless peasantry of this unfortunate region are as zealous in defense of the West or as undying anti-Communists as one would infer from reading *Time* magazine. There are times in history in which people prefer peace to justice, even when justice is an evident and realizable ideal.

Therefore, a rational political policy must begin by accepting the inevitable and natural desire of the people of South Vietnam — and, one suspects, of North Vietnam too — not to be liberated or defended at an excessively high cost. It also involves acceptance of the fact that the neighbors of Vietnam, North and South, may have many more important things to think about, from their benighted point of view, than saving the Western position or the American way of life in Southeast Asia. In offering to defend South Vietnam, as a short time ago in threatening to liberate North Vietnam, the Americans are not necessarily in a seller's market. If the departure of the Americans would end the war, it is quite likely that a great part of the population of North and South Vietnam would gladly settle for tyranny. In the same way, it is equally probable that the inhabitants of North Vietnam would settle for peace even if it involved breaking with China or possibly even if it involved discarding its liberator Ho Chi Minh. I have no doubt that he is regarded as much more of a liberator than Chiang Kai-shek was regarded in China in his last disastrous years, or than Syngman Rhee ever was in Korea. But again the people of North Vietnam may find that being reconstructed on Communist lines has become a very expensive luxury. (Of course the departure of the Americans might make it a cheap luxury and one, if not necessarily appreciated, to be tolerated as very much better than war.)

This does not mean that a great deal of propaganda about liberating South Vietnam which comes from Communist organizations in Hanoi, from Moscow, from Peking is truthful. The war in Vietnam would have been ruthless even if the Americans had never entered it. It might well have been ruthless even if the French had never entered it. There is no reason to believe that the Tonkinese, a very militant and aggressive people, would not have been as formidable in totally local civil war as Chairman Mao and his Chinese have proved to be. There is no reason to doubt that such a war would have to be carried on with a savagery which we are accustomed, offensively and possibly hypocritically, to call Oriental. The Catholic missionaries and converts in Hué in the middle of the nineteenth century were treated with an ingenious savagery which is indigenous, although, of course, not unique.

But if it is wise and right to reprove the savagery by which the Viet Cong attempt to liberate and to impose their authority on South Vietnam, it is quite another thing to justify American adoption of equally savage means. Indeed, one could say more savage means, since the technical resources for horror in the hands of the Americans are greater than those in the hands of the Viet Cong. There is another point. The American government says that in South Vietnam it is defending Western values. This means that it must fight with one hand tied behind its back. If it does not tie one hand behind its back — that is to say, *does* imitate its enemies (who do not profess Western values) and uses its immense technical superiority with no adequate sense of restraint — its crusading role is even more ambiguous and even less likely to be believed in. The French attempt in Algeria to defend Western values and formal democracy was perhaps doomed from the beginning. Yet it was not, formally speaking, a totally mean concept or a totally base objective. But when the French Army imitated and equaled and perhaps surpassed the Fellagha in savagery, the formal battle was won at the loss of the political and moral battle. The battle of Algiers was indeed a Pyrrhic victory. So may many of the American battles turn out to be.

THERE are two points which the American people quite naturally do not notice about the exercise of American power in Vietnam. First, all of Asia is conscious of the fact that the atomic bomb was dropped on an Asiatic people and not on the Germans. Many believe (I do not) that had Germany still been in the war when the atomic bomb was ready, Germany would not have been induced to surrender by the atomic bomb. But it is not merely a question of the dropping of the atomic bomb on an Asiatic people — to put it more brutally, on a colored people. It is a question of the comparative immunity with which the Americans can do it.

An awkward truth which is accepted all over Europe as well as Asia is that the lavish use of air power in Vietnam is the work of a country which

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has never been bombed and which, in this sense, does not know what it is doing. For this reason, a good deal of the American reporting of the war in Vietnam strikes people — for instance, in London — as odious. How it strikes them in Calcutta or Tokyo is a matter of speculation, but not of much doubt. If we contrast the resources of the United States and the resources of the Viet Cong, whatever we may think of the political morality of the activities of the Viet Cong, it does not seem to the outsider that the Viet Cong are inferior to the Americans in courage, resolution, or belief in their cause. For this reason, the news that the Americans had dropped napalm on their own troops was received with very mixed feelings in Europe. There were, of course, professional and permanent anti-Americans who had all the joys of *Schadenfreude* at the news. For them, there is no folly and no crime of which the Americans are not intrinsically capable, and there is no folly and no crime which the enemies of the Americans are not justified in committing. But many people who do not share these views in the least could not help reflecting that a fate had befallen unfortunate young American soldiers that has frequently befallen even more unfortunate Vietnamese children. This is part of the political cost of the use of overwhelming American technical power in a war of this kind. It is perhaps the only way the United States can wage this war, but this fact has to be put on the debit side of the bookkeeping of this war. Therefore, all military news of successes from Vietnam (and much of the military news of successes has been false) is important only if that success prevents political defeat or leads to political victory.

Certain kinds of success might lead to political defeat. There have been suggestions, for example, of destroying the elaborate dike system of North Vietnam. For a country which depends on irrigation, such destruction would be an unforgivable and unforgiven crime — possibly as unforgiven in South Vietnam as in North. It was noted by Thucydides as a proof of the increasing barbarism of the Peloponnesian War that the Spartans occupying Attica destroyed the vineyards and the olives. For this they were not forgiven by the masses of the Athenian population. (They were, of course, forgiven by the aristocratic and wealthy Athenians, who saw the Spartans as allies, as perhaps some selfish and wealthy South Vietnamese would forgive the Americans.) And it took the French peasant a very long time to forgive the wanton destruction of trees, fields, crops, the seeds of future crops, committed by the Germans in their retreat in the spring of 1917. We may be sure that there are many people in the Pentagon and in the State Department who, quite apart from arguments of political advantage, know what a moral disaster total war waged even for the visibly best of causes in Vietnam would be; and for a great part of the human race, the cause is not visibly the best. (The announcement by General Eisenhower that he had been prepared to drop atomic bombs to induce the Chinese to make a treaty over Korea has shocked more people in Europe than perhaps the General realizes.)

There is no reason to believe that the American people are willing to use all their power in so ambiguous a cause as backing the alleged nation of South Vietnam or even backing the large number of South Vietnamese who very much object to being liberated by North Vietnam or by China, either directly or indirectly. I do not think the American conscience is at all easy on these points, and the more flag-waving and patriotic politicians and the noisier military men do not represent anything like the national consensus. Nor is it likely that they could by any propaganda methods create one.

No military victory without a political victory has any real meaning, and some military methods make a political victory totally impossible. The United States, if it really wants to win in a realistic sense, *must* fight with a hand tied behind its back, and that means that the war must make greater and greater drains not only on American surplus wealth, but on American manhood and American temper. There is a price for victory in Vietnam — military victory or political victory — which is too high for the American people to be willing to pay.

But is there anything short of complete victory and an ostentatious public defeat of what is assumed to be Chinese aggression? There is no way which is not too expensive to force North Vietnam or the Viet Cong or China or all three of them together to accept a conspicuous defeat which would make the wavering peoples of Southeast Asia confident that by backing, or being backed by, the Americans they are on the winning side. The most that the United States could hope to gain is the production of an extremely delicate infant body politic which we could call South Vietnam for perhaps ten years. During these ten years, it may prove viable or wither on the vine. It may prove to be a successful rescue operation, like, for example, the saving of the Philippines from the Huks, a success unappreciated in America because the power of the Huk rebels was not reported adequately to the American people when it was in full force. It may, on the other hand, turn out to be a version of the French attempt to set up Maximilian as Emperor of Mexico. That

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failed for many reasons, but for one basic one: that the United States, its hands freed by the ending of the Civil War, was close at hand and France was far away. When and if China gets through its present convulsions, it will be close at hand and the United States will be far away.

This, of course, works both ways. In Southeast Asia there is not only a millenary tradition of Chinese power; there is a millenary suspicion of Chinese power. The traditional heroes of some of these people were heroes because they resisted Chinese power. It is even more complicated than that, for the minor states of what the French called Indochina, for example, Laos and Cambodia, are more afraid of North Vietnam and South Vietnam than they are of China. They are also more afraid of Thailand than they are of China, and they are probably less afraid of the United States than of any of these rivals. It does not follow, therefore, that the successor to an unsuccessful American equivalent of Maximilian, whoever he may be — and Maximilian was quite as good a bet as Marshal Ky seems to be — will necessarily be Communist, or if Communist, will necessarily be a satellite of Chinese power.

In any event, we do not know what Chinese power will mean in the next few years. Nothing in the not very long run, except an extraordinarily improbable collapse of China, can make the contest for power and influence in Southeast Asia between the United States and China an equal affair. It can be made a nearly equal affair only on one condition, and that means that the United States manages to present itself to the peoples rather than to the states of Southeast Asia as an ally against Chinese preponderance. And that means the United States must accept them as allies largely on their terms, not on American terms. For example, they may genuinely call themselves Communists, or they may simply use the word as a general "boss word." The American people must learn not to react automatically with horror at the mere mention of the word Communist. But those who use the word Communist in America and in Europe in a friendly sense may be very friendly indeed, seeing the Communists' triumph *ipso facto* as a triumph of the good. I have no such illusions; but preventing a country like South Vietnam or Cambodia from going Communist should not be the main object of American policy, even if it is feared that if one of these small states goes Communist, all the other states will, on the domino theory, fall.

The American people will have to accept the fact that, for good or ill, the Communists often represent in all of these countries the most energetic, active, and from the point of view of character, admirable members of the society. In societies so archaic, with the old order breaking down and the new order not appearing, for the really patriotic and public-spirited young to go Communist is very tempting. This, of course, is true not only of Asia but of Latin America, and it must be allowed for. If it is not allowed for, the United States may find itself allied with people who are not very admirable in themselves, with people who have the naïve political ideas and ideals of Marshal Ky and are destined to fail. Every attempt that is made to save a part of "the free world" from Communism should be undertaken only after a careful assessment of what is being saved. Thus, the United States saved the Dominican Republic from the alleged danger of a Communist takeover. But for reasons which escape me, it has not managed to save Haiti, the other part of the island of Hispaniola, from a government much worse than any Communist government could possibly be.

Then it must also be remembered that in all of these regions there are many political problems that have nothing to do with even nominal Communism. Ghosts walk all the time. The ghosts may be absurd ghosts that one would have thought long dead. But that does not matter; they walk. For example, I am not sure that the disciples of the Reverend Ian Paisley in Ulster, who are devoted to saving Ulster from Rome, would not prefer to be ruled by Chairman Mao rather than by Mr. Lynch; and the world is full of Ulsters.

The most the United States can hope for, it seems to me, in South Vietnam is the creation of a minimum political structure which promises peace first of all. Not peace on any terms, but peace on nearly any terms. It is possible but unlikely that the United States, by doubling its present military effort and by ignoring all political costs, can win a military victory and establish some kind of government supported by American military power. The claims of this government to represent any respectable political organization will deceive nobody outside the United States, and will deceive fewer and fewer people inside the United States. Many Americans, possibly most Americans, feel this, and some see it clearly enough.

There are, of course, special obstacles in South Vietnam. For example, in the new assembly which has just been elected, Catholics are very much overrepresented: "Although they comprise only nine per cent of South Vietnam's 15,300,000 people, they will hold at least twenty-six per cent of the assembly's seats." There are, obviously, reasons why the Catholics are overrepresented. They are a minority, and a minority in great danger from a Communist victory. Most of them are refugees from North Vietnam; whether they are regarded as an equivalent of the exiled Jews in Israel or the exiled Palestinians in Jordan does

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not matter. They have the tenacity and unity which exile and danger produce. It is, of course, possible to disregard their danger and their claims entirely. This is done regularly in Eastern Europe by a great many Protestants and Jews who do not feel any more sympathy with Catholics in danger of persecution than many Catholics do for Jews or Protestants. But because of the political naïveté of a great part of the American Catholic population and a great part of the American Catholic hierarchy, policy may be too much affected by the natural sentiments of the Catholic voters, as some people think it is too much affected by the natural sentiments of American Jewish voters. It is a hard saying, but American policy must not be seriously affected by the possible wrongs of Vietnamese Catholics, and there must be no repetition of the mistake against which Mr. Nehru warned the American government, of relying on this minority group, better educated, more united, better disciplined than the run-of-the-mill Vietnamese, as the essential ally of American power. Backing minorities of this kind turns out, as a rule, to be a poor investment.

On the other hand, it seems certain that a great many people in South Vietnam do not wish to be liberated by North Vietnam, whether they are Catholics or not. The attempted conquest of the Mekong Delta by the aggressive Tonkinese was an old story before either the Chinese or the Russian Revolution began. The Americans might play the role of the French in protecting South Vietnam from invasion from the north. (The French did not do so very successfully, as the infiltration continued all during French rule.) The United States might also protect Laos and Cambodia, as the French did with rather more success, against aggression from Thailand and Tonkin.

But the main possibilities of political success in South Vietnam involve making political success the first priority. This means avoidance of follies like the too lavish and too warm endorsement of Marshal Ky given by President Johnson. It involves coming down on the profiteering practiced both by the possessing class in South Vietnam and by too many of the American occupiers for whom the war is good business, as it was for the equivalent groups under the French regime.

To carry out the building of an effective infrastructure would require tenacity by the American builders of the infrastructure, more political intelligence in the American higher command, and in fact a kind of concealed imperialism such as the British used openly in India. There is a good deal to be said for General Gavin's policy of building an impregnable base in South Vietnam from which the Americans cannot be expelled, but from which they should be very reluctant to emerge. Such a policy needs some hope of the creation of a viable South Vietnam state, if not of a viable Vietnamese nation, to justify it. For the only viable nation in this region might simply be a Vietnamese nation including both North and South, and of course there is no guarantee that the South Vietnamese state will not become Communist as long as the Communists show so much more energy, relevant courage, and relevant competence.

Whether the materials for a viable South Vietnam state now exist I do not know. Whether they existed and could have been used if the French had been wiser I do not know. But I am inclined to suspect that they did and could. Whether they now exist, and if so, can be used, depends on a very thorough reconsideration by the United States of what it is trying to do, what are the limits of its power, and whether what it is aiming at can be attained by a policy that seems to be, from the outside, far too heavily concentrated on military success, and to have a very naïve idea of what is meant by military success.

THE BARGAIN

BY JOHN L'HEUREUX

"Give back my cat
and I'll believe in God."

She was mad, poor lady.
But sane enough to strike

a proper bargain. Then
someone — a priest — gave

her a cat which she loved
half to death for a month

trading it finally for
the apple core from Eden,

another patient exchange.
She misses the cat now,

cannot explain her trade.
"Blame God, his jealousy."

She weeps faithfully
mourning her lost cat.

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CORRUPTION IN THE SENATE

by Arnold J. Toynbee

A Roman noble who went into politics needed an assured income, and this a large one by the standards then current in the Mediterranean World. A political career at Rome was a whole-time occupation for a whole working life-time; and public office was not only unremunerative; it made increasingly heavy calls on the incumbent's private purse to pay for shows and festivals that were not fully payable out of public funds or even out of "benevolences" extracted from Rome's allies and subjects. The office-holder did, no doubt, have opportunities of recouping himself; but these openings for incidental profit from his office were all irregular; some of them were positively illegal; and, in resorting to them, he would be incurring the risk of being called to account. . . . In the rough game of Roman domestic politics, no holds were barred. The practice of damaging a political competitor's personal reputation by exposing irregularities in his conduct of public affairs had the salutary effect of putting some prudential restraint on a Roman office-holder when he was under temptation to make an improper use of his enormous official powers for his own personal advantage. . . .

In 218 B.C., the opening year of the Hannibalic War, the Roman "Establishment's" sources of income had been seriously curtailed by a piece of hostile legislation which they did not ever manage to get reversed. At the instance of one senator, C. Flaminius, the contemporary champion of the Roman peasantry's demands for land-allotments, a tribune of the plebs, Q. Claudius, had carried a plebei scitum making it illegal for a senator or a senator's son to possess a sea-going ship of more than three hundred amphoras' burden. The intention — which seems to have been more or less effectively fulfilled — was to debar all members of the "Establishment" from engaging, not only in the shipping business, but in any profit-earning business of any kind. A ship of the tonnage that the law permitted would serve only to transport the produce of an estate to its market.

Of course the provisions of this law could be evaded by legal devices such as investing in maritime trading ventures in an agent's name instead of in one's own. Every member of the Roman "Establishment" had agents at his command in the persons of his slaves and freedmen; and, by financing business activities of theirs and taking a share in the proceeds, a senator could engage, not only in maritime trading ventures, but in profit-making business of almost any kind. Cato will not have been the only senator who resorted to this obvious expedient; and, if Cato resorted to it, it must have been regarded as being respectable in second-century-B.C. Senatorial circles and must have been found, by experience, to involve little danger of incurring a prosecution. Cato's political position depended on the maintenance of a carefully built-up reputation for giving an example of old-fashioned honesty; and he could not afford to appear to be less than impeccable, considering the number of political and personal enemies that he had made. There were dozens of pairs of lynx-eyes on the watch to descry any chink in Cato's moral armour. . . .

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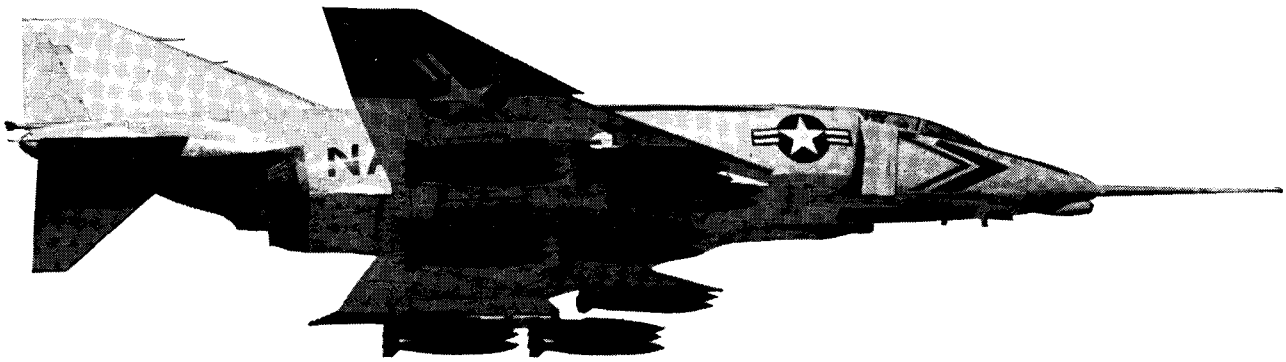
A FLIGHT IN THE FABULOUS PHANTOM



by GERALD G. O'ROURKE

The F-4 fighter-bomber plays a big role in the Vietnam air war. Even without an enemy at hand, its pilot is entering a "hostile environment" at anything over 50,000 feet. Life in the cockpit of this remarkable airplane, which can move some twenty-eight tons of its own weight and cargo at twice the speed of sound, is told by Captain Gerald G. O'Rourke, USN, whose career in naval aviation began when he entered Annapolis at age sixteen. In August, 1955, the ATLANTIC *published his "Vertigo Alley," a pilot's experiences in night flying with carriers at sea.*

In the relatively short history of American military aircraft, each war has brought forth one or two aircraft designs of which legends are made. The Spad of World War I was such a bird. World War II made famous the Grumman F-6F Hellcat, the North American P-51 Mustang, and the Boeing B-17 and B-29. In the Korean War, the North American F-86 Sabre gained fame in dueling and conquering the Russian MIG-15's over the Yalu River, while the Douglas AD Skyraider, operating both from carriers and land bases, proved itself the ultimate in a reciprocating-engine attack airplane. The odds-on candidate for legendary status in the present Vietnamese conflict is the McDonnell F-4 Phantom II fighter-bomber which is being used in ever increasing numbers by the Navy and Marines, and the Air Force in Southeast Asia.

The technical specifications of the Phantom II are truly impressive but tell only part of the success story. It is a two-place, twin engine, carrier- or land-based fighter capable of traveling twice the speed of sound. The plane can lug a formidable load of bombs, rockets, missiles, guns, napalm, or anything else that can be lashed onto a bomb rack. It weighs 15 tons by itself, and can carry aloft another 13 tons of fuel and armament.

To an aesthete, the F-4 is one of the world's ugliest airplanes, yet to a pilot it is a bird of rare beauty. In its bulbous nose, it carries an excellent Westinghouse radar and a complex computer for Raytheon Sparrow III missiles, and Philco Sidewinder missiles. In a modified reconnaissance version, it serves as an outstanding aerial shutterbug. Another modification using different engines is in production for the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force, and a host of other friendly nations have shown desires to equip their forces with Phantoms.

The Phantom is truly at its best when operating from the flight deck of an aircraft carrier.

A spectator's first view of a Phantom night catapult shot is pretty impressive. The twin afterburners light up the flight deck, then go roaring off into a misty cloud of steam and quickly fade. A minor catapult bridle problem existed with the early F-4's. The center-line external fuel tank was sometimes "holed" on the catapult shot. Fuel vented into the afterburner wake and lit off in a huge trailing spume of fire which made the F-4 look like a Saturn lift-off at Cape Kennedy. The flames were no hazard, but the view from the carrier deck was truly spectacular.

Perhaps the most impressive characteristic of

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the F-4, from a pilot's point of view, is its acceleration. Whether from a standing start on a runway, a catapult blast from a carrier, or when "idling along" at Mach .85 at 30,000 feet, the kick felt and the sustained and steadily mounting push on the back when full afterburner is selected are best described as something between exhilaration and intoxication. Acceleration increases with speed, or "the faster you go, the faster you can go." This gives the pilot a far different feel of the airplane at, say, Mach 1.6 than at Mach 1.1 or 1.2. Out here, in the "excess thrust valley," the strongest pull on the stick brings only a rock-solid increase in "g" and the sensation that the airplane can take a lot more than the pilot. A somewhat similar feeling can be reached at low altitudes and relatively low speeds, on the order of 300 to 400 knots, but down here the air is thick and heavy, and pilot controls have to be safe and steady to prevent dangerous oscillations in the 500 to 700 knot region.

Speed and altitude are merely two different forms of the same thing — energy. Speed is kinetic energy, altitude potential energy. With any airplane, these can be traded back and forth to enhance tactics, but usually within restricted limits. With the Phantom, these restricting limits were pushed way out, thereby enlarging the performance envelope in which the plane can be flown and fought.

Jets are air-breathing engines, generally good only in the troposphere surrounding the earth at a height of about 50,000 to 60,000 feet. The Phantom flies above 50,000 feet, as do several other modern airplanes, but it has to keep going at a pretty good clip to hold itself up there in the thin air. However, when a quick zoom is needed to hit a target way, way up there, in the regions where the U-2 and the new SR-71 fly, an energy swap can be used to get the Phantom far beyond its steady-state altitude limits. This is called "zoom climb," and is a lot of fun, in a professional way.

First you crank up the bird to a really good speed — high up in the supersonic region, at the best altitude for that day, usually the point above which the temperature no longer decreases. Then you honk back and point the F-4 nose way up in the air. The sensation of power, as you steam up through 50,000 feet at a very high supersonic Mach number, is overwhelming. The legend of Daedalus and Icarus comes to mind. From there on, you just hang on, because you soon get up into the region of the atmosphere where ailerons and elevators hardly work at all, where jet engines can't get enough air to burn the fuel properly, and where unpressurized radios and radars can short-circuit through the lessened air insulation. As the Phantom runs out of energy, power, and aerodynamic control, the plane goes over the top in whatever attitude and direction it wants to. It feels, sometimes, as though the plane is flying sideways or upside down, or is slowly rotating. It never quite goes end over end, but you have the sensation that it just might, given a bit of urging. The sky above is black, below is light, which adds to the mental confusion, since it gives a feeling that up is down. The Phantom just tumbles gently back down again. As it comes into the thicker air, the wings and tail come to life, straightening out like an arrow, and letting the Phantom fly again as a proper air-breather should.

Whenever a man ventures above 50,000 feet, he injects himself into a hostile environment. He can't breathe even with pressurized oxygen. He has to have a complete environment, usually provided by both a pressurized cabin enclosure and a very expensive form-fitted full-pressure suit similar to those used by the astronauts. Full-pressure suits are just great when you need them, but they are a drag all the rest of the time. They have to be carefully handled, stowed, aired, and inspected. They use a fishbowl space helmet which closes out many of the normal cockpit noises to which a pilot becomes accustomed.

The suit can be a killer as well as a savior. It is a complex system, and is not forgiving of human mistakes. To the author's knowledge, there have been two tragic incidents where mismanagement of the suit and its allied systems resulted in an uncontrolled airplane aloft with an anoxic pilot in the front cockpit and an alive, alert, and distraught flight officer in the rear. Without the rear-seat flight controls, the flight officer in both incidents had to make the terrible decision to eject and save himself, leaving the unconscious pilot to certain death. In one case, the tragedy became even greater when the ejected man drowned moments before rescue after some eighteen cold hours in a tiny life raft on storm-tossed seas.

There have been other near tragedies which are, in retrospect, awfully good happy-hour bar stories. One instructor pilot took a young flight officer out for his first F-4 ride. When they were 60 miles out over the Atlantic, a fire warning light flashed on, indicating serious troubles in one engine. The pilot immediately reported a Mayday, turned for home, and went vainly through all the proper procedures. The light still burned ever so bright. No other plane was close enough to check, and pilots rarely survive an in-flight explosion. The instructor, very reluctant to trust just a light, but equally reluctant to gamble long odds for the sake of a piece of hardware, ordered the young flight officer to eject, and prepared himself to follow. Bang! — out went both the flight officer and fire warning

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light! The flight officer was soon plucked from the seas by a helicopter, wet but unscratched, and a very sheepish instructor landed back at home base with a gaping hole where the rear cockpit had been. When asked what he thought of his first Phantom ride, the flight officer said that the takeoff was great, but recoveries would need getting used to.

In another tragicomedy, a new F-4 pilot, returning low over rugged mountains in bad weather, encountered pitot-tube icing. This caused the indicated airspeed to fall rapidly toward zero even though the airplane was still flying quite routinely at its normal airspeed. The flight officer, wary of the pilot's proficiency in weather, and unfamiliar with the icing phenomenon, really thought that the airplane was stalling, and ejected himself after shouting frantically at the pilot. The pilot, in turn, asked himself the fleeting question, What did he know that I don't?, and answered it by ejecting himself. While squatting together on a mountain a few minutes later, watching the flames of the demolished airplane on a nearby hillside, they figured out what had happened.

Perhaps the friendliest characteristic of the F-4 is its forgiving nature. A pilot can't afford to be sloppy, but he can make a mistake now and again which the Phantom covers up for him. Field landings, for example, can be made across a wide band of speeds and attitudes without great penalty. Carrier landings have very critical limits, but many F-4's have survived some bone-rattling "plantings" on a carrier without complaint. The tremendous power which is almost instantly available provides a ready method of extracting a pilot from a bad situation. Then, too, twin engines and two heads are generally better than one and one in tough emergencies.

In spite of the Phantom's excellent flying qualities, there are situations which demand the utmost in pilot skill. One of these, the "rotation off the cat," is a truly fearsome experience. The Phantom's wings are highly swept. To fly at very slow speeds, they have to be rotated to a very nose-high attitude. This is no problem in landing, where this rotation is a slow, easily controlled evolution, nor does it create any hazardous field takeoffs, where, again, the transition is relatively slow. But when the plane is heavily loaded, and coming off a 250 foot carrier catapult shot in which it is accelerated from 0 to 120 knots of relative speed in four seconds, the rotation has to be quick, positive, and precise. Too little back stick means a settling problem, and the sea is only 60 feet below. Too much puts the wings into a condition near stall.

In daylight or on nice clear nights, the pilot gets both peripheral visual clues and gyro horizon indications to aid him in establishing just the right amount of nose-up attitude. But on a good black night, with no visual horizon of any sort, the gyro horizon becomes almost the only clue. The force of the catapult stroke practically flattens the eyeballs so that even seeing this instrument, much less interpreting its finer details, is a momentary problem. The pilot error, when it is made, is generally on the side of over-rotation, throwing the plane into a very steep, dangerous, climbing attitude at low speed and low altitude.

To correct, as he must, the pilot rams the stick forward, which pitches the nose downward, and puts negative "g" on the crew. If you haven't experienced negative "g" while trying to fly instruments in a tight situation on a black night, you just haven't lived. It's the most excruciating feeling imaginable. Nothing else can compare with it. You lift off the seat a bit, your feet get light on the rudders, your arm has to reach farther for the stick, and that just doesn't feel right. Anything loose in the cockpit, like old pencils or small nuts or dirt, comes flying up in your face or rattling off the canopy; if your helmet isn't tight, it tends to rotate down on your forehead, giving you a feeling of impending blindness, and your middle ears, by which you instinctively measure up and down and left and right, are filling your brain cells with wholly erroneous distractions. Then, too, there is an element of sheer terror since you and your flight officer may well be only a few seconds from a watery grave. Over it all, however, is the anger you feel at yourself for having erred in the first place. Needless to say, over-rotation off the cat is not a continuing problem. No pilot does it more than once.

The mastery of the Phantom is a truly dual achievement. Without a pilot, the Phantom is strictly no-go, but without a flight officer, the F-4 is largely just another piece of aerial transportation. The flight officer handles the navigation, the communications, and in many cases, the intraflight coordination, while also providing significant assistance in the weapons delivery phase itself. In the interceptor role, it is the flight officer who does the radar searching and homes in on the target. Although the Phantom's weapons system is a highly automatic one, alternate procedures are incorporated into almost every phase of its operations which permit manual control by the flight officer for most of the normally automatic functions. In practical terms, this permits the flight officer to substitute his own judgment and his own proficiency whenever he feels that the automatic features are either not up to snuff or are being decoyed by countermeasures. This great advantage is realizable only with an intelligent, capable, motivated, and well-trained flight officer.

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In developing this type of talent, the Navy and the Air Force have proceeded along slightly different paths, in consideration of the differing primacy of missions in their operations. The Navy uses volunteer college graduates who meet all the basic officer requirements, plus special aeronautic qualifications. After appropriate training, they become designated Naval Flight Officers. The USAF uses rated pilots, who receive additional radar systems training subsequent to flight training. Interservice debate has been fairly heated on the merits of each system, but the fact is that the Navy's primary F-4 mission is that of interceptor, where the full-time radar expert pays off. The Air Force tends to equate the air superiority and attack missions, and feels, quite properly, that a second pilot with radar training is a better bet for these tasks.

A Naval Flight Officer must develop tremendous confidence in his assigned pilot, since his life is fully entrusted to that pilot in many flight operations. In actual practice, most pilots and flight officers select their own partners, and crew integrity is maintained to the fullest possible limit. These choices are made on the basis of mutual respect, which is also the soundest foundation for lasting friendship. For an older squadron commander, the most rewarding part of his job comes in overseeing the formation of these relationships. Most of the pilots and flight officers are young men, in their early twenties, with precious little experience of responsibility behind them. When a young officer is assigned to a squadron, and a $3 million airplane and another man's life are entrusted to his care, he matures at an astounding rate. Real professionalism develops apace with true friendships.

When the Vietnamese air war broke out in earnest in early 1965, the Phantom was ready, both from the carriers in the Tonkin Gulf, and shortly thereafter from the USMC airstrip at Danang, and from USAF bases ashore.

Initially, it was anticipated that there would be extensive aerial confrontation of the F-4 with the Soviet MIG's. A professional argument had raged for several years over the F-4's capability in a "typical" aerial dogfight. An airplane built for Mach 2 can't turn corners like a Piper Cub. A high-speed carrier-based jet has to be compromised to come aboard the carrier at a reasonably safe speed. There was great fear that the Russian MIG's would prove too maneuverable for the much larger Phantom.

The F-4 is the epitome of a missile shooter, coming into battle without any guns at all and relying completely upon its missile armament to effect kills. Arguments for gunfighters invariably are based on maneuverability, simplicity, dependability, and the fact that a dogfight is a real melee in which a friend is hard to discern from a foe without getting in close where guns are effectiv and missiles are not. The counterarguments s that if you want to fight in the enemy's backyard, you have to have range, which means fuel, which means a larger, less maneuverable airplane. If you can't have superior maneuverability, get a better weapon — that is, a missile. The real pertinence of the debate is that Russian MIG's are all basically gunfighters and U.S. F-4's are missile shooters.

In actual practice in Vietnam, there have been a number of events which support either argument. F-4 radars have been successful in "seeing the enemy before he spots you," but many F-4's have been set on from the stern by MIG's under good ground radar control. MIG's have been downed by gunfire in spite of their theoretical superiority in that kind of fight. Both the F-4 and the F-8 have generally been able to convert the fight to their terms, regardless of its inception. In a truly bizarre event, two MIG's were downed by gunfire from navy propeller-driven A-1 Skyraiders. Clouding any arguments are the widely accepted superiority of American pilots, whose training and skill far exceed those of the enemy, and the basic advantages which accrue to the enemy when fighting over his own backyard.

Phantoms have been employed in a wide variety of combat roles. They escort reconnaissance flights, carry bombs and rockets on regular attack missions and stand guard on the carriers and airfields a alert defensive units. They dash in ahead of othe attack aircraft to suppress anti-aircraft fire with rockets, bombs, and pod-mounted cannons. They escort the large but vulnerable aircraft used in the mounting war of electrons. At night they carry flares as well as ordnance. Their excellent radar and navigational equipment give them greater accuracy in finding and destroying enemy rolling stock. In bad weather, they can use their equipment to bomb through overcasts, albeit with reduced accuracy. Their speed, acceleration, and maneuverability have been major factors in the battle with the SAM missile, and their two-man crews have provided the manpower and talent to cope with newer tactics and weapons of both defense and offense.

Yet beyond all this, the truly important fact is clear, that in this unusual war, air superiority has been maintained by U.S. forces for more than two years. These two years have seen a fantastic increase of enemy defensive AAA guns, and the advent of ground-to-air SAM missiles, and missile-firing MIG-21 fighters. The United States has not really mounted a battle specifically against the SAM, yet the air over North Vietnam belongs to the United States, not to the enemy. The credit must go in large part to the "Phabulous Phantom" and to the aircrews who fly this wondrous machine.

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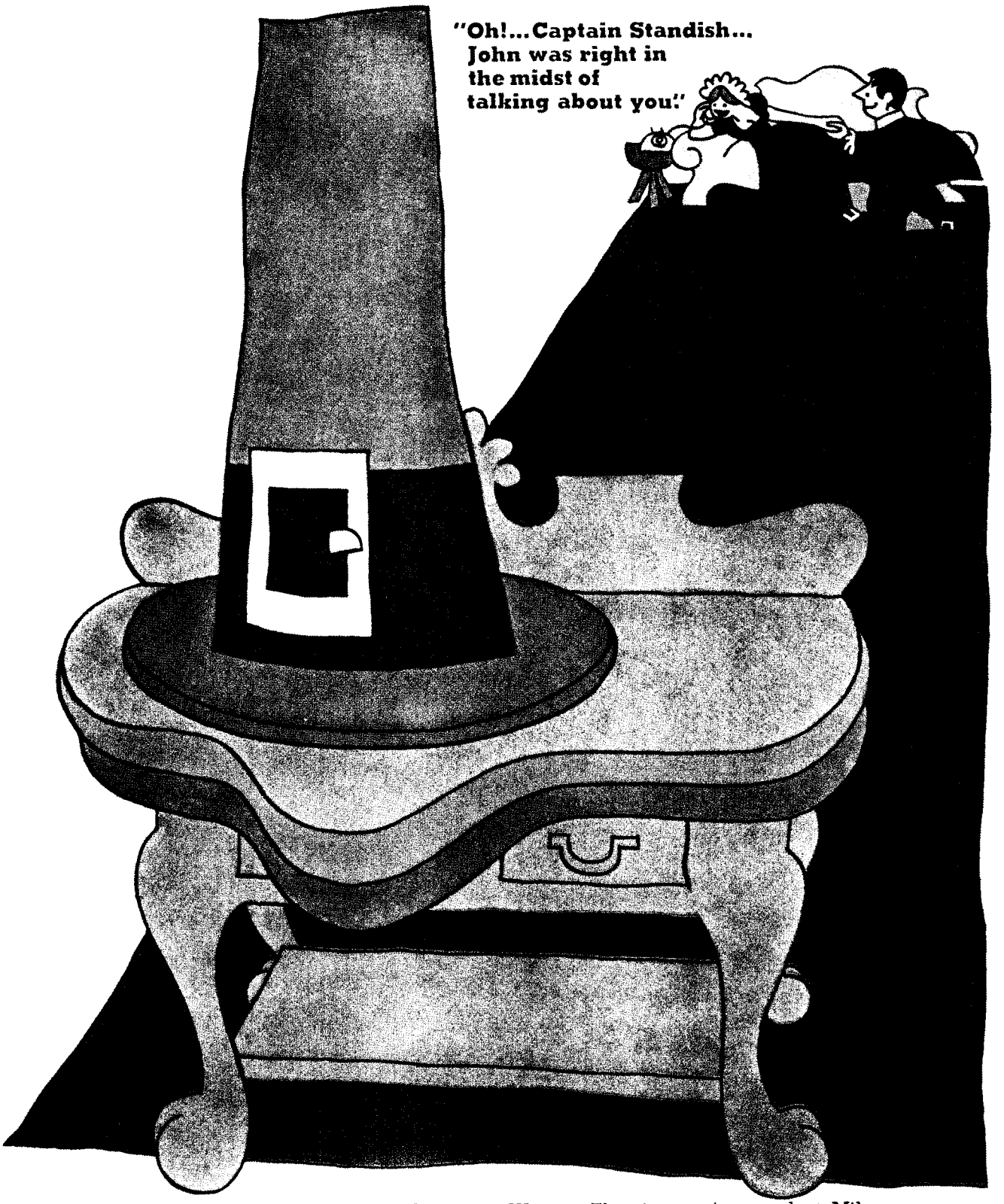

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A Literary Excursion

Books and Men essays, in which accomplished writers guide readers in and around the works and personalities of other accomplished writers, have long been among the ATLANTIC'S *most popular features. In the following twenty-five pages, we present a Books and Men bonus, a tour of four of the major literary edifices of our time and a side trip backward to the days when Victoria ruled the mores.*

Nabokov the Magician — ELIZABETH JANEWAY — 66

A distinguished novelist gently pins the day's most enigmatically provocative writer to the butterfly board and, admiringly, limns his talent.

The Agitated Heart — THEODORE MORRISON — 72

Novelist, Harvard professor, and friend of Robert Frost's (the author's wife was the poet's secretary for twenty-five years), Mr. Morrison examines as only a close associate can the "pairs of opposites" that fed the great poet's talents.

Edmund Wilson: His Life and Books — ALFRED KAZIN — 80

Writer and critic examines novelist and critic with a fine eye and sharp ear, and discovers how with his first youthful travels and note-jotting Wilson "trained himself . . . to recognize the world, to divest it of its strangeness, to make it ready for him."

Auden at Sixty — JOHN HOLLANDER — 84

One poet's birthday homage to "our foremost poet," in whose work a professor of English at Hunter finds traced "the moral history of the past forty years."

In the Days of the Bric-a-Brac Queen — LOUIS KRONENBERGER — 88

The kind of optimism that buoyed Britain and much of Europe between 1815 and 1914 may have been unjustified, but it was fun while it lasted. Today, in contrast, people are called optimists for thinking that next year will be no worse than this year.

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NABOKOV THE MAGICIAN

by Elizabeth Janeway

VLADIMIR VLADIMIROVICH NABOKOV, aged sixty-eight, best known as the author of *Lolita*, has this year become the object of scholarly study. Two book-length evaluations have appeared, *Escape Into Aesthetics* by Page Stegner, and *Nabokov: His Life in Art* by Andrew Field, while the University of Wisconsin devoted the spring issue of its *Studies in Contemporary Literature* to his work.

Ordinary readers are likely to be taken aback when this metamorphosis transforms a writer they have been following with interest and pleasure into the subject of analysis and argument. The minutiae of scholarship often seem irritating or grotesque. My father, in his latter years, maintained that he had always read the novels of Melville and Conrad as "good yarns," and he had no intention of changing his mind because these familiar authors were suddenly being plumbed for symbols. I must confess that the same sort of philistine cramp assailed me when I came on Alfred Appel's remark (in Wisconsin *Studies*) that "careful readers should be able to identify (the butterfly motif) for many of the lepidopteral descriptions of Lolita are explicit, and a familiarity with Nabokov's other books, especially *Speak, Memory*, should alert one to this possibility"; or when Andrew Field advises us that *The Defense* "is an ornament and perhaps even a cornerstone to Nabokov's art, but one does not feel a need or compulsion to read it more than twice." Gentle scholars! The plain reader confronted with such dicta is almost bound to declare that he will read *The Defense* four times or not at all, and that the metamorphoses of Lolita may be intellectually interesting but add no emotional weight to the book.

Yet the plain reader is wrong. Philistinism is a much more dangerous disease (as Nabokov himself has shown — none better!) than even that aberrant form of scholarship, Kinbotism, which our author described so hilariously in *Pale Fire*. Appel and Field are excellent critics of Nabokov's work, and they have a great deal to tell us about it that we will be the better to know. Appel, who was Nabokov's student at Cornell, contributes to Wisconsin *Studies* an interesting, if rather reverential, interview with him and a most perceptive article on *Lolita* which can only enlarge one's vision of the book. As for Field, his painstaking survey of Nabokov's whole production in Russian and in English — novels, stories, poems, criticism, translations, and plays — will be indispensable for future students. It is a truly remarkable feat of analysis and integration.

Of course, scholarship has its failures. Claire Rosenfield, who writes on *Despair* in Wisconsin *Studies*, and Page Stegner, when he is discussing *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* in his book, seem to have the sort of tin ear which can't detect irony. This is a truly disabling fault in reading Nabokov, who likes to let his characters convict and condemn themselves out of their own mouths. But the virtues of close and serious study are clear. Whether the plain reader cares or not, the effect of scholarly inquiry is to extend the context of a piece of work

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and deepen its resonance, to free it from its mold of "everydayness" and invite a more general as well as a closer view.

The one thing scholarship can't do is decide whether or not the piece of work is worth the effort. That job is for readers, contemporary and to come. It is the "one big thing" which the hedgehog knows and the fox does not. Criticism won't keep a work alive; only a continuing and living connection between a writer and his public will do that. Contemporary readers begin the connection, but none of them, alas, can really judge how long it will last.

Heaven knows whether Nabokov "is worth it" or whether he "will live." He writes magnificently, but then so did Swinburne. But whether or not his themes will attract readers in the future, they are profoundly a part of our world — exile from a lost and loved past; unprovoked violence; the uncertainty of one's identity, which sprinkles doubles and mirrors through his books; the equivalent questioning of the world outside oneself in an effort to understand what is really there; what art achieves and how it differs from the acting out of fantasy.

His method — tricks, puns, parody, and surprises, the coincidences which suggest a secret pattern, the stroke of McFate, the writer's face perceived behind the actions of his characters: all this is marvelously suited to his material. His technique in itself expresses and comments on his themes, and by so doing raises that very contemporary question: control. How much of my life do I control, and if not I, then who? What? Which comes around again to the sense of identity and the value and function of art.

NABOKOV'S material affects his technique at another level. Much of it is taken from his own life: childhood happiness, exile in a strange land, the effort and rapture of creation, the father lost or killed, the grim absurd horrors of the police state, lepidoptery, teaching. Episodes from his past, reworked to varying degrees, have been bestowed on a number of his characters. Author-heroes, like Sebastian Knight and Fyodor Godunov-Cherdyntsev (in *The Gift*), have received the largest bequests, but many others, like Humbert Humbert, are also inheritors of Nabokov's memories.

To translate one's own life into fiction is extremely difficult to do. The fact that it's done all the time, badly and wrong, sentimentally, tendentiously, and that a vulgar interpretation of Freud's theories suggests it is always done — this makes doing it right all the harder. To do it right, an author must distance himself as creator from himself as character, step back to see himself in perspective, and drop, or cut, the emotional link of his self-justifying me-ness. Nabokov has been called cold. It is rather, I think, this distancing which produces that impression.

All fiction, of course, involves the use of one's own experience in the sense that one must find there analogies to the events one creates. But if the experience has *in fact* been lived through and felt strongly, the effort to cut it off from one's private (and therefore misleading) emotions is so much the greater. What is astonishing about Nabokov's use of his past is not that it occasionally seems cold, but that so often it does not; and yet the tenderness and joy of memories given — for instance, to Fyodor, in *The Gift* — are totally unsentimental.

How much the experience of Vladimir Nabokov the individual, plunged from riches to poverty and driven from his home, influences Vladimir Nabokov the writer is an obvious question but not, I think, a profitable one. What happens to a writer is certainly important to his work, but the connection is labyrinthine, and trying to trace correspondences is a misinterpretation of art. I suppose one could make a case for the hypothesis that Nabokov's exile, which took from him a place in a wealthy and influential family, cost him the opportunity of following his father, a dedicated liberal statesman, into the arena of political action. Result: Nabokov's heroes are patients, not agents; acted upon rather than acting. But so are the heroes of most serious novels today.

Perhaps, to follow the argument around its circle, one should conclude that we are most of us exiles from power; which at once does away with the whole question of how Nabokov's individual experience shapes his work, by sinking him back into a general situation. The most one can say is that an exile's rootlessness probably forces the use of his own experiences rather than more general social material, and at the same time makes easier the "distancing" which allows such intimate experience to be turned into art. But searching a man's life as a way of understanding his books is a blunder based on a fallacy. It ignores the creative act, by which alone experience and fantasy are fused and raised into a work of art. It is the public work of art which is the business of the critic, even when that work of art is a memoir.

In *Speak, Memory* Nabokov has written a classic of reminiscence. But his younger self, whose life he is describing, mutters no secrets, nor does he try to persuade his readers to this or that opinion, even when the opinions are strongly held. He and his parents, his cousins, his governesses and tutors and early loves are there to show us a vanished way of life, a family-sized segment of the Golden Age. The book is at once intimate and impersonal. If Chekhov had made himself a character in *The Cherry Orchard*, the effect would be rather the same.

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Nabokov's art is full of tricks, sleight of hand, and puzzles. He likes to compose chess problems in which the purpose is to mislead, not the innocent, but the semi-informed. In somewhat the same way, his books tend to lure the unwary into concentrating on the puzzles and ignoring the total effect. (Here the plain reader who decides the puzzles are over his head may initially be better off.) But the point of the puzzles is what they do and how they work within the whole area of the book.

Often the overall statement which the book illustrates can be summed up (though inadequately) by a simple phrase. As Field points out, *Laughter in the Dark* is an enactment of the statement that love is blind; and *Invitation to a Beheading*, that life is a dream. The book then sets up a situation which both parallels and parodies the proposition. The parody and the jokes supply a running commentary interwoven with the action.

These propositions can be highly moral. The fate of Albinus, hero of *Laughter in the Dark*, is announced by the author at the opening of the book in terms which are naïve even for soap opera. Albinus is a wealthy man with a wife and child who is infatuated by a greedy young tart, leaves his family for her (the little daughter dies of pneumonia, and he does not attend the funeral), and in consequence comes to a very bad end, blinded, cuckolded, and mocked. He sets out to shoot his mistress and kills himself by accident.

Thank heaven, says the plain reader at this denouement, with almost as much relief as when Little Nell finally breathes her last. But even in this quite straightforward book, irony and melodrama combine to question and judge the drama of the narrative. This apparently sentimental tale becomes suspenseful and funny, a result which eliminates the sentimentality and refreshes the banality of the situation. Albinus, the bewildered villain, becomes a sympathetic character; more so, in fact, than Humbert Humbert, whose moralizing over the wrong he did Lolita I find distasteful. Albinus simply is, does, and suffers. He is contained within his book as a parable is contained in a stained-glass window.

Thus the distance which Nabokov maintains by means of his tricks between his work and the world, and his work and his readers, permits the work to complete itself. His novels illustrate life while standing apart from it. Nabokov's books are not abstracts of reality, but constructs which mimic and perfect it. Sebastian Knight, his only novelist-hero, is discovered once lying on his back on the floor. "No, I'm not dead," he says to an intruder. "I have finished building a world, and this is my Sabbath rest." The novelist, that is, does not interpret an existing world. He creates another; which would be worthless if it were simply a mirror reflection, useless unless it were finer and more complete.

Another effect of the puzzle element in Nabokov's work may be the feeling, which he shares with Sebastian Knight, that his books exist before they are written, waiting to be discovered. In his interview with Appel he puts it this way: "I do think that in my case it is true that the entire book, before it is written, seems to be ready ideally in some other, now transparent, now dimming, dimension, and my job is to take down as much of it as I can make out and as precisely as I am humanly able to."

This is a hallucination which has haunted other artists and which seems to have a subterranean connection with the idea of puzzle-solving. Thus, in his latest collection of essays, *Norm and Form*, Professor E. H. Gombrich comes, by way of puzzle-solving, to a discussion of the feeling "expressed by Schiller that somewhere, in a Platonic heaven, the solution [the artist] gropes for is already prefigured — that once it is found it is inevitable and right. . . . Wherever you set yourself the task of combining a number of orders," he goes on, "the number of possible solutions will decrease with the richness of the order you aim at."

Clearly, Nabokov's work is "rich" in this sense; it combines layer after layer of intent, until it approaches that ideal point where there can really be only one "right" way of interpreting it. Taken in this light, the puzzle element in Nabokov's novels and stories is not an overlay put there to irritate the reader and entice him from the point. It is rather a way of defining the central mystery and directing him toward the solution.

Return for a moment to Sebastian Knight, spread-eagled on the floor. The incident illustrates just how Nabokov does use his memories. In *Speak, Memory* it was his mother's brother, Uncle Ruka, who lay on his back on the floor after dinner. "He insisted that he had an incurable heart ailment and that, when the seizures came, he could obtain relief only by lying supine on the floor. Nobody took him seriously, and after he died of angina pectoris, all alone, in Paris, at the end of 1916, aged forty-five, it was with a quite special pang that one recalled those after-dinner incidents in the drawing room."

After Sebastian dies, young and alone, of Uncle Ruka's heart ailment, this pang creates the book in which Sebastian appears, for it impels his younger brother, V., to search out *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* in order to write his brother's biography. Yet to imagine that Sebastian is Uncle Ruka in any useful sense is absurd (though I suspect that Uncle Ruka turns up in other guises). A particle of memory has simply served as a magnetic point to attract layer upon layer of diverse material, which

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then becomes a created character-and-situation. To this point, Nabokov says in his interview with Appel, "Imagination is a form of memory. An image depends on the power of association, and association is supplied and prompted by memory. In this sense, both memory and imagination are a negation of time."

"I confess I don't believe in time," Nabokov writes in *Speak, Memory*. But in the same book he also records his first consciousness (at four) of "the radiant and mobile medium that was none other than the pure element of time"; and postulates that "the beginning of reflexive consciousness in the brain of our remotest ancestor must surely have coincided with the dawning of the sense of time." Time, for this nonbeliever, is not something to be ignored, but to be met actively — challenged, tricked, perhaps turned inside out. His new novel, Field tells us, "is to be in large degree an artistic expression and exploration of the exact meaning of time." But as Field also points out, "Time has held an important place in almost all Nabokov's major fiction."

The perception of time is one way of ordering the world, and it is intimately connected with other kinds of ordering. Jean Piaget and Bruno Bettelheim, in separate studies of children, have found evidence that the ability to predict what will happen (and memory comes in here, for one can predict only if one can recognize a pattern) precedes an understanding of causality. Without such an understanding, meaningful action is impossible; and the ability to predict, understand, and act to control one's environments is basic to the growth of personality. I apologize for this shockingly oversimplified summation of complicated theory based on long observation; but these themes chime together at the heart of Nabokov's work. It is therefore important to suggest that he is handling a complex of material which has turned up in quite another context as being related, and as being central to the formation of identity: memory involving prediction, understanding which permits action and leads to control. Without these props, children retreat into violence, schizophrenia, and autism; into fantasy, repetitive ritual, useless action, and withdrawal. The insane have a great deal to tell the normal about how the world works.

Nabokov's exploration of time is much closer to such psychological studies of time-perception than it is to Proust's search for things past and lost time. It is in a way more mechanical, just as Nabokov's use of his own experience is more objective; but it is also more complex and more inventive.

For a sketch of how he handles these themes, we might glance at *Pale Fire*, that trap, that puzzle-novel par excellence. Like all Nabokov's books it is a construct, but this one lacks the usual outer layer of plausibility. There is no sensible narrative, no real-seeming hero, no story. Only a madman and a poet exist, plus the creations of each — the poet's autobiographical poem, "Pale Fire," and the madman's commentary on it, which turns out apparently to have nothing to do with the poem.

Now a great deal of research has been done to discover how these two creations are in fact related: strange voices speak through each, ghosts knock, mirrors shine, and the verses which the poet John Shade has discarded are closer to mad Dr. Kinbote's commentary than the ones which make up the poem. But I would like to step back from this intimate inquiry — "distance" the book — and try to see what sort of shadow this construct throws if one looks at it from the right angle and asks it the right question; or rather, *a* right question. Perhaps there are many.

A useful question, perhaps a right question, is, Who is the Red King? Who is dreaming whom? Has Shade created Kinbote, or Kinbote Shade? Let us, that is, approach *Pale Fire* through the Looking Glass.

> I was the shadow of the waxwing, slain
> By the false azure of the windowpane.

So begins John Shade's poem. The windowpane has become a mirror, reflecting the bird it kills. Alice, dreaming before the fire, saw the mirror over the mantel fade and become a window through which she could climb into another world, paralleling and parodying ours. Descending, she discovered she had landed on a chessboard and was involved in a game whether she liked it or not. All this, of course, is familiar Nabokov symbology. So are the characters Alice met — a couple of lunatics of varying charm, the White Knight and the Mad Hatter, now transformed into Hatta the Anglo-Saxon messenger, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, the twins and doubles who engage in fake combat, Humpty-Dumpty, whose words mean whatever he tells them to, the White Queen, who reversed time and lived backward, and the above-mentioned Red King, asleep and snoring, who, Tweedledee assured Alice, was not only dreaming, but dreaming *her*. "If he left off dreaming about you . . . you'd be nowhere. Why, you're only a sort of thing in his dream." To which Tweedledum adds, "If that there King was to wake, you'd go out — bang! — just like a candle!"

Among the chores which Nabokov did as a young exile in Berlin was to translate *Alice in Wonderland* into Russian. Perhaps his next interviewer will undertake to ask him whether he also translated its sequel, *Alice Through the Looking Glass;* but really,

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it hardly matters. No one who knows Alice well enough to translate the first volume is going to be ignorant of the second. The young Nabokovs, growing up in an Anglophile household at the turn of the century, must certainly have had Alice read to them. Indeed, when Appel in his interview spoke of Lewis Carroll in another context, Nabokov replied, "In common with many other English children (I was an English child) I have always been very fond of Carroll." To anyone exposed to them in childhood, the Carroll books become a lingua franca. Leaving the theater recently, after seeing a Pinter play, I heard myself asking exactly this question, Who was the Red King?

Andrew Field arrives at the same question by another route (his discussion of *Pale Fire* is very interesting, though not, I think, complete), and his answer is that Shade creates Kinbote, not Kinbote Shade. His argument is that a sane poet can create a madman, but not the other way around, which is persuasive. I agree, but on other grounds as well, that Shade is the primary character, who in a sense creates Kinbote, while Kinbote creates the third person who is present, Gradus, the murderer. (Field maintains that the third member of the trilogy is Nabokov himself, creating them all. But I believe Gradus must be included to understand the pattern of the book.)

The sequence then runs, Shade creates Kinbote, who creates Gradus, who murders Shade. And at once it becomes impossible, a vicious circle. For how can already-murdered Shade create the Kinbote who writes the commentary to Shade's poem which he sees only *after* Shade has been shot down by the creature Gradus, who first appears in the commentary? But the impossibility of an answer is no reason for discarding the question, as a friend from *Alice Through the Looking Glass* will remind us — the White Queen, who practiced believing impossible things before breakfast. An apparent impossibility is a signal that one is looking at something in a wrong or superficial way. If we again "distance" the problem presented by this apparently impossible situation, we can arrive at an answer; and one that is entirely consonant with Nabokov's experiments in time. For what is impossible *in reality* becomes possible when taken out of time and placed in the world of art; and because it *is* impossible in reality, it *must* be so taken. Then the vicious circle — but let Nabokov himself explain:

"The spiral is a spiritualized circle. In the spiral form, the circle, uncoiled, unwound, has ceased to be vicious; it has been set free. I thought this up when I was a schoolboy, and I also discovered that Hegel's triadic series (so popular in old Russia) expressed merely the essential spirality of all things in their relation to time. Twirl follows twirl, and every synthesis is the thesis of the next series."

Art is the home of the impossible, in which time is suspended. The wandering madman who shoots Shade in the real world (a world which is absent in *Pale Fire*) is accidental. He has mistaken Shade for the Judge who sentenced him. But in art there can be no accidents. Take time away, and the murderer becomes a purposeful figure who tracks down the banished King of Zembla, mad Kinbote, in a world which is ordered by causality, not mere prediction. So art and reality confront each other, mirror images and doubles which illuminate each other by their differences. The book is like a top, spun by the bullet out of "real" time, but whirling through another dimension.

Why should Nabokov do this? Or, to put it differently, what is the book about? Field says — and Field is intelligent as well as hardworking — that it is about death, and indeed, as many deaths occur, at least, as in *Hamlet*. But death in Nabokov's work is curiously unfinal. Smurov in *The Eye*, Cincinnatus in *Invitation to a Beheading* may or may not die. If they do, they continue in some other time element. In *The Gift* a father sees his son's ghost and a son feels the living presence of a dead father. Sebastian Knight's brother attempts to resurrect him in a biography. In *Pale Fire* Shade's daughter Hazel talks with ghosts, and the poet himself experiences (he believes) death, a vision of the hereafter, and immediate resurrection.

Pale Fire, then, is as much about survival as it is about death. The shadow of the waxwing, slain in the first line of the poem, "lived on, flew on, in the reflected sky." As a boy, Shade had wondered how one

> ". . . could . . . live without
> Knowing for sure what dawn, what death, what doom
> Awaited consciousness beyond the tomb,"

and decided to "explore and fight / The foul, the inadmissible abyss, / Devoting all my twisted life to this / One task." If we live on, he wonders, how do we live on?

> What if you are tossed [he asks]
> Into a boundless void, your bearings lost
> Your spirit stripped and utterly alone,
> Your task unfinished, your despair unknown. . . .
>
> A wrench, a rift — that is all one can foresee.
> Maybe one finds *le grand néant;* maybe
> Again one spirals from the tuber's eye.

His experience of death and resurrection convinces him that something survives, but "that the sense behind / The scene was not our sense." In fact, to one's present self, one's ghost might well appear mad.

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The clues point in one direction. Kinbote is Shade's mad ghost, attempting in his commentary to carry on the unfinished task and write the last line of Shade's poem; to express the simplicity of the expected repetition, "I was the shadow of the waxwing, slain," in his grotesque autobiography.

The impression is reinforced by the possibility that Hazel, Shade's daughter, may be a reincarnation of Aunt Maude, who brought him up. Hazel is odd and unfitted for life, perhaps because she is close to the ghost world with its sense-not-our-sense. In fact, once one sees that the true relationships in the book can exist only outside normal time, and actually counter to it, the problems start to unravel. And this, finally, is why there is no "real story" in *Pale Fire:* it is a work of art that can exist and be understood *only* outside the time-tied world of reality.

Under the guise of a study of death and immortality, it is an inquiry into identity. Who are we? it asks. What is that "I" which each of us feels to endure through the passage of time and of change? The study of this problem has been a lifelong task not only for Shade but for Nabokov himself. "Over and over again," he writes in *Speak, Memory,* "my mind has made colossal efforts to distinguish the faintest of personal glimmers in the impersonal darkness on both sides of my life. That this darkness is caused merely by the walls of time separating me and my bruised fists from the free world of timelessness is a belief I gladly share with the most gaudily painted savage." But, he adds, "I groped for some secret outlet only to discover that the prison of time is spherical and has no outlets."

It is in his books that Nabokov breaks through the prison wall. His art is not, as Stegner suggests, "an escape into aesthetics." It is an instrument of inquiry into reality, into the nature of the prison which holds us and of the creature which bruises its fists against those prison walls. His tricks are not an attempt to obscure reality, but to determine its nature by imitating it.

In the fall of 1939, in Paris (Field tells us), Nabokov wrote a story which was a first version and false start of *Lolita.* It was called, in Russian, "Volshebnik," which Field translates as "The Conjuror"; and indeed, the unfortunate middle-aged hero who falls in love with a twelve-year-old nymphet was a conjuror. But the straightforward translation of "*volshebnik*" is rather magician or enchanter, a larger and more ambiguous term which admits the possibility that the magic may work, or be real. This minor fact seems to me a pointer. Nabokov is a magician who at times calls himself a conjuror, but he is fooling. His magic works, and its purpose is to understand reality through creation.

A CHILD'S ANSWERS

BY JILL KING

It was something, in that time of a child's answers,
to live through that summer . . . .
That was the summer when the giant sun
came fe-fi-fo-fumming over the farm,
gulped up the dam and gobbled down the crops.
Trees danced on the glassy sky under his spell of heat
and fields lay down and died and were wrapped in a shroud of dust.
And we climbed to the rim of the rise and stared for a cloud,
for a cloud with a message of rain.
Every day that summer we climbed for a cloud,
thirsting for freedom, we, the sun's prisoners,
till his breath thumped us back to the shade.
. . . . To live through that summer, bound in his iron power,
and then to wake to a sudden morning
of rain's omnipotence, the iron conquered
by a virtue of silver,
and not to be astonished.
Because this was the end foretold though the grown-ups doubted,
this was the doom of ogres.

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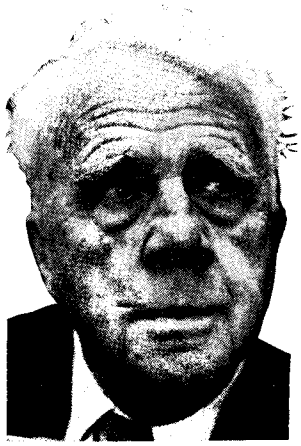

THE AGITATED HEART

by Theodore Morrison

THE only way to describe a man so complex as Robert Frost is to say that he was a bundle of paradoxes, that he was made up of pairs of opposites, both of which were true of him at the same time. He was, for example, a great man who contained a small man. His intellectual endowment, even apart from poetry, was immense, and at his best he had a wide and sympathetic humanity. He was also capable of seeing enemies where none existed, capable of nursing grudges and sulking over fancied slights. He gave an impression of magnificent sanity, as firmly grounded as a granite slab, and this impression was not false; yet in private his complicated balance, as complicated as the motions of a gyroscopic top, could be so disturbed as barely to recover its perilous equilibrium.

Another paradox appears in the first stanza of "Revelation," a little poem in his first book:

> We make ourselves a place apart
> Behind light words that tease and flout,
> But oh, the agitated heart
> Till someone really find us out.

Frost wanted to be found out — by the right people in the right way. The agitation of his heart to be discovered was intense and did not cease to the end of his life. The man who in his later years became not only an American but an international public figure, who became a father image to television viewers who had never opened one of his books, used light and not-so-light words to tease and flout, both privately and on the platform, and made himself a place apart behind their shelter. But in the very act of hiding he wanted to reveal himself to those who could see him as he wanted to be seen. He craved a kind of ideal sharing of his poems, a total, intuitive transfer of the poem to the mind of a sympathetic reader or listener, without meddling intervention by study, explication, or dogged analysis. He also craved a similar sharing of his life. Frost was obsessed by his own life. As his biographer, Lawrance Thompson, has pointed out, and as those who knew him were sharply aware, he told many of its episodes over and over again. He was his own Horatio, and in this harsh world drew his breath — in pain, yes; also in pleasure, in wonder, and in a constant battle of self-justification — to tell his story. When the mood was on him, he could spill out confidences with a recklessness the very opposite of the man who made himself a place apart and hid his tracks by teasing and flouting.

In a tart admonition to Sidney Cox, quoted in Lawrance Thompson's *Selected Letters*, Frost informs his friend, "I have written to keep the over curious out of the secret places of my mind both in my verse and in my letters to such as you." Warning enough to any interpreter! Yet it remains true also that he wanted to make his revelation, both in and out of poetry, and to be found out, in his own way, on his own terms. He himself has not only revealed but exposed himself to an astonishing extent, in talk and in letters, for better and for worse. Nothing can

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prevent the continuing scrutiny of the evidence as it comes to hand, and if much of the scrutiny would be distasteful to him if he could return to us, yet as long as he continued to be Robert Frost he would veer between covering his tracks and laying them so that the right people could follow his trail.

In his later life Frost was accused of casting himself in a role, making himself a legend, acting a part, adopting a persona. The charge was usually brought against him as a public performer, but has recently been extended to the voice we hear in his poems, as though that were an equally nurtured artifice. On the face of it, in view of the television appearances, the films, the press interviews, the showmanship of his readings, the charge against his public manner can claim a good deal of support. The evidence makes it plausible. Yet to many of those who knew him well, the case is subtler and more difficult than any such one-sided statement of it. And when the charge is carried over to the poems, it becomes even more questionable. If it were true in any deep-rooted or distinctive way, the poems would cease to ring true, and they don't.

What we confront, in trying to deal with charges of this sort, is another of the paradoxes in the man, the pairs of opposites, each true at once. Frost says in one of his letters that no one who is affected can write really well. He had his affectations — who hasn't? Mrs. Morrison and I used to smile when during World War II Frost would tax Churchill with affecting a Cockney accent, as though Frost himself never affected the rustic. He began one of his most brilliant and delicately felt discourses at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference with the words, "It says in the Bible, or if it don't, it oughta. . . ." No doubt my memory exaggerates, but he certainly did *not* say, "It says in the Bible, or if it doesn't, it ought to. . . ." No doubt he artfully split the difference in the way that made his spoken remarks so inordinately hard to transcribe in print. Yet despite his calculated manner on occasion, he was in a large sense one of the most unaffected men anyone could hope to encounter. He began another Bread Loaf discourse, shortly after the death of Mrs. Frost, by saying that he had lately kept in his pocket some object he could finger while he talked on the platform, to remind himself that he was the same man in public as in private. Recently, he added, the object had been a thorn. In a curious way, despite the showmanship he learned gradually over the years, he *was* the same man in public as in private. He had the same crotchets, spites, defensiveness through humor and pun and witticism and plain wisecrack, the same greatness and fertility of imagination. His conversation, at dinner table and in private, was "all of a piece throughout" with the man who spoke on the platform, the man who wrote the poems, except, of course, that the poems arrived at formal perfection — they had *that* kind of artifice — while the talk was half conveyed by a spectrum of gesture and by the expressive play of loose flesh over the magnificent structure of his skull.

Naturally, Frost's poems are full of the dramatic. He is dramatic in that he can create characters who are not mere phases of his own sensibility. He is dramatic in the stricter sense that a surprising number of his narratives make natural stage pieces as they stand. No one ever emphasized more than he did the element of play in literature. I used to think he emphasized it to excess, often as a covert form of his peculiar defensiveness, a way of keeping "the over curious out of the secret places" of his mind. If we undertake to see the man in his work, we must make ample allowance (as I cannot do here) for the places where biography is *not* significantly present, as well as trying to understand it where it is.

PERHAPS enough has been said on the complexities and paradoxes of Frost the man to serve as prelude to an examination of a particular group of his poems. These are poems in which he may at first seem out of character, very different from the accepted impression of him, or in which his life is a powerful though concealed presence, or in which he approaches the esoteric — a word which may surprise Frost readers, but which has its application.

Of course, Frost is not esoteric in the sense of having a private doctrine to peddle through a circle of initiates, but I think it fair to say that he comes close to the esoteric when he publishes a poem that cannot be understandingly read without clues divulged to friends. Such a poem is "The Lovely Shall Be Choosers." The general scheme of the action in this poem stands out clearly enough, but its treatment in detail is sufficiently secretive and allusive so that it has misled both private readers and public commentators.

A woman of dignity and beauty is to be punished for her choice in marriage, the consequences of which do not lie within her foresight or control. The punishment is to be carried out by joys which form an ironic parallel to the seven joys of Mary, ironic because each joy is a grim compensation for pain and humiliation. The progressive punishment takes place in an eerie metaphysical frame. The poem, except for a single passage of description, consists of a dialogue between "The Voice," who is supreme in the poem, and "Voices," who are obviously subordinate agents of the omnipotent Voice, his officers appointed to carry out the relentless chastisement. The place that punishment occupied in Frost's mind deserves a word. Punished

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physically and severely himself in childhood by his father, Frost could not exclude from his view of things a sort of metaphysical sense of the rightness or ultimacy of the punitive. The God, or "Voice," who rules in the world of "The Lovely Shall Be Choosers" speaks with a note of outright authoritarian sarcasm in the lines: "She *would* refuse love safe with wealth and honor! / The lovely shall be choosers, shall they?" Yet, and this is of highest importance to the poem, the Voice that orders the lovely chooser hurled seven levels down the world by means of seven joys that are so many pains also orders that at every stage she shall be left blameless.

The woman was Frost's mother, to whom he was peculiarly close. Frost made the identification himself, more than once, to more than one person. Mrs. Morrison has said to me and others that in all the uncounted hours she spent as Frost's secretary, listening to him disburden himself of his life, past and present, while often enough she ached to get an important letter written or an essential decision made, his mother was the one human being of whom she never heard Frost say an ill word. We could hardly guess how many times, after one of his public triumphs in later life, we have heard him repeat, with doggerel emphasis that did not conceal how much he meant by it, the words of the old song or catch he could not forget: "I wish my mother could see me now." Those who think his platform manner was entirely a calculated artifice could well give a thought to this telltale refrain. He slept in his mother's room until at least well into his high school years. Another of the paradoxes in this man of complexity was the combination in him of something very like mother fixation with the full measure of virility he brought to his marriage.

His own marriage is a subsequent story. About the marriage of his parents, Frost formed a suspicion that in retrospect can be viewed only with a certain amusement. For a long time Frost misdated his birth, making himself younger by a year than he actually was. After the death of his father, Frost's mother brought him and his younger sister from San Francisco to live with the Frost grandparents in Lawrence, Massachusetts. Frost believed, justly or not — for the poem the *belief* is what matters — that his grandparents looked down on his mother, and even by insinuation accused her of luring or perhaps trapping his father into marriage. He suspected that as the first child he might have arrived unconventionally early. This suspicion pretty plainly underlies the first of the ironic joys in the poem: "Be her first joy her wedding, / That though a wedding, / Is yet — well something they know, he and she."

The second joy introduces the friends among whom she stood, proud herself and a pride to them, in the one descriptive passage in the poem, friends left behind at a distance when Mrs. Frost followed her husband to San Francisco. Among them, one supposes, was the man she might have married "safe with wealth and honor." Her second joy is plainly called a "grief"; its only joy is that she can keep it secret. The friends know nothing of it to make it "shameful." And her third joy is that although now they cannot help knowing, "They move in pleasure too far off / To think much or much care."

What was this grief that might have put her in a shameful light to the far-off friends? The same suspicion that led Frost to misdate his birth may continue to be at work in the second and third joys, but it seems plain that another motif enters as well. Frost learned of, or at least came to believe in, his father's infidelity, or at any rate indiscreet conduct. His sense of his mother's humiliation by his father's public attentions to another woman may well be the chief element in the two joys that turn on her grim comfort in knowing that her friends were too remote and preoccupied to think much of her. She had indeed chosen, as it turned out, the opposite of love safe with wealth and honor.

The succeeding joys, through the sixth, deal progressively with the unhappy satisfaction of pride. Give her a child at either knee so that she may tell them once, unforgettably, how she used to walk in brightness, but give her new friends so that she dare not tell, knowing her story would not be believed. Then give her the painful joy of pride that she never stooped to tell. Then make her among the humblest seem even less than they are.

Why should Isabel Moodie Frost have come to seem, at least as her son imagined her case, less than the humblest? Isabel Moodie seems to have been a beautiful and gifted woman, but her gifts were intellectual and spiritual. They did not extend to dressing smartly or keeping house in a meticulous New England fashion or disciplining rowdy children in a schoolroom. Her sixth joy is the comfort of knowing that her way of life, as a widow trying in pinched circumstances to bring up two children by schoolteaching, is one she comes to from too high too late to learn.

Her seventh and final joy turns on the word *one*, italicized by Frost himself in the printed text. "Then send some *one* with eyes to see . . . And words to wonder in her hearing how she came there / But without time to linger for her story." I have no express warrant in anything I ever heard Frost say for asserting that this *one* is Robert himself, Isabel Moodie's son, but this interpretation is so natural as to be inevitable. What is the whole poem except the poet's vision of his mother's life?

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We must keep in mind that while in substance the poem is retrospective, a vision of a woman's life after the fact, in form it is anticipatory. The Voice is giving orders to the Voices that they are to carry out over a period of twenty years. "How much time have we?" / "Take twenty years. . . ." Of course this figure is a round number, but by two decades, give or take a little, after Isabel Moodie's marriage — the central *choice* from which everything follows — her son could well have been old enough to make surmises about his mother's life, old enough to "wonder in her hearing how she came there." And by the same token his own expanding life, the battles of late adolescence or early manhood, would deprive him of "time to linger for her story." Time and growth were needed if he was to be "sent" on this particular mission of understanding, yet time and growth defeat the mission, so that her seventh joy is "her heart's going out to this one / So that she almost speaks." Almost. She is left with the barren pride of never in fact telling "how once she walked in brightness," never directly telling even the son to whom her heart went out, as Isabel Moodie's unquestionably did to her son, Robert Frost. "That Rob can do anything" was a refrain she spoke often in his hearing, and that he himself often repeated to others.

What happens to the poem when the reader is given the necessary clues? Surely the gain in clearness does not destroy but deepens and vindicates the mysterious and visionary power of "The Lovely Shall Be Choosers." The poem is as truly a feat of imagination as if it had been written about an altogether fictitious character and not about the poet's mother. All characters become imaginary in the act of being imagined, and in this sense Isabel Moodie becomes an imaginary character in the poem devoted to her. The poem, which is not without a strain of bitterness and of guilt, *is* a metaphysical vision. But we do not have real access to the content of the vision until we know who the characters are, and when we know, it is not merely a persona or mask we hear speaking. It is the actual son of an actual mother, since the son happens to be a poet.

FROST'S mother left a lifelong imprint on his memories and his deepest emotions. The second person of utmost importance to him was his wife. One has the impression that Frost and Elinor White were destined for each other by a fatality as deep as ever united a human pair in marriage. Yet there was much that was unpropitious for her in the stormy courtship to which he subjected her. Now that the first volume of Lawrance Thompson's biography has appeared — an absorbing work, rich in material and deeply understanding — the tenor of this courtship has become a matter of record. Frost was in no mean degree jealously suspicious of Elinor while she was away at college. He was possessive, also in no mean degree. He subjected her to an assault of self-will by which he was himself later to be troubled in memory. At one point, in despair of gaining her compliance, he made his defiant flight to the Dismal Swamp in Virginia, leaving his friends and family in ignorance of his whereabouts or even his continued existence. One side of the eventual marriage is reflected in such an idyll as "West-running Brook," but it had other sides. It was haunted and troubled not only by personal catastrophes but by differences of temperament. After Mrs. Frost's death, in a letter to Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Elliott, printed in Thompson's *Selected Letters*, Frost wrote: "Pretty nearly every one of my poems will be found to be about her if rightly read." Reflections of the marriage, and of Frost's attitude toward marriage, in fact occur in surprising places in his work.

"The Subverted Flower," unlike "The Lovely Shall Be Choosers," is fully intelligible as a poem without extrinsic clues. It presents an encounter of a sort unusual in Frost's work, an encounter between a girl who is unready for a virile advance and a man who is humiliated and driven to flight from her terror and disgust when he is interrupted by her mother's call. Frost himself let it be known that Mrs. Frost would never allow him to publish "The Subverted Flower" during her lifetime. If this hint is not enough, the fundamental sexual difference with which the poem deals is sufficiently confirmed by Thompson's biography.

Why, someone may ask, more concerned for propriety than for poetry, did Frost write the poem in the first place or publish it after his wife's death? The answer must be that Frost was not exempt from the common rule that for a poet the writing of his poems is paramount. Let him see, in any kind of material, a poem to be made, and few if any forces, public or private, can contend against the right of the poem to come to birth. And of course whatever the experience he is dealing with, in becoming a poem it undergoes a transformation. Its roots go underground, and what counts is the plant that shows itself in open air. Of course again the poem makes use of elements that were not in the original experience at all, the very elements that make it a poem.

What must chiefly strike the reader of "The Subverted Flower" is its extraordinary manipulation of animal imagery. Animal imagery, we may say retrospectively, was inevitable to this poem once it started to become a poem, but I should be hard put to it to think of another in which such

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imagery is used with like force, at once compressed, sustained, and inventive. The girl sees the man's attempted smile of entreaty as one that "cracked his ragged muzzle." The effort to force out words makes him "choke / Like a tiger at a bone." She is afraid to "stir a foot / Lest movement should provoke / The demon of pursuit / That slumbers in a brute." At her mother's call, she steals "a look of fear / To see if he could hear / And would pounce to end it all / Before her mother came." She sees the shame by which the man begins to be overwhelmed at the sound of her mother's voice. "A hand hung like a paw . . . An ingratiating laugh . . . cut the snout in half . . . And the dog or what it was . . . A coward save at night, Turned from the place and ran. / She heard him stumble first / And use his hands in flight. / She heard him bark outright."

The girl is on the whole gently reproached in the poem for "her own too meager heart," which subverts the innocence of the intermediary flower, prevents her from making any response except one of disgust, and reduces the man to the status of a beast in his own eyes. Yet surely the remarkable thing in the treatment of this harrowing scene is the poet's capacity to see the man's part through the girl's eyes, to understand and sympathize with the image of repulsion he presents to her, repulsion so violent that the words she spits leave traces about her mouth. "Her mother wiped the foam / From her chin, picked up her comb / And drew her backward home." These relentless final details, expressed in the bluntest nouns and verbs except for the one charged adverb "backward," may leave the reader not so much poetically satisfied as shuddering or squirming. Yet in expression "The Subverted Flower" shows Frost at the top of his bent. In the rapid compression of its narrative, in the spring and inventiveness of its idiom, in the resourcefulness of its rhyming, in the prosody of its quick trimeter lines that require nothing less than a master hand, it is among the most dazzling of his performances.

Possessiveness, jealousy, self-will! These may seem unlovely traits, but in the complexities of human nature they are not incompatible with romantic idealization, nor with deep and lasting, however troubled, attachment. They turn up in odd places in Frost, even in so odd a poem as "Paul's Wife." The question is whether Paul Bunyan *had* a wife. He did. Murphy was witness to her mythic origin. Why was Paul so secretive about her? When Murphy, the ostensible narrator of the poem, sums up, he becomes a laughably thin disguise:

> Murphy told me Paul put on all those airs
> About his wife to keep her to himself.
> Paul was what's called a terrible possessor.
> Owning a wife with him meant owning her.
> She wasn't anybody else's business,
> Either to praise her, or so much as name her,
> And he'd thank people not to think of her.
> Murphy's idea was that a man like Paul
> Wouldn't be spoken to about a wife
> In any way the world knew how to speak.

Another of Frost's most brilliant performances, so brilliant as a feat of poetic expression as to dazzle belief while one reads it, is "The Discovery of the Madeiras." Like "The Subverted Flower," this poem may be read as an entirely self-contained and lucid imaginative work, without reference to any personal roots, though under the surface they are all-importantly present. The poem has for subtitle "A Rhyme of Hackluyt," and with one important exception it does follow in narrative outline a prose document in Hakluyt's *Voyages*. Aside from the story, everything in the poem is Frost's, of course, except two key phrases he modified from Hakluyt, "stolen lady" and "died of thought." The important exception, the episode he did *not* find in Hakluyt, is the episode of the slave ship told by the captain of the vessel on which the lover and his stolen lady are sailing. Where Frost got this episode, unique in his work in the kind of human degradation it represents, I have no idea.

If anyone should wonder how Frost came to write this poem, the answer would lead us again through his life, and especially his marriage. Elinor White was an intelligent and gifted woman; as a young woman, she must have been strikingly beautiful. On those who were acquainted with her only in her later years, and only slightly, as I was, she could make an impression of austerity, of being a deeply solitary spirit. The paired solitude reflected in "West-running Brook" seemed to have become for her, at least in part, a solitude of one, single and withdrawn. To marry Robert Frost was no light undertaking for any woman. If the part she accepted made demands on her over the years to give way to his will, if sacrifice eventually took its toll, the result is hardly surprising.

That an area of alienation came to exist between her and her husband is more than a suspicion. At least in her later years, she did not attend his public performances, even such a triumph as his Norton Lectures at Harvard, where on the spring afternoon of his final appearance, after the series had been transferred to the largest hall available, people climbed the fire escapes and perched on the grating to hear him through the windows. Her absence, for whatever reasons, seems to have been a policy agreed on between them.

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Frost intimated as much to Mrs. Morrison, using an evasive phrase such as "it was thought best. . . ." And he did not conceal that during the days when Elinor was approaching death he waited and hoped, vainly, for some word or sign from her saying, in effect, that the marriage had been worth its griefs and difficulties. The absence of the hoped-for word, under the circumstances, is hardly to be wondered at. It tells us, as much as anything, of Frost's own perpetual need for self-justification, and of his capacity on occasion, despite his formidable ego, for seeing into the lives and needs of others, for sometimes doubting his own assumptions, for compunction and self-questioning, without which he wouldn't have needed self-justification.

Remembering Frost's jealous suspicion during courtship that Elinor had pledged herself to another man, remembering the difference at the center of "The Subverted Flower," remembering the "terrible possessor" of "Paul's Wife," and not forgetting the idyllic unitedness of "West-running Brook," a reader may well be startled to look again at "The Discovery of the Madeiras." The lover and his "stolen" lady set out on their voyage to "some vague Paphian bourn," and when the ship had ceased tossing enough for her to come on deck, "she and her lover would sit opposed / And darkly drink each other's eyes . . . The most he asked her eyes to grant / Was that is what she does not want / A woman wants to be overruled." Then the captain tells the lover his story of the black pair on the slave ship who, because the man was infected by plague and the girl had not bothered to conceal her intimacy with him, were bound naked, face to face, and pitched overboard in a parody of marriage. "When after talk with other men / A man comes back to a woman again / He tells her as much of blood and dirt / As he thinks will do her not too much hurt." But in allowing himself a moment of pique under her questioning and retelling the captain's story to his stolen lady, the lover miscalculates his effect. "Seeing no help in wings or feet / She withdrew back in self retreat / Till her heart almost ceased to beat. / Her spirit faded as far away / As the living ever go yet stay." When by the lover's request the pair are landed and the ship abandons them, "slowly even her sense of him / And love itself were growing dim. / He no more drew the smile he sought. / The story is she died of thought." In a letter to Bernard DeVoto, quoted in Thompson's *Selected Letters* and written soon after Elinor's death, Frost said: "I suppose love must always deceive. I'm afraid I deceived her a little in pretending for the sake of argument that I didn't think the world as bad a place as she did. My excuse was that I wanted to keep her a little happy for my own selfish pleasure. It is as if for the sake of argument she had sacrificed her life to give me this terrible answer. . . ."

At the end of the poem, the naming of the bay where the stolen lady died for her lover instead of for her, in itself a trivial injustice, is exalted into one of those sobering generalizations Frost is capable of. The distribution of rewards, both historic and personal, is put forward with chilling detachment: "The island he found was verified / And the bay where the stolen lady died / Was named for him instead of her. / But so is history like to err, / And soon it is neither here nor there / Whether time's rewards are fair or unfair." Poets before have found circuitous ways of transforming their profoundest feelings into impersonal, objectified works. Surely "The Discovery of the Madeiras," going all the way around through Hakluyt and the captain's story of the slave ship, must be one of the most remarkable examples of such transformation to be found anywhere.

Many of Frost's poems unite concealment with revelation hazarded or hoped for, but it is in "Directive" that he makes his most explicit avowal of that strain in him that I have called the esoteric. The poem begins by posing a state of confusion. Its first line, composed of nothing but monosyllabic adverbs, prepositions, and pronouns — "Back out of all this now too much for us" — could surely come from no other poet writing in English. The little pronoun "us" is interesting. This opening line seems to address confused human beings inclusively, but a change rapidly occurs. The "us" becomes "you," and speciously the poem singles out and isolates each individual reader as the object of an invitation to accompany a guide on a journey to a house that no longer shelters anyone, on a farm that has all but gone back to woods. "The road there, if you'll let a guide direct you / Who only has at heart your getting lost . . ." Already the invitation to the reader as "you" takes on a note of the equivocal. This is no such simple beckoning gesture as "I'm going out to clean the pasture spring . . . You come too." It will not help to be reminded of St. Mark, the eighth chapter, the thirty-fifth verse: "Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake . . . the same shall save it." For the journey in "Directive" is not concerned with losing one's life for Christ's sake. The important use that Frost makes of St. Mark comes later in the poem; but even at this point the reader who is addressed as "you" should be on his guard. Not everyone may choose to follow a guide who undertakes to see that his follower gets lost; not everyone may be able to stay with such a guide until, as the poem later says, he is lost enough to find himself. As the journey goes on, the "you" grows more and more ambivalent. The address to the reader begins to sound like an internal ad-

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dress of the poet to himself; but still the "you" leaves room for the reader to follow the guide — if he will and if he can.

The journey is a journey backward through time, extended through the "book" of geology to an almost cosmic scope. "And there's a story in a book about it: / Besides the wear of iron wagon wheels / The ledges show lines ruled southeast northwest, / The chisel work of an enormous Glacier / That braced his feet against the Arctic Pole." But though it is presented with Frost's deceptive charm and whimsicality, the journey is strewn with traces of human loss and defeat. "Two village cultures" have vanished; the only field now left about the deserted house on the deserted farm is "no bigger than a harness gall." The journey passes the children's playhouse with its shattered playthings — "Weep for what little things could make them glad." It passes the house that was a house in earnest, which has become no more than a "belilaced cellar hole, / Now slowly closing like a dent in dough." But the destination of the journey lies beyond all these human relics of defeat. It is the brook that gave water to the house, "Cold as a spring as yet so near its source, / Too lofty and original to rage."

At this point the guide, who has hitherto used the third person, though covertly he has been the poet all along, speaks for the first time in the first person. He is no longer "a guide"; he is "I." "I have kept hidden in the instep arch / Of an old cedar at the waterside / A broken drinking goblet like the Grail . . . (I stole the goblet from the children's playhouse.) / Here are your waters and your watering place. / Drink and be whole again against confusion." *Your* waters, reader! You have only to reach out and drink! But first go back and weigh two lines I omitted, lines immediately following the word "Grail": "A broken drinking goblet like the Grail / Under a spell so the wrong ones can't find it, / So can't get saved, as St. Mark says they mustn't." You are invited to drink from a broken goblet like the Grail, an object, therefore, with something sacred and redemptive about it; but the goblet is under a spell. It is not for everyone. The wrong ones cannot find it, and so cannot be redeemed. St. Mark himself says they must not be.

The particular passage of St. Mark that Frost had in mind is essential to understanding "Directive." It occurs in the fourth chapter, immediately after the parable of the sower and the seed: "And when he was alone, they that were about him with the twelve asked of him the parable. And he said unto them, Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables: That seeing they may see, and not perceive; and hearing they may hear, and not understand; lest at any time they should be converted, and their sins should be forgiven them."

At this point I must express a grateful indebtedness to Hyde Cox, a friend of Frost's for many years, and the co-editor of Frost's *Selected Prose*. With utmost generosity, Hyde Cox has allowed me to make free use of his notes of conversations with Frost bearing on the origin and meaning to Frost himself of "Directive." The poem appeared in the volume *Steeple Bush*, published in 1947. Hyde Cox has written me that during an evening earlier in the forties he asked Frost whether he remembered the reply Jesus gave his disciples when they asked why he always spoke to crowds in parables. In Hyde Cox's words, "R. F. did *not* remember. Like many other people, it was his recollection that Christ said something about parables being easier to understand. I gleefully pointed out that this was just the opposite of what Jesus had said, and I read to R. F. the 4th Chapter of the Gospel according to Saint Mark. He was delighted and said at once 'Does that occur anywhere else?' I then read him the thirteenth Chapter of Matthew especially verses 11–13! The rest of the evening was spent discussing the wisdom and the hardness of this thought. R. F. pointed out that it is the same as for poetry; only those who approach it in the right way can understand it. And not everyone can understand no matter what they do because it just isn't in them. They cannot 'be saved.' . . . And R. F. quickly connected this quotation with the thought that unless you come to the subject of poetry 'as a child' you cannot hope to enter into 'the kingdom of heaven.' "

"From this evening on," Hyde Cox writes, "the quotation from St. Mark . . . began to appear in R. F.'s conversation and . . . in his public talks." Mrs. Morrison and I can bear similar testimony. Nor did he drop his play with this topic after the publication of "Directive." He came back to it in his prose piece "A Romantic Chasm," reprinted in *Selected Prose*. And Hyde Cox points out that he reverted to it as late as 1962 in his last public appearance at Dartmouth College, when he announced: "In the Bible it says . . . twice it says 'these things are said in parables . . . so the wrong people won't understand and so get saved.' It's thoroughly undemocratic."

A joke, but much more than a joke. No one will challenge Frost's sometimes uneasy and doubtful love of his country. No one will challenge his fundamental sympathies with democracy. But he was constantly straining at the problem of "the common man," a phrase often on his lips. He used

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to say he was an egalitarian who could only be comfortable with his equals. He did not expect everyone to be saved, by the welfare state or any other agency — saved from his own obtuseness or limitation or downright misfortune. He accepted the heart of the parable: the sower sows the "word," but some of the seed falls on barren ground.

Hyde Cox's notes of a later conversation, after the appearance of "Directive" in print, make still more explicit what his play with St. Mark meant to Frost. During this subsequent talk, Hyde said he had heard so much discussion of "Directive" he would like to pin Frost down to keep the record straight. "I began," Hyde writes, "by telling him some people interpreted the poem as more Christian than most of his work." Frost answered, according to Hyde's notes, that "the poet is not offering any general salvation — nor Christian salvation in particular.

"In the midst of this now too much for us he tells everyone to go back . . . to whatever source they have. The source might even be a conventional religion . . . but religion is most of all valuable when something original has been contributed to it. . . .

"It would be the poet's directive that one must go back to what he believes in his heart to be the source; and to the extent that he had saved something aside, removed from worldly experience — unpolluted, he would be able to contribute something himself." Then, in words as nearly as possible verbatim from Frost himself: "Not everyone can get saved as Christ says in Saint Mark. He almost says, 'You can't be saved unless you understand poetry — or you can't be saved unless you have some poetry in you.' "

Going on with Hyde Cox's notes: "The waters and the watering place are the source. It is there that you would have to turn in time of confusion to be made whole again: whole again as perhaps you haven't been since leaving childhood behind. Aging, you have become involved in the cobwebs and considerations of the world. . . ." And again verbatim: "People miss the key to the poem: the key lines, if you want to know, are 'Cold as a spring as yet so near its source, / Too lofty and original to rage.' . . . But the key word in the whole poem is source — whatever source it is."

For Frost the often playfully presented but deeply grim journey back through time and across human defeat and disaster was a journey upstream through a life given to poetry, but a life he constantly felt a need to justify to himself. Remembering only some of the catastrophes of that life, one can well understand why — a first son who died in infancy, a grown son who shot himself, a beloved daughter who died needlessly of septicemia, a wife whose death in his mid-career left him in a state of terrible doubt and self-accusation. Frost's battle to justify himself was a classic form, with its own complications, of the dilemma of the greatly gifted who try to meet two commitments at once — the commitment to some form of lofty originality, and the commitment to common human ties and responsibilities.

But if poetry is at the heart of "Directive," it is poetry in the largest sense, not merely poetry as the gift of writing poems. The poetry at the heart of "Directive" is only one of many possible manifestations of a "source" at work. Loftiness and originality can manifest themselves in a religion, or in science, or in statesmanship. The believer, the scientist, the statesman would have to have some poetry in him, in just the sense that Frost believed (as he says in "Education by Poetry") that metaphor, analogy, the perception of one thing in terms of another are at the root of understanding itself. To quote Frost again in words taken down by Hyde Cox, "Christ in Mark and Matthew is speaking about understanding."

"Directive" is a riddling invitation to those who are capable of it to go, starting from confusion, back to whatever source their hearts venerate, and to find there the wholeness they may not have known since the forward journey innocently began. If the poem were to be regarded for its intellectual content, as a reasoned philosophic or ethical position, it would be vulnerable to attack or skepticism from many sides; but (to me at any rate) its force and depth do not lie on the intellectual plane, but on the emotional. I find it one of the most moving poems Frost or anyone has written. Under its deceptive intimacy and easy play of surface, it is dark and solitary, charged with a great pathos. The wholeness it asserts is won at the cost of counting up terrible penalties. It is a religious poem, not in any doctrinal or ritual sense, but in the sense that it is charged with a profound piety. Those who can follow the guide and be saved are those who have some poetry in them, whether they write or even read poetry or not. They are those who could understand Robert Frost as he wanted to be understood. To them he would not have cared how much of himself he revealed, or how intimately they found him out. If they read his work with understanding, they will find the man himself spread through it and exposed in startling ways.

This essay grew out of a paper read at a meeting of the College English Association at the Bread Loaf campus of Middlebury College.

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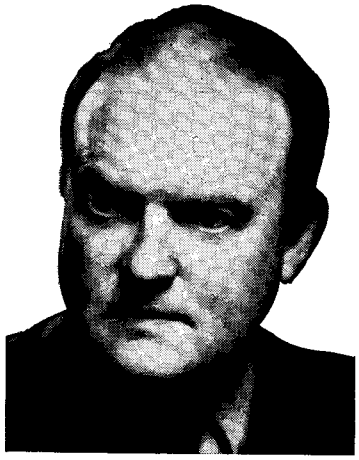

EDMUND WILSON: His Life and Books

by Alfred Kazin

On May 8, Edmund Wilson was seventy-two years old, and on June 21 he published his twenty-third book, *A Prelude* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), the first volume of the journal he idly began as a boy on his first trip to Europe, 1908, but started keeping as a methodical historical record in 1914. *A Prelude* ends with Wilson getting out of the Army in 1919, and it is "unlikely that very much more than this volume, with perhaps a second volume, can be published till after my death." The entries made in this first volume are still pretty scrappy, says Wilson, and he has had to fill out these notations with "something in the nature of reminiscences. Later on, I came to develop this chronicle on a very much larger scale, and even to some extent to organize it in the form of episodes that consisted of interwoven elements of experience."

Since I heard of "this chronicle" as the source of all his writing long before I met Edmund Wilson twenty-five years ago, and more recently have heard him hint of the problems involved in publishing it during his lifetime, it is inevitably disappointing to be put off just now with this first volume. The best things in it are the reminiscences added to the youthful record; these are carefully set within brackets, are in Wilson's most mature style, and are only the latest examples of his fascination with his own family, his need to involve himself with other people, and the extraordinary effort he can put out, by words alone, to free himself from bookish solitude. These reminiscences are very closely written, but are highly selective family history by a writer even more reticent than he knows himself to be, one whose most personal material *has* always been portraits of his family. They become in the reader's mind postscripts to the autobiographical essays he has already published on his father in *A Piece of My Mind*, on New Jersey nobs at the turn of the century in "At Laurelwood," an essay in *Night Thoughts*, on an old Hill School master in the revised edition of *The Triple Thinkers*. The actual journal is tight, sparse, and very literary; it consists, in childhood, of conventional travel notes of a first trip to Europe, and at Princeton and in the Army, of literary exercises, set pieces of writing, anecdotes, quotations, lists of words; most of the entries are really études, attempts to practice certain forms of writing, and the style is already so impeccable that it closes the door to any human cry from below.

The most significant thing about *A Prelude*, at least to an old admirer, is not what is new or distinctive in it — there are really no surprises — but the fact that these sparse early records, filled-out reminiscences, have gone to make still another workmanlike performance, a book that exists as an overture to Edmund Wilson's life, full of silent connections with all his other work, rich in suggestions about what must be an extraordinary historical chronicle erected on personal experience. At seventy-two, with some pretty skimpy childhood diaries to start from and a determination not to publish anything too revealing during his lifetime, Edmund Wilson can still make a book out of

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material that might well have discouraged anyone else. But perhaps no one else would have tried. The book, some book, has been his gift, his obsession, and the secret of our connection with him.

A musician who played in the Boston Symphony Orchestra for many years once said that the late Serge Koussevitzky's approach to music was not always authoritative, but that he knew "just how an orchestra should sound." One can say of Edmund Wilson that whatever the honesty, learning, and restriction of his critical intellect — and this is a subject to be discussed in itself, one that has always been obscured by Wilson's intense grasp, as a *writer*, of any subject that interests him — the important thing is that he knows how to make a book. Even when he presents ideas that are familiar to scholars, the book becomes everybody's personal discovery of symbolist literature, *Axel's Castle*. Even when he presents the history of socialist ideas by identifying himself with the lives of socialism's prophets and heroes, the book becomes *To the Finland Station*, which still vibrates, as no more technical book does, with the passion of that secular religion which has remade the modern world. Even when he writes a book utterly different from what its angry preface promises it will be, and from what Wilson presumably wanted it to be — an attack on the conceit of national "destiny" that brought the Civil War to a head — the book becomes that unique valedictory to the classical republic, *Patriotic Gore*. Edmund Wilson has made books out of his intellectual fiction, out of the light verse he sends his friends at Christmas, out of his *New Yorker* book reviews, out of his hatred of Robert Moses, out of his aversion to the Internal Revenue Bureau. He has made books out of virtually everything that has crossed his mind — only, certain subjects never just *cross* his mind: they stay there, decade after decade, to be used as articles after they have been (I presume) first sketched in his journals. Then they get rewritten for his books and are rewritten still again for new editions of those books. No one else I know has so much patience with his own writing, can recast it so many times — or has the same impulse to rewrite everybody else. No one else I know with his *kind* of mind — critical, historical, scholarly, one that naturally expresses itself in reactions to reading and to personal experience — has been able to make so many different books out of so many fragmentary responses.

The great naturalist Alexander von Humboldt wrote a book about the whole cosmos, but someone had to tell him that he knew everything except how to make a book. Edmund Wilson certainly knows how to make a book; he has made one twenty-three (and actually more) times by now. And it is this instinct for making a book, this paramount life-need and particular life-skill, both already symbolized by his lifelong concern with his journal as a formal work of history — it is this that interests me most about *A Prelude*, not anything about himself that he wants to, or even *can*, "confess" to his readers. He says in this book, ". . . in all my early life, before I went away to school, I was preoccupied with the members of my family as I imagine few people can be today. The fact was that I knew almost nobody else. . . . My parents and my grandparents had been the molding influences of my early life . . . preachers and lawyers and doctors. . . . I knew they had their doubts about me, and that in order to prove myself I should have to show that a writer could become a successful professional. . . ." Wilson is such an extraordinarily professional human being, the writer in him seems so overwhelming a part of the man, that one can accept his need to "prove myself" without forgetting that it was probably his precocity, his intellectual solitude, that first created "doubts" in his family. However this was, the reader who knows all his other work and now comes to his earliest journal cannot help noticing that his life-strategy has always been to find the word, to make connections with an obscure and unfriendly universe by choosing the right word. He says that he used to make up lists of topics to discuss with his mother (who was deaf), that he and his friends used to make lists of dirty stories; in *A Prelude* he has many lists of words — new words, strange words, vulgar words.

It is this unremitting daily training, the extraordinary amount of professional strategy behind the journal that he began in youth and has now reconceived in his seventies; it is this gift for articulating his life without *telling* it, this instinct for a book as the essential form of himself, that explains the connection that so many readers have made with his austere mind. It is really as a craftsman, as a maker of books, as an expressive force, that Wilson has reached so many people. And it follows that the most important thing in life is actually this gift of articulation, for building up a structure. And indeed, Wilson knows this, judging from the number of exercises, set pieces, "landscapes," and word lists he has put into his journal.

Wilson's purpose in keeping what is clearly to be an ambitious historical chronicle, a novel of fact, is clearly not to bewail his conflicts, not to lay his heart bare, as Baudelaire said he would do in his journal. Wilson's need is nevertheless to turn his life into a book. He involves himself in experience by recording it. By turning every day to account, into an account, writing becomes a happier form of life, the writer takes over, and the fretfully balanced

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sentences, so carefully worked out in the writer's elegantly precise hand — these become the act of life, the excitement of the one book the author never has to give up writing, the day as its own subject, its own expressive task.

There are writers who, in order to make a book, invent a world. Wilson, who has composed some haunting fiction in *I Thought of Daisy* and *Memoirs of Hecate County* as part of his lifelong history of American intellectuals, is like all significant critics a frustrated inventor of fictional worlds, for these worlds lie so close to his mind that he cannot see what separates him from them. For him, too, every piece of writing is an urgent task committed for the sake of imagination; in him, too, experience is always an inner dream that he tries to bring into form, to make a living reality. The difference between the thinker-moralist-critic-memoirist and the freely inventive storyteller with whom Wilson's literary passion can be compared is that in Wilson the predominating historical urge, the overriding sense of fact, the need to fall into the traces left by actual experience, depends on style. For Wilson the classical authority derived from rhetoric, the authority of being a right example, is as necessary as the articulation of the bones to the movement of the body. This classical correctness — as of a judge or minister or national leader in the days when a few intellectual patricians molded this culture — is not merely the style of his intellectual vocation; it is basic to the sense of his role in American life. Wilson depends on "style" in the aristocratic sense of the word, on the immediate authority that his formal correctness brings, as many a carelessly inventive storyteller, happily absorbed in his characters, does not. Sometimes the pressure to write well is so grinding that, as is noticeable about several terribly deliberate landscapes in *A Prelude* (this is also a feature of Wilson's later travel writing, presumably taken from his journals), one sees not a view but his own effort. "The ice-house door held a little rectangle of winter: infinitely pale sky above the pale dry brown of hills and the gray roofs and towers of the town."

Now behind this pressing personal urge to make order, I see the moral significance of the right words to Wilson's class — the professional gentry of lawyers, preachers, educators, scientists, which from the time of New England's clerical oligarchs has been the sustaining class of American intellectual life. There was a time, not so long ago, when several leading colleges and universities in New England were simultaneously headed by descendants of Jonathan Edwards. Despite the growing contributions of intellectuals from the "newer" stocks, it is interesting how many of the dominant figures in American professional life still represent, as Wilson does, the old American clerisy. These are the policy makers, the *éminences grises* who, no matter how many billions heaped up by the old robber barons *they* give out as heads of the great foundations, as advisers to government, feel quite detached from the oiliness of American business, except as economists and administrators. These professionals, who belong to a traditional American caste of professional diplomats, missionaries, educators, judges, museum curators, have remained the standard bearers, the lawgivers, the Noah Websters and Oliver Wendell Holmeses. They are "the capable," as Sinclair Lewis (a doctor's son) admiringly called the lonely doctors, philosophic lawyers, and scientists who in his work resist the bitch goddess. Though business still rules the roost and money is more important to everybody, it is "the capable," who come from a long American tradition of professional concern, who still, as intellectual specialists, keep up the standards they grew up with.

Edmund Wilson, as the years have gone by, has become more and more the incarnation of the old-fashioned American who used, on his own, to compose dictionaries, to write a "scientific prospectus" of the West, to make archaeological finds in Egypt, to scorn the generals and businessmen occupying high places in Washington. His whole intellectual being, held together with such fierce competence, has over the years become more and more authoritative, formal, finicky, outrageable. He has steadily become, to the delight of all those who know him to be the most formidable literary persona since the late Dr. Johnson, a model of high and fussy correctness, of "republican" directness, of absolute fearlessness before the mighty, and of absolute contempt for mass prejudices, tastes, and fears. Perhaps most of the really interesting American thinkers until recently have come from the nonbusiness class. America being America, the conflict with the business culture — Henry Adams said that his family had one long quarrel with State Street — becomes, as Wilson has always seen it, the social drama behind his life.

In *A Prelude* Wilson's most fascinating additions to the skimpy youthful record are about his mother's family, the Kimballs, who were related to the Mathers and who produced many doctors. His paternal grandfather, Thaddeus Wilson, was of North Irish stock (like the James family), a Presbyterian minister, a graduate of Amherst and of the Princeton Theological Seminary. His father, Edmund Wilson, Sr., was one of the best lawyers of his day in New Jersey, at one time attorney general of the state, and though a Republican, was invited by Woodrow Wilson to join his Cabinet in 1913. Edmund Wilson, Sr., was a passionate admirer of

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Lincoln the lawyer (the tragedy of Lincoln runs through several of his son's books as the tragedy of the superior man in America), and he identified with Lincoln the melancholic. Though a lawyer for the Pennsylvania Railroad and able to give his less finicky relatives valuable advice about the stock market, he himself would not buy a share of stock — he regarded all these transactions as a form of gambling. Like many brilliant men of his generation, he regarded his life as forfeit to the big-business spirit in America; he was a lifelong "neurasthenic," a total hypochondriac; his professional career yielded to his concern with his own symptoms.

Despite his many books and his long record of production, Edmund Wilson has stated in his books just how little money he has accumulated; as anyone can see from *The Cold War and the Income Tax*, it has become a point of pride with him not to have amassed much money and to be against the government. At several periods in his life, he says in his journal, he has felt impelled to write protests against various officials of the United States government; he first wrote one as a sergeant in the A.E.F. Medical Corps. As if he were one of his own forebears, he lives in two "old-fashioned country towns," Wellfleet, Massachusetts, and Talcotville, New York; he depends on a small inherited income derived from one of his few relatives who went into business; he does not drive a car or use a typewriter; he does not teach, give lectures, join honorary societies that want to honor him. As he meticulously notes in a printed postcard answering inquiries, he does not read manuscripts for strangers; he does not write articles or books to order; he does not write forewords or introductions; he does not make statements for publicity purposes; he does not do any kind of editorial work, judge literary contests, give interviews, broadcast or appear on television; he does not answer questionnaires, contribute to or take part in symposiums, and so on. But as everyone knows, he *has* taken the trouble to learn Hebrew, Russian, Hungarian, in addition to his earlier Greek, French, Italian, German (this last the only language he admits not having fully mastered); at one time, I recall, he set himself to learn Yiddish. He has made personal explorations of many countries, many cultures, many periods; what he knows, he knows; what he has read, he has remembered. As the contrast deepens each year between Wilson and the America "I see depicted in *Life* magazine," his concern with right words and standards seems to have become more intense, his irritation with sloppiness and misuse even more pronounced, his sense of his own intellectual honor loftier and yet more anguished.

Wilson insists in *A Prelude*, as he does throughout his work, that his fate, like his father's, has been to fight the money-makers, the big-power spirit in America. He is always vivid on this subject, and what is true for him has been and will be true for many other intellectuals, though it is harder for them to find family tradition as a source for their opposition. Wilson certainly makes the most of his family as hero. But what supplies the human drama in *A Prelude* — and will probably be a major theme in his later journal — is the writer's personal struggle to get down into the crowd; to make friends with ordinary people; to lose his solitariness with people as he has lost it in his books. There is always a human cost for his high and lofty Puritan trauma, and Wilson has been preoccupied in his works of fiction, as he is in the army sections of *A Prelude*, with the intellectual's peculiarity and isolation on the American scene. Wilson's father was deeply, grievously neurotic; his mother, a heartier type, not "intellectual," nevertheless went completely deaf under the strain of her husband's breakdown. Wilson himself — how I wish he could have described this more directly — was a redhead, an only child, who had to communicate with his mother despite her deafness, and who may have formed his idiosyncratic, ponderously distinct method of oral delivery in this way. But it is also safe to assume that anyone so extraordinarily gifted, and obsessed with words, must have grown up deep inside the shell that his own gift created around him. Then, when the journal began to absorb him, he must surely have felt that transcribing experience directly, taking life without fear, in a notebook, would make the first contacts for him, would get him out of that shell. By methodically describing people, landscapes, schools, teachers, friends, he felt that he was already humanizing the world, lightening it of its difficulty. By familiarizing himself with the world, he would make it accept him. In this first volume, one sees the mighty effort he trained himself to, by words — to recognize the world, to divest it of its strangeness, to make it ready for him.

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AUDEN AT SIXTY

by John Hollander

SINCE February, W. H. Auden has been sixty years old. It is hard to think of another writer in English the progress of whose *lustra* — those five-year periods by which the Romans marked out life's phases or stages — would seem to matter so much. It is not only that he is our foremost poet, but that his career has been full of the ambivalences and paradoxes that have marked the moral history of the past forty years. Certainly the most articulate and cosmopolitan of all English poets to be born in this century, he left his native England at the height of his promise and influence in 1939 and has lived here ever since.

A critic of pre-war Europe who composed witty dirges for its immanent sickness and imminent collapse, he regularly spends part of each year abroad. Once he breathed an intellectual element full of Marx, Freud, and Nietzsche; now he moves in an Anglican faith as orthodox, in the main, as its keeper is undogmatic. A pioneer, with Christopher Isherwood, in experimental English poetic drama (*The Dog Beneath the Skin* and *The Ascent of F.6* are still unequaled and remain a kind of natural link to certain elements of Brechtian theater), he has become, in collaboration with Chester Kallman, the most distinguished librettist for grand opera since Hofmannsthal.

And yet all these transformations have occurred in the course of a consistent evolutionary growth: Auden's artistic career is only superficially one of those, like Picasso's or Stravinsky's, marked out by the dramatic shifts of phases, "periods," or stylistic moments. Some of his critics were bound to feel that Auden's work of the past quarter century had softened rather than ripened — in England, particularly, the transplanting in American soil was held to blame by audiences who still feel that the essential Auden was the young poet of crisis and commitment, neatly parodied by his comtemporary William Empson as "waiting for the end, boys, waiting for the end." But for most of his readers, who and where that poet is today, and what he has been writing, seem as natural and inevitable as their own intellectual and moral histories. And a part of them as well.

Perhaps it is this quality of Auden's work that made his sixtieth birthday the sort of anniversary that creeps up on one to take him by a not wholly unpleasant surprise. Auden has given voice in the past to the intellectual conscience of the entire generation that was growing out of childhood between the two world wars. For that generation he seemed not only an English poet but a European one. Verse has always been a mode of public eloquence for him — as it was for a poet like Ben Jonson, for example — rather than a meditative instrument assisting the articulation of the Self. He has always written magnificent occasional poetry; an uncrowned laureate, he has spoken not for national affairs or victories, but on events and crises in the world of the moral imagination. What he said of Yeats once, that he transformed the occasional poem "from being either an official performance of impersonal virtuosity or a trivial

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vers de société into a serious reflective poem of at once personal and public interest," is even more true of himself.

For, whether writing memorial poems to Yeats, Freud, or the German socialist leader and writer Ernst Toller; whether meditating on Voltaire, Pascal, Melville, Rimbaud, Edward Lear, Montaigne, or at the grave of Henry James; whether catching up a historical moment of the life of the mind in a Phi Beta Kappa poem for the first postwar graduating class at Harvard in 1946, or celebrating (in "Goodbye to the Mezzogiorno") his own purchase of a house in Austria in 1957, when he stopped summering in Ischia; whether celebrating a Gaudy night at Christ Church, his old Oxford College, or less ceremonially chronicling his and his generation's continuing encounter with the cultivations of the mind and the savageries of the heart, he has led his best poems beyond the enclosures of the occasions for which they were offered, out into generality and truth.

It is a peculiarity of Auden's own kind of poetic modernity that he has never felt the concept to be the enemy of the image, or discourse to be destructive of poetry. Some of his poems have the structure and power of essays, just as his critical and speculative prose writings reflect concerns that appear in his poems. But he is even more unusual in feeling so close to the concerns of natural science. His poems abound in scientific allusions and technical terms. One cannot imagine any other poet of his age, save Empson perhaps, observing the workings of the goddess Mutabilitie in the fact that "Two of the Six/Noble Gases have, I hear,/Already been seduced" (indeed, how many laymen know that only within the last few years was argon, which chemistry textbooks maintained to be aloof from all other elements, first compounded?). He still likes to remark that the only magazine he takes "is not literary, but the *Scientific American*."

This attitude toward science stems from his childhood, when, as he says, "there was no nonsense about two cultures — it never occurred to one that science was not humane." His father was medical officer and professor of public health at the university in Birmingham, where Auden grew up. At preparatory school he first met Christopher Isherwood; at Gresham's School, Holt, he concentrated in biology, and in 1924 published his first poem. He went up to Christ Church in 1925; at Oxford he and Stephen Spender, Isherwood, C. Day Lewis, and Louis MacNeice began to be known as a literary circle. A first collection of poems was printed in a tiny edition at Oxford in 1928; in August of that same year, he went with Isherwood to Berlin, arriving in time to catch the premiere of the Brecht-Weill *Dreigroschenoper*. If Isherwood has permanently preserved the *Geist* of the period in his *Berlin Stories*, that bleak, ironic moment of wit and harshness and cabaret, hovering at the brink of the Nazi thirties, must have become a time of self-discovery for Auden.

Not only his long and deep attachment to German literature dates from then, but a sense of civilization as a beleaguered cosmopolitan City (and he has since noted many times the resemblances between New York and pre-Hitler Berlin) may have matured there as well. When he returned home and in 1930 began five years of schoolmastering, he was ready to strike a note for which his earlier poetry would be famous. His morally bogus headmaster at the beginning of *The Orators* remarks, scarcely understanding his own irony, "What do you think about England, this country of ours where nobody is well?" The brilliant mixture of the wildly colloquial and the obscurely learned, the interest in puzzles, riddles, games, and mock strategies, the devoted craftsman's attitude toward meter and verse form, the acute sense of stylistic openness and of the need for a whole array of formal and rhetorical modes for different themes and occasions that have become so familiar in his work all got their start in these early years. And if by now his guise has become that of a wise but unwearied schoolmaster or vicar instead of the conspiratorial public school boy, he has constantly devoted his vision to the task of not breaking faith with one's whole set of nesting childhoods. Here again, what he said of another (in "In Memory of Sigmund Freud") is true in good part of his own work:

> he would unite
> The unequal moieties fractured
> By our own well-meaning sense of justice.
>
> Would restore to the larger the wit and will
> The smaller possesses but can only use
> For arid disputes, would give back to
> The son the mother's richness of feeling.

(One might notice how in this brief passage a disarmingly prosaic tone is deepened by a suddenly concrete verb like "fractured," how the seemingly careless use of "wit and will" unleashes the force of the Renaissance English meanings parallel to "instinct and reason," and most typical of all, the verse form: a strophe of cryptically syllabic lines of eleven, eleven, nine, and ten syllables, arranged without regard to stress, respectively, at the same time arrayed on the page to look like the sort of adaptations of classical alcaic stanzas made by German romantic poets like Hölderlin.)

Through his many volumes of verse, constantly revised for collected editions, his long poems like

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The Sea and the Mirror, New Year Letter, and *For the Time Being*, his essays, reviews, introductions, and his songs and opera libretti, Auden has striven constantly to put his virtuoso talents to the service of a seriousness which transcends mere solemnity, seeking to avoid that commonest of failings which leads us to "ruin a fine tenor voice/For effects that bring down the house." His concerns with science and with society on the one hand, and with the intensely personal on the other have bred a sense of the meaning of life in the conceptual metropolis in whose complex and polluted air modern human awareness lives and moves and has its being. The task of his poetry has been that which he has ascribed to fallen human existence: to redeem "the time being . . . from insignificance." He has, too, always spoken to the urban condition *in* as well as *of* man, and the image of the City — whether of the Augustinian contrast between the Heavenly and the fallen Earthly one, or the Utopian model of the Just one, or the historical city-states, or an actual London, Berlin, or New York.

It is no accident that this list should end with the American metropolis in which he has now been domiciled for almost half his life. In 1922, T. S. Eliot could tick off, toward the end of *The Wasteland*, the falling towers of the failed cities of the European past and present, perishing in a historical and visionary twilight: "Jerusalem Athens Alexandria/Vienna London/Unreal." New York was not part of the world of Western civilization for Eliot (consider its mythical importance in Whitman and Hart Crane, for example). Yet if New York is only one instance of Auden's mythological city, it has clearly become his hometown. "It's the only city in the world that isn't provincial," he said recently. "I don't feel like an American, but I am a New Yorker."

And so he is. Almost from the moment of his arrival in early 1939 (he became a U.S. citizen in 1946), a vision of New York began to unroll in many of his poems, as the American language began to enter his diction (he now rhymes "clerk" with "work," rather than with "dark" — surely an empirical test for American English). Thus, for so many Americans, the opening lines of "September 1, 1939" came to stand for the declarations of a civilized voice calling out from the explosion of Europe, and rebuking not just a nation, or, indeed, a self, but a whole state of being ("mature," shall we say, but not really grown-up) for its self-absorption:

> I sit in one of the dives
> On Fifty-second Street
> Uncertain and afraid
> As the clever hopes expire
> Of a low dishonest decade. . . .

College texts today must needs annotate this poem, which moves from the unstated news bulletins from Europe, meditating on Germany and Hitler, to a darkening of the "neutral air" and "blind skyscrapers" of New York, and ending not entirely hopelessly as "dotted everywhere,/ Ironic points of light/ Flash out wherever the Just/ Exchange their messages" — ever since, a canonical vision of those same skyscrapers, now in another role, that wink and glitter in the seediest of thirties movies. But any New Yorker would know that, alas, those famous opening lines need additional annotation, as much as if they referred to eighteenth-century London. Gone are not only the pre-war "dives," but the famous clubs of the forties where Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie were giving the concept of "Fifty-second Street" a new meaning.

To see Auden at home these days, in the light of some gray afternoon in his second-floor apartment, is to be struck by the way his face confounds one's memories of early photographs of him: the long, angular oval surmounted by a straight shock of hair has become squarer, wrinkled, and somehow more *present*. One might remember a friend's remark that "Wystan has been years building up that face," but there also comes to mind the dedicatory epigraph to *The Orators*, that glittering and perplexing book of prose, verse, schoolboy games, and private jokes written when he was twenty-five: "Private faces in public places/ Are wiser and nicer/ Than public faces in private places." For here is the undersong to all the variations of his career, whether earlier, as a political and spiritual radical, or now, as a Christian, returned through encounters with Kierkegaard and Charles Williams in the early forties. The hostilities of Authority, the possibilities for love in broken and demoralized communities, and the temptations that beset the most responsible intelligences in a fallen City that has not only undergone a failure of nerve but has compounded the felony by understanding what that failure means — these have always been his subjects.

But Auden's actual presence today — that famous face surrounded by books and recordings, that reassuring dry voice ranging from the rhetoric of the international literary man to the minute enthusiasms of some eccentric clergyman — reminds one of the way in which he has sought to avoid in his art the masks, the mythical externalizations of parts of the psyche that Yeats called *personae*, which so many twentieth-century poets have felt forced to wear for a world in which the bare visage of a poet has seemed more grotesque

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than any false face (try telling your neighbor on a transcontinental plane that you're a poet, when he asks what you do. Then watch how uncomfortable he gets).

His life in the city might, from certain points of view, be a rural one. For years he has been known in New York for going to bed early and getting up before most of the municipal day has begun — perhaps because the Imagination, like the morning star, fades in the major daylight. He is, as always, singularly loath to gossip about literary sociology and politics. If he has long outgrown the notion that a poet must move through the world like a kind of spy (*vide* Isherwood's early novel *All the Conspirators*, whose title must have been resonant for the whole circle of friends), his riper views about the relation of Art to Life have a similar effect in discouraging revelation: "Either the relation between them is so simple that nothing *need* be said, or so complicated that nothing *can* be said" is the way he usually puts an end on it.

He continues to feel, he says, "like an implacable Northern hater of the Roman Empire — a barbarian from outside the lines." His Northern ancestry has always meant a lot to Auden, both imaginatively and in a kind of literary-historical way. Some of his earliest formal poetic concerns were with alliterative poetry; J. R. R. Tolkien's reading of Old English poetry affected him strongly while at Oxford, and it is not surprising now to find him at work on translations, most recently, of "The Song of the Sybil," from the Icelandic *Edda*. (He is still drawn to Iceland, which he admires as "the only absolutely classless society.")

His more recent poetry has become, like his discourse, more personal, even to the point of homeliness, as exemplified by a suite of poems, each one devoted to establishing the myth of a different room in the modern dwelling, that gives its title to his last book, *About the House*. In this case, the house in question is in Austria, but there is something almost American in the appreciation of the concept of comfort that keeps appearing throughout the poems. Perhaps without being committed to thinking of him as either an English or an American poet, one might mark off Auden's past thirty years as a kind of swap for T. S. Eliot's rather Jamesian sort of expatriation. While the American from St. Louis had been able, in *The Wasteland*, to catch up the spirit of a war-torn London, emerging morally stillborn into the twentieth century, Eliot's later poetry led to an avowal of a quietistic insularity. After the horror of the London blitz, his spiritual voyage inward and backward led him, in *Little Gidding*, to "a quiet church at smokefall," where he could conclude that "history is now and England."

But with Auden there have always been the journeys that led outward: to Iceland, China, Spain, America, annual transatlantic ferryings. His voice continues to be directed *out* and *across* the space that separates a poet from his readers. And he remains a kind of familiar radio voice of our Western City, the city that has both blossomed and poisoned in its time and will continue to do so. And yet his debt to the older American poet, showing from time to time in the accents of his verse, was avowed in a short poem written in 1948, on Eliot's sixtieth birthday:

> When things begin to happen to our favourite spot,
> A key missing, a library bust defaced,
> Then, on the tennis-court one morning,
> Outrageous, the bloody corpse and always,
>
> Blank day after day, the unheard-of drought, it was you
> Who, not speechless from shock but finding the right
> Language for thirst and fear, did much to
> Prevent a panic. . . .

We are at a moment in history now when secular humanism and the kind of eloquence to which it has always been committed are under fire from their own progeny. A critic like George Steiner will claim that there are thirsts and fears for which there is no language, and has begun to question the very authenticity of discourse as a model of developing human culture; and the logos has been marked for erasure by certain sorts of new American poetry and left politics alike. But that secular humanism for which Auden's voice has always spoken will probably remain the spirit of the age, despite the shocks of inhumanity in war and what has always passed for peace. To have seized words like "decency" and "love" from out of the mouths of their bawds has been the rhetorical triumph of his poetic career; to have mirrored some of the room still left on a sadly crowded planet in which human freedom might grow has been its imaginative task. And amid all the uncertainties about what our own age and our knowledge will, finally, have meant, Auden's work will always be seen to have sharpened the outlines of what Shelley called "the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present." To have achieved one's literacy in his time is to be dated as much as by slang or hemlines. But it is a condition which one need never regard with the condescensions of nostalgia.

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IN THE DAYS OF THE BRIC-A-BRAC QUEEN

by Louis Kronenberger

James Laver, long known for his knowledge of period manners, fashions, decor, has written the opening volume in a projected series of "Manners and Morals" — his covering the Age of Optimism, or 1848 to 1914. The book treats, to begin with, an enjoyably shifting historical climate; and, brightened with numerous illustrations, it abounds in lively and often instructive detail. It not inappropriately opens by scattering things Right and Left, with a lavish display of revolutions, toppling thrones, scurrying monarchs, resonant slogans and manifestos. The book halts at World War I, which, one might add, would also make for a lavish display of revolutions, toppling thrones, scurrying monarchs, manifestos and slogans. If this evokes that least optimistic of slogans called *plus ça change*, the interval between the topplings and scurryings was yet a momentous one. Though the Year of Revolution guttered out rather than started a blaze, and though a Kossuth as well as a Metternich fled to England, and a Louis Blanc as well as a Louis Philippe, 1848 left cracks not easily puttied over; sounded a tocsin that both reverberated and would keep sounding again; and hence, for humanity in the mass, did set going an era of optimism. But the optimism that chiefly animates Mr. Laver's book is of an almost opposite, a quite undemonstrative and very English kind, one that affords revolutionaries asylum but deprecates revolutions; that talks not of pie in the sky but of more and more pounds in the bank — one that has bourgeois objectives and goals. This is not just because Mr. Laver is himself British, but because to an immense degree the subject matter of his book is. When he takes us to France, it is to look at what the English *prefer* should flourish outside England — the sans-culotte type, or demi-mondaine, or avant-garde; and his one visit to America, here, is no more than a short guided, and at moments misguided, tour.

Hence his book, in essence and substance alike, is a survey of Victorian England, with an Edwardian epilogue. But if, as such, it rather fails to bear out its international title, it all the better concentrates on one specific culture, and on one that the title beautifully fits. For Victorian England bulged with manners and morals in every good and bad sense of the words. It also abounded in striking opposites, was both on the march and stuck in the mud, gaudy and drab, bizarre and banal, God-fearing and Mammon-worshiping, humanitarian and heartless, wildly eccentric and servilely conformist. Never perhaps did a culture become so plump and smug, and hence so insistent a target for eventual satire. Mr. Laver, with a proper showman's eye, does not slight the outré or illicit, or scorn the anecdotal bric-a-brac of an age unequaled for bric-a-brac. And his detail does fairly often suggest his period's design.

No juxtaposition could be more telling than that of Victorian poverty and wealth. Not even a Dickens, or a Hogarth earlier, can quite prepare us for how dehumanized the poor could be. Yet it was not the Scrooges who chiefly brought about such conditions as having seven-year-old mill chil-

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dren work fifteen hours a day for two shillings and sixpence a week; it was much more the Manchester school of economics, condemning the masses to such laissez-fare as bitterly fought-over garbage. London, in terms of slum apparel, displayed "what a frock coat could carry in layers of filth"; or, of slum furniture, family "beds" that were piles of soot. A more solid survey, G. M. Young's much esteemed *Victorian England*, gives us even more sordid detail — "drinking water brown with faecal particles," or unburied corpses rotting in midsummer London. Hence theft became the chief trade for boys; and for girls, a prostitution unequaled in all England's history. At 12:30 at night, five hundred streetwalkers circulated in an area below Piccadilly Circus, not least directly outside "the chaste portals of the Athenaeum."

Yet the horrors of Victorian poverty somehow reflect less on Victorian wealth than on that tremendously dominant Victorian force, religion (and on its bodyguard, respectability). It was not only that, rather exceptionally, the bishopric of Durham was worth £19,000 (some $300,000 today) a year, but that, not at all exceptionally, "a great Church family could amass an annual £12,000 and have most of the work done by curates for £80." And beyond the fashionable worldliness of the Church of England were the Victorians who turned with the Oxford Movement toward Rome; or, far more numerously, with the Evangelical Movement toward very rigorous faiths. How notably religion triumphed we can gauge from the fact that where in Staffordshire in 1810 only two country gentlemen had family prayers, in 1850 only two did not. The stricter sects endowed the English Sunday with a kind of official gloom that suggested a coffin in every front parlor. High-Church zealots, on the other hand, went incense-wild and stained-glass drunk and vestment-mad with ritual: indeed, said Dickens, the High Churchman of 1850 was the dandy of 1820 in another form.

Religion played a great weekday as well as Sunday role, and gave Lombard Street and Oxford Street a working philosophy. Godly behavior not only constituted a card of admission to heaven, it augured property and bank accounts on earth. Between the Ten Commandments and the five-percents there was no slightest clash; in fact, it was five percent of another kind — its being the maximum profit the Quakers permitted themselves — that made everybody want to do business with them and made them in turn extremely rich. And the Wesleyans, a century after Wesley, had grown so solidly middle-class as to be "as much opposed to Democracy as to Sin." What counted more with the Victorians than any biblical respect for the Sabbath was that workingmen, by resting on Sunday, got much more done on the other six days of the week. And rest on Sunday they did: the proletariat, we are told, never budged from bed "until the public houses opened."

Meanwhile, respectability reached epidemic proportions. The zoo and the panorama, the excursion ticket and the public library vied with one another for thrilling and delighting child and grown-up, matron and maid. Perhaps nothing expresses the period better than its female costume, with its curious notification of bosom and nullification of legs, its orgy of jewels and endlessness of underclothing. Respectability, though it made so many other things, for women, forbidden fruit, was wonderfully permissive about food itself. It is hardly going too far to call Victorian respectability the mother of gluttony, and to equate the menu of a very middle class English dinner party with that of an old-style American-plan hotel. Still, matrons *might* have managed moderation in the presence, to quote from one menu, of such party food as "mash turnips" (sic), "stewed spinach," "sea cale," "ox rumps," and "macaroni pudding"; all this washed down with champagne during dinner, and claret at the end of it.

Securely immuring middle-class society, respectability no less securely cemented family life. Certainly there was inspiration and to spare for this at Windsor and Balmoral (perhaps, too, what was bourgeois in Victoria and Albert seemed patrician to the bourgeoisie). The usual paterfamilias, though no ogre or Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street, was sufficiently authoritarian. Indeed, during much of the Victorian era, a wife could own nothing; not only did her dowry and inheritances pass to her husband, but so, even if she was legally separated from him, did her earnings. Respectability in turn condemned her to a conspicuous do-nothingism. If motherhood was for her the nearest thing to a vocation, constant "expecting" made of her a homebody as well. At the same time, the new gentility left her all but useless in the home; it insisted on her having — all of them probably underpaid — servants in the kitchen, nannies in the nursery, seamstresses in the sewing room, gardeners in the flower beds. Only a few causes were ladylike enough for her to endorse, only a few diversions unsullied enough for her to indulge in. Sex, as distinct from childbearing, was all too often made odious to her by the proceedings of the wedding night, when the inexperience of the bridegroom had quite matched the ignorance of the bride.

MR. LAVER'S Age of Optimism was, in England of course, an Age of Euphemism and Taboo, hence often of Ostracism and Hypocrisy. This could obtain even among the learned and the lineaged.

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Milman, biblical historian as well as dean of St. Paul's, was virtually ostracized for calling Abraham a sheik; and a member of Parliament, having to refer to a contracted pelvis, had to do so "in a classical language." Where enlightenment reigned, Charles Kingsley characterized Shelley as a "lewd vegetarian"; where morality governed, a council member of the College of Surgeons hoped that syphilis could not be stamped out, for if it was, fornication must become rampant. As for Victorian hypocrisy, a man who published a blackmailing scandal sheet also published a pious religious magazine denouncing the scandal sheet. As for Victorian "audacity," the redoubtable Mrs. Grote, wife of the famous historian of Greece, caused a furore by using the word "disemboweled" at a dinner party.

Mr. Laver, whose researches into American gentility seem rather skimpy, contends that our prudishness was far greater than England's. At its Anthony-Comstock worst, it probably was, but it seems far less pervasive. Mr. Laver concedes that our putting panties on piano legs has been taken too seriously, and cites an English visitor who was told by a wag that the piano's legs were concealed lest "they should give gentlemen ideas." And our Puritanism itself could be waggishly combated, as with having poolrooms pose as houses of worship, with the roulette wheel, when the police knocked, hustled out of sight and the "congregation" bursting fervently into "Shall We Gather at the River?" With our immense nineteenth-century regional differences, we clearly ran to extremes — stringent blue laws and roaring red-light districts; even to extremes meeting, with antimacassars in the parlor along with cuspidors.

In England, not surprisingly, an era so prudish and conformist had more than its share of the scandalous and clandestine. Mr. Laver devotes considerable space, textual and pictorial, to both the English and the French demi-monde. But despite the allure of the fast-stepping ladies on one side of the Channel, and the *grandes horizontales* on the other, and despite their impressive honorariums, it all, after a while, comes to seem more flyblown and repetitious than glamorous and lustful. Even America's actress-mistress-adventuress-salonnière, Adah Isaacs Menken, though more interesting than most and with a more interesting clientele — a huge corpulent Dumas *père*, a frail tiny Swinburne — has been chronicled too often. One cannot, however, pass over a highborn girl indisputably named Miss Horsey de Horsey, who came a social cropper simply for riding without a groom in the park, and was thrown for good and all by consorting with married Lord Cardigan. And though she at length became his Lady, and was greeted by his six hundred tenants (on horseback), not one soul appeared at the magnificent country house ball the Cardigans sent out invitations fo indeed, she was cut dead till the day she died.

Sexually, the Victorian male is more shadowy and enigmatic, and hence more interesting. On the one hand, by creating an era of neurasthenic, frigid, and puritanical wives, he made an institution of bawds and kept women; on the other hand, thanks to paternal despotism, public school mishandling, and religious threats of hellfire, he was often, himself, the prey of guilt-ridden lust, a sexual misfit, a frightened male virgin, a repressed homosexual, a fetishist, a fantasist, a flagellant. In the world of books alone, Swinburne, Ruskin, Carlyle, Pater, Edward Fitzgerald, Lewis Carroll, John Addington Symonds smack of the casebooks as well. Intellectually, the Victorian male also had the shakes, for behind the sanctities of family and society were disconcerting theories and ideas. From Mill, Arnold, George Eliot down, there was decided loss of faith; Bishop Colenso rejected biblical truth through finding it out of the question to feed so many in the Ark for so long. From the Victorian effort to feed so many in the home, by the 1870s contraception had left its mark on the census.

Emotion underwent change no less than thought. Dr. Arnold's public school reforms reshaped the public schoolboy, implanting in him the seeds of muscular Christianity and new conceptions of manliness. At schools where "hands, face and perhap neck" were washed daily, and feet "once a fortnight," what by all odds commanded the greatest attention was the stiffening of the upper lip. G. M. Young tells — of a not much earlier generation — how once, at a great country house, "when Tom Moore was singing, one by one the audience slipped away in sobs; finally, the poet himself broke down and the old Marquis was left alone." A very few decades later, Tennyson might as easily have written of "tears, shameful tears." The English, one of the most emotional of races — "the Elizabethans," Mr. Laver reminds us, "behaved like a lot of excitable Italians" — were being turned into one of the most stoical. Moreover, a school regimen which featured, for the body's welfare, cold baths and corporal punishment, judged display of intellect almost as unseemly as show of emotion.

The advance of science, the spread of literacy, the growth of a flourishing middle class made increasingly for higher education outside Oxford and Cambridge, and toward more specific and career-minded ends. London University and its successors trained men in medicine, law, engineering, education itself, creating a pattern for the future. (It was said that the classical curriculum long reigned at the Two Universities because they possessed hundreds of people who could teach

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Latin, Greek, and mathematics, and almost no one who could teach anything else.) Attitudes were changing, time was passing, although Victoria, to be sure, lingered on and was twice jubileed (at the Golden Jubilee, an undertaker was put in charge of decorating the Abbey, and decided to paint and varnish the 800-year-old Coronation Chair). But much that surrounded Victoria had vanished, and very un-Victorian things like Feminism had arrived; as had the bicycle; as had the American heiress; as had Aestheticism, Beardsley, Wilde, and the *Yellow Book;* and Imperialism, Kipling, Henley, and the Yellow Press; and at length, the Boer War, the birth of a new century, the death of the Queen. The Edwardian era which followed has an aura of chic elegance: on the great Continental trains, for example, everyone dressed for dinner. But there is evidence of inelegance, too; of a King with nouveaux-riches friends, a love of display, of publicity, of high living, of gormandizing, who breakfasted off poached eggs, bacon, haddock, chicken, and woodcock, ate a five-course lunch and a seven-course dinner, with midmorning snacks like lobster salad, and quail or a cutlet at midnight. It was an age of optimism indeed as to how long one's digestion, even with Marienbad, would hold out.

Yet with the feeling of progress so widespread, and the evidence of progress so great, a sanguine spirit was inevitable. Between 1815 and 1914 England fought no major war, and none closer to home than the Crimea or the Sudan. The long Victorian age might be unified in name only, and 1840 seem like 1900's antediluvian grandfather; but there was such confidence in the future that progress had been "reduced from an aspiration to a schedule." And how not, with all the tremendous activity and increment born of the Industrial Revolution, and all that had made ruling a far-flung Empire into the white man's guerdon? Greater Britain had reached its greatest height. Of the large political and economic forces of the era this book, by definition, does not treat. But though Mr. Laver fails to deal with it, surely on his own terms of manners, in his own world of human society, what must have counted most as "progress" proved most personal and near at hand — the sense of ever greater comfort and convenience. A fair while back Macaulay had exulted in the unsurpassable up-to-dateness of England; and unsurpassable up-to-dateness continued, movement accelerated, macadam spread, steel spanned wider, steam hissed louder. The age, while complicating man's thoughts on life, greatly eased his way of living; advanced from the train to the motorcar, the telegraph to the telephone, the electric light to the electric so-much-else; introduced modern plumbing, anesthesia, antitoxins, the penny post, the typewriter, the lift. Much of England remained parched, begrimed, unspeakable, but in bulk things did show progress, a little more milk or soap or sunlight; and there was an honest belief that next year must always be better than this one. There is a good deal more milk and soap and sunlight today, there is an inconceivable up-to-dateness — the pressure cooker symbolizes, indeed, how most men live; nuclear science constantly finds improved methods for how they can die. There is no great feeling, however, that next year must be better than this one; people are even called optimists for thinking it will be no worse.

FAT-LIPPED, YOU FORMLESS

BY KATHLEEN SPIVACK

Fat-lipped, you formless scavenging
creature, murgling polliwog
munching the algae in my aquarium,
who would believe those skinny legs,
half-formed, would do for a frog?

Some see in that sucking mouth
progress, others a cyclical
moon and a sloughing off.
Tail cloudy as aspic,
tadpole, we dredged you

out with a net from the
cemetery pond. And the seepage
in low spots, the hollows condensing,
brooding you, thick as a root:
is there reason?

Strange how the breeding
goes on in the swamps; fine-legged teeming
in muck and in coffins, weeds
swarming with such events, even
our moist coupling part of it:

all flesh, cookie dough,
melting, concocting.
Comma, how your large head
bulges, trying and
trying to become a frog!

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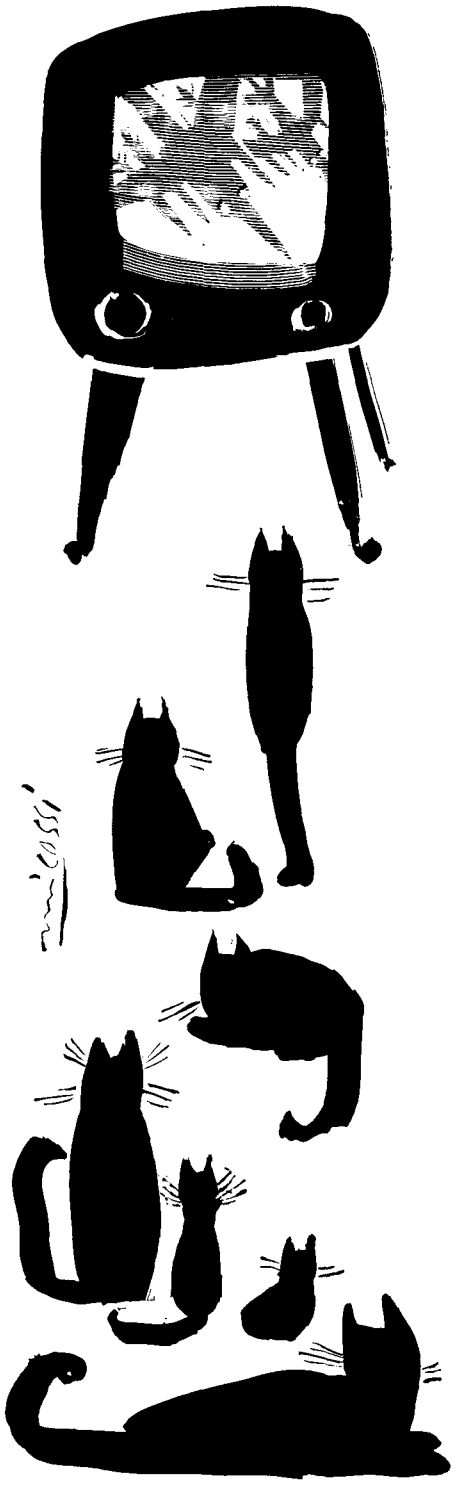
accent

This War Is Being Brought You by . . .

by Charles W. Morton



Titled *War in the Skies*, the one-hour TV "special" proved to be a documentary, following the fortunes of a fighter pilot from his Florida training base, across the Pacific, on missions against the Viet Cong, and through his return to the front from a Rest and Recreation outing with his wife in Hawaii.

The "special" was commercially sponsored, and it was no great jar at the beginning to be told that *War in the Skies* was being brought to us by the B. F. Goodrich Company. Before we bought another tire, so the initial commercial continued, we should consider "seven questions on the Tire-Calculator" with a view to consulting "the straight-talk" (these hyphens are mine) "tire-people."

Accomplishments of the Air Force personnel, and the risks to which they were exposed, were impressive, but the narration in the sequences that followed was embarrassingly insistent that we appreciate them fully. Refueling high above the mid-Pacific is an extraordinarily delicate operation, as the film showed only too plainly, but the scriptwriter felt it necessary to clinch the point: it calls, so the narrator proclaimed, for "precision, skill, and GUTS!" — this last being barked out in real parade-ground emphasis. Moments later, at the destination, the tempo is set by a switch on the old pseudo-religious cliché when the new arrivals are warned, "Never forget, if you wanta stay alive, that somebody out there doesn't like you." This was followed by glimpses of German shepherd dogs snarling and straining at the leash, in search, presumably, of a somebody.

Grimness of the manhunt was relieved abruptly by the reminder that *War in the Skies* was being brought to us by B. F. Goodrich, a company noted for "innovations in footwear." A work shoe with a new kind of toe was being introduced; also — with bouncy music backing up the jovial announcement — "all kinds of fashion-footwear" (that hyphen again!) "we make just for the fun of it. All from B. F. Goodrich, a company known for being pretty fast on its feet." With equal abruptness we returned to the war, where a tactical explanation was going on: "We dig out the individual Viet Cong, track him, kill him." It was important for Air Control to know "what kind of bombs will do the best job v there are no friendly troops w 1000 meters." More tactical siderations were interrupted f next message from Goodrich this one, in the form of an an cartoon, was a far cry indeed lethal matters. It was in fa comedy of sorts: an ill-informed, fused little man — on "Tire-Bu Day" — is in a fine old flap a what to buy until the "Tire-V Calculator" leads him to "E Goodrich, the straight-talk tire ple." (You may hyphenate at Gridley.)

Back at war once again, we the Air Force men waiting, ter for news of a pilot who has f to return from a mission. It spires that he has been rescued. and the men of the 31st much to be thankful for." A cl scene ensues, with a prayer a view of the men singing a h and next we are shown "the h less" — old people and small dren, Vietnamese. Of them, a Americans give them food and presents, the narration obse "They'll remember these stra as their friends."

A call from the infantry fo support brought more flying ity, with a series of shots of g fighting and air strikes and an message from B. F. Goodrich: ery minute of every day an airp lands on B. F. Goodrich tires. Wherever you find aviation pro being made, you find B. F. G rich." There was still the R. interval to be seen and one ulti commercial about "a name spells quality for industry, tion . . ." before the end of might have been titled *The L Sixty Minutes*.

At best one would like to as that the words and scenes of *W the Skies* simply put themselve gether for TV without human d tion or assistance. I incline to d that the men who made the com cials did so in any awareness o context in which they would be Neither do I believe that the Force participants in the prog were informed of the narration the advertising that came to pur ate the films of their assignme Vietnam. But if anyone wis come forward and claim resp bility for bringing these two elem together, I should be glad to him a credit line.

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Seeds of Wit
R. G. G. Price

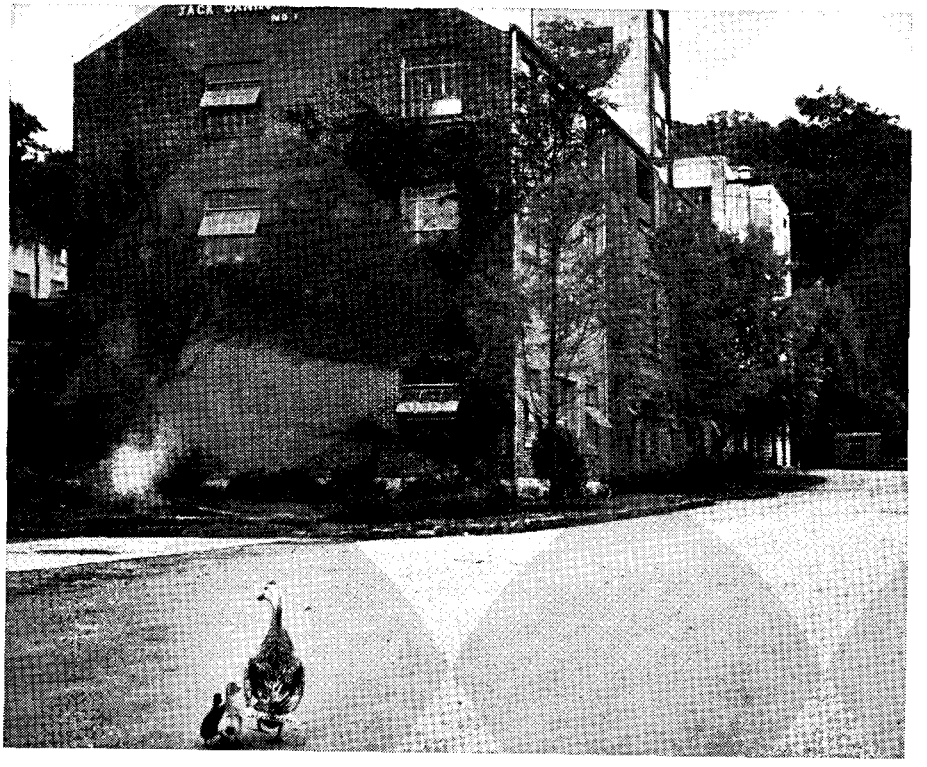
. Price is a critic and reviewer who gularly for PUNCH *and contributes the* ATLANTIC.

ıese days, mood isn't a matter ɔw you feel when you wake up e morning but of what drug you taken. Are you tranquil, fever-hallucinated, or happy in the f that you are surrounded by ıtic pink mushrooms, timeless, :less, and a credit to your dope lier? Tell me your state of , and I'll tell you what the last ıle you took was.

ɔw that man is no longer at the y of his mind's lack of sense of ion, you would think that never d the world's dinner tables have l such brilliant talk. The great ɔf the past may sometimes have an off day. Charles II and r Wilde and Alexander Woollɪnd and Jean Cocteau must some- have groaned as they forced eyes open past a hangover and mbered they were likely to be e presence of biographers that Today they would simply ıut a pharmaceutical routine ould bring them to their verbal at the right moment.

the past, the only aid available lcohol, and this is not an infal- producer of wit, only of not g whether you are witty or not. ı blunt kind of stimulant com- with the amphetamines. It een known to change a speakıood in mid-anecdote, turning from an infectiously merry der of human frailty into an ssively suspicious observer of udience's laughter. The fact ome of the tremendous repartee ı has come down to us now so flat shows the extent of olic influence on judgment. We it cold; they heard it through ıg fumes.

Johnson, who never said a thing without making sure that ell or a stand-in was near, did of his public performances on r even cold water. He drank only in private, and eventually ve even that up. At least that legend. Remembering his ging conversational energy, ental vitality, his ability to be iously apt however unpromis- he lead makes me doubt it.



JACK DANIEL'S DUCKS have found a quiet home in the Hollow. Every so often we see signs that they intend to stay.

The good supply of grain and water they've found in the Hollow keeps our ducks well-fed. They've also gotten used to our way of life. You see, we're still making whiskey the way Jack Daniel did. And that calls for Charcoal Mellowing, a process that takes too much time and patience for much bustling around. Things are so comfortable for them, we're not surprised our duck population is increasing.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

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Is this any way to treat your children's playground?

Litter doesn't throw itself away; litter doesn't just happen. People cause it—and only people can prevent it. "People" means you.

Keep America Beautiful.

My guess is that he took some kind of primitive booster. This would explain the vehemence of his talk, its unflagging pointedness and the peculiar twitches that accompanied it. Although he had only a small income and not much room in his home, he provided accommodation for Mr. Robert Levet, Practitioner of Physic. This has always been taken as evidence of the simple, Christian kindness that underlay his bullying manner; but I suspect that Levet's real job was compounding early versions of the benzedrine capsule. While the Grand Cham was flipping through his folios to find some impressive, knockdown quotations for the evening's melee at The Club, pestle was grinding in mortar. Probably the prescription was increased in strength when some formidable debating opponent like Burke was expected.

Coleridge was one of the most grimly indefatigable talkers on record, and he was also an opium-eater. Perhaps he taught himself to talk in his sleep. On and on, the improvised metaphysics rolled, and he was too far gone to notice the audience were no longer alertly with him. It is only charitable to hope that they were opium-eaters too. Probably if he had changed over to stimulants acting on the central nervous system, his Thought, instead of being cloudy and Teutonic, would have become brisk. He would have snapped out solutions to the traditional problems of Knowing and Being. His poetry would have showed the change as well. Instead of dreamlike evocations of an imaginary Middle Ages, it would have been pulsing with action, more like Robert Service's.

In the nineteenth century, now more remote to us than Thule or Cathay, many conversationalists reached their peak at breakfast. It was a witty meal, terribly, terribly witty, not, like the modern breakfast, dedicated to getting children to school on time and worrying about catching trains and listening to cereals. Poets and politicians met for a leisurely exchange of epigrams over a menu that might give quite minor billing to such substantial items as pigeon. To us it seems incredible that immediately on dragging themselves out of bed, our ancestors were ready to bandy witticisms and even to improvise theories of versification and to quote trade statistics. The only explanation is that many more of them were opium-eaters than the press revealed and that to rouse them in the morning, their servants gave them antisoporific drugs. In those days dosage in the pharmaceutical world was rough and ready, like quantities in cooking. "Cover a coin with the grey powder," read the instructions, or "Heap up the crystals in a spoon." Overdosed, the leaders of fashionable society leapt from their couches in a fever of loquacity.

When an earlier writer in these pages reported the conversation at the "Breakfast-Table," he devoted very little attention to the food, remarking of peaches, for instance, that they were "a rare vegetable little known to boarding-houses," but on the whole ignoring what the audience ate. If the food was poor, one can see that a certain lightheaded effervescence might have been the result of starvation. On the other hand, Holmes was a doctor and might easily have pepped himself up and damped his hearers down.

In the World Cup Association football tournament, two players in each team from the fifty countries taking part got a dope test after every game. If this system had been followed among the Pericles set, in the salons of the witty mistresses of

French kings, in Whistler's studio, or around that table at the Algonquin, I suspect some of the gloss would have been rubbed off. What was thoughtlessly taken by onlookers as nature would have turned out to be due to art, or at any rate craft. One has learned to think of the world's great improvisers as always at it, always ready with a flow of paradox and anecdote and trope when the neighbors dropped by. If my theory has any basis, and I hardly like to claim that much for it, the mechanism was revved up to a schedule. The man who was

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)ing to hold the table at Holland ouse or at Mrs. Astor's had to be ıreful not to arrive too soon or ay too late if he was to get the aximum effect from the stuff he '. Call on him at, say, half . three on a Sunday afternoon, ıd you would be lucky to get a hash of a story someone else had ld the night before. Lackluster the nversation would have tended be.

Of course, it is not only in the enzied centers of the world's great ties that talk is memorable and corded. Rustic philosophers, like ırk-bench millionaires, have gone ıt of fashion; but they once acunted for a good slice of the erage dictionary of wit. Their owess was, of course, due to arrying rustic maidens with a und knowledge of herbs. While ey were keeping an eye open for angers in the hamlet, especially angers who looked like the press, e little woman was sleeping off a ght spent gathering simples under e light of the full moon.

With the development of the nge of drugs of which mescaline ıs the first to get into literary gos-) and LSD is already fairly *e jeu*, dinner party audiences will . they are having fun whoever e guest of honor may be. These e drugs capable of making some- dy planted for an evening next to John Foster Dulles feel he was enying an experience comparable th listening to Talleyrand, Will ogers, and Madame du Deffand nultaneously.

In conclusion, may I point out at much the oddest of the world's eat talkers was Socrates: he held ; hearers spellbound, with such pics as the immortality of the soul, *hemlock.*

he Late Late Lovers

Enrique Hank Lopez

rique Hank Lopez lives in Mexico City, ere he has a private international law prac- and is co-editor of DIALOGOS, *a Mexican rary journal.*

At the risk of offending the thouands who stubbornly insist that in Americans can be taught to be ponsible and punctual human begs, I am pained to inform them at they face an impossible task. long as my fellow latinos read, write, and speak Spanish, no amount of Anglo-Saxon pressure or proselytizing will make them arrive on time or do the things they promise to do.

It's high time for us to face the cold, hard truth: Spanish is a totally nonresponsible and nonpunctual language, and anyone who is happily born to the language has every good excuse to shrug aside the burdens of responsible on-time behavior.

As any linguist shall quickly realize, the grammar and syntax of the *madre lengua* make it possible and almost mandatory for my *paisanos* to miss appointments and otherwise "foul up the works" without feeling the slightest nibble of guilt. And the prime reason for this no-guilt attitude is the Spanish grammatical form which I choose to call the "exculpatory reflexive." Thus, whenever a Mexican or any other latino arrives two hours late, he merely says, "*Se me hizo tarde*," and he is off the hook. In other words, he simply observes (not *explains*, mind you) that "it go late for me," *it* being some ubiquitous power that has forced him to be tardy. There is no way for him to say "*I* was late" in acceptable Spanish — no possible way for him to assume personal blame. His linguistic dodge is the reflexive, the exculpatory reflexive, that assigns blame to some vague, never-identified "it" which any latino accepts without question. In fact, it's bad form to demand any further explanation.

Anglo-Saxons, on the other hand, are unfortunately driven to an almost neurotic punctuality by a Puritan syntax fraught with semantic blame and self-flagellation. The poor "I" takes a hell of a beating (I was late, I busted my watch, I missed the bus, I had a flat — an interminable assault on the personal guilty "I"), whereas the Hispanic "it" floats merrily along in a cloud of nonguilt and unassailability.

But aside from excusing the most inexcusable tardiness, the "exculpatory reflexive" relieves the happy Latin from guilt and responsibility in all kinds of circumstances. If a child drops a bottle of milk, he simply says, "*Se me cayó*" — "It fell from me." If he loses his sweater in the school yard: "*Se me perdió*" — "It got lost from me." And if you don't think latinos take advantage of this grammatical windfall, just ask any American businessman how easy it is to get things done "on time and according to specifications" when he does business in Latin America.

Unfortunately, most of these Americans get angry and petulant when faced with the Latin's notorious nonresponsibility, and they actually believe "these Mexicans just don't give a damn," that they are deliberately late and inefficient. They are badly mistaken. Mexicans do

give a damn, and they try very hard to do things right and in "the American way." But they simply cannot overcome their insidious Spanish syntax, which quickly negates even the slightest sense of responsibility.

Needless to say, someone is sure to accuse me of racist stereotyping, and will buttress his outrage by insisting he knows many Mexicans who are as punctual as any gringo. He will even offer to name names if necessary. And in the latter respect, he would be dead right: there are indeed many Mexicans who are extremely punctual and undeniably responsible. But any fool can plainly see that such latinos are neurotically punctual, that their gringo sense of responsibility is in utter conflict with their grammatical environment. Surely they must be thinking in English (and twitching in Spanish) when they arrive for dinner on the dot or keep their office files in apple-pie order. In fact, there are increasing symptoms of this punctuality-cum-responsibility syndrome in Mexico, much to the deep distress of certain Mexican psychiatrists who are now predicting the end of our two-hour lunches, which used to begin promptly at two or three or four o'clock. Comes the day when Mexicans start eating lunch at the barbaric hour of twelve noon, and we shall sadly witness a mass of blinking, stuttering quasi-human beings who are thinking in English but speaking a pallid Spanish that has lost all of its guilt-ridding magic.

One mentions the prospective horror of this lunch-hour change because it *is* a theoretical possibility; but it is most unlikely to happen in

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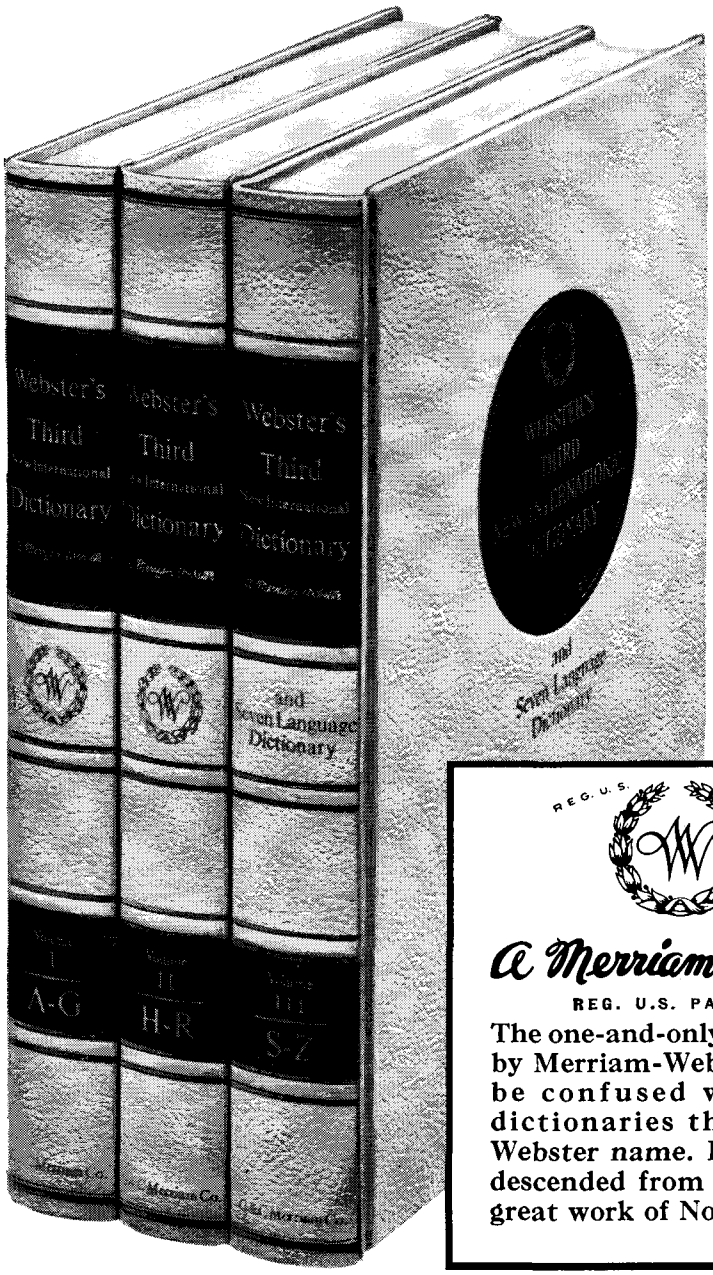

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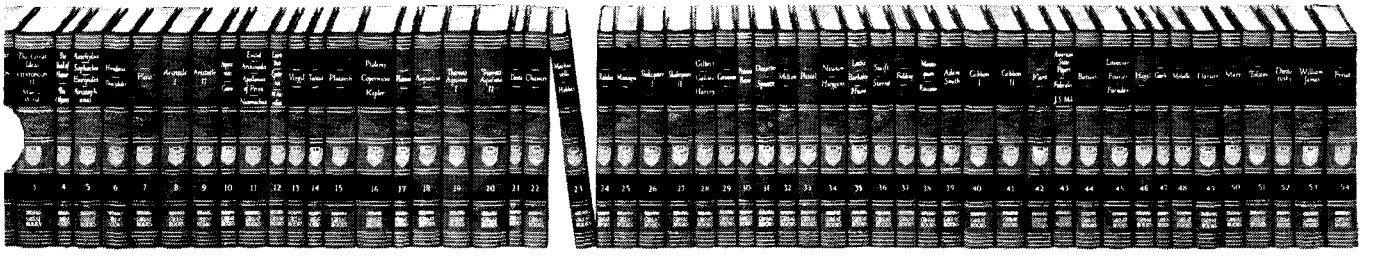

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this century, for the grammar and syntax of a language are its most durable elements. Vocabularies, on the other hand, are far more fickle and subject to alien seduction. In Mexico City, for example, the Italian *ciao* has virtually replaced *adiós* among college students, and even the least traveled bootblack will say OK instead of its Spanish equivalent. Sporting terms are sometimes totally American, in spite of a certain chauvinistic tendency to spell them in Spanish. Hence, one hears about Willie Mays *bateando* four *honrons* or else *cachando* a long *flai* in the *feel del centro*, all of which takes place at the *parque de beisbol*.

Proximity to the United States, predictably enough, beguiles the Mexican vocabulary into an almost whorish capitulation. Along the border both languages, English and Spanish, engage in an outlandish philological miscegenation called *pocho*, or Tex-Mex, which President Lyndon Johnson learned to speak in his childhood. (*Nos vemos en el* corner *del* drugstore *donde Juana esta* working *con aquella* redhead); but you will note that the Spanish syntax remains as stiff-backed and unyielding as an old maid from Sevilla.

When one pauses to consider the true nature of this verbal hanky-panky along the Rio Grande, one suddenly realizes that it isn't hanky-panky after all, that it's really an ill-disguised guerrilla war between two languages. And thus far those Texas Yankees like Lyndon Johnson have gotten the upper hand in that no-man's-land known as *pocho*. However, the battle has only reached the vocabulary level, and no objective linguist would deny that the English vocabulary is tough, resourceful, and aggressive. But it would be foolish to assume that the Spanish syntax and grammar can be as easily overwhelmed as its vulnerable vocabulary

Bear in mind that Mexicans — indeed, all latinos — have a heavily vested interest in protecting linguistic norms that free them from all guilt and responsibility. The exculpatory reflexive is their last, most powerful defense against the insidious fallout of punctuality — and they will use that fine weapon with relentless courage and determination. Their principal danger is that they will arrive at the barricades too late. *Se me hizo tarde.*

The Permanent Resident

by Carol Barsi

Carol Barsi lives with her husband and three children in La Mesa, California, and is a part-time student at San Diego State College. This is her first appearance in the ATLANTIC.

The little boy who had caught the bluegill in a murky, oil-skinned pond and had fed and tended it in a brandy snifter for several years was finally given a new aquarium for his pet. But the oxygenated life in the new filtered, lighted, lidded tank proved unbearable, and after a few days the fish floated to the surface decidedly and depressingly dead. The boy was taken fishing to help him forget the burial, but then the tide went out at Mission Bay, so he and his family were left poking about in the shallows. They brought buckets and jugs of seawater home with them, and each of the three children carried a dixie cup: one held a pair of irascible crabs and another housed some snails and the third held five flashing little opaleyes. At the bottom of the bucket were three crusty-looking rocks, which the boy had added, and onto one of these was apparently welded a small fist-sized blob of squishy grayness.

After the sand had settled and the seawater had cleared in the almost new aquarium on the bookcase, the fish and the crabs were released and the light was turned on and everyone stood around saying, "Ooooh" and "How pretty!" and "Aaaah." The little fish switched through the air bubbles, and tiny fan-topped tubes emerged from barnacles on the rocks. Then from the middle of the squishy gray blob a tiny fingerlike thing extended and waved about in the water. Another half-inch-long tentacle came out beside the first and then others as the hunched-in shoulders of the blob unfolded, the rim rolling back from the center to reveal a thick ruff of short tentacles surrounding a broad flat disk. "It's an anemone," someone said. "It' blooming," the little boy announce as he pushed close to the glass.

The short stump which had bee the base of the blob stretched i ward as the disk kept expand and the crabs buried themselves their eyestalks in the sand betwee the rocks while snails oozed up th glass walls and the five opaleye swam in formation, turning tigh corners and darting at invisible The tentacles fringing the four-inc disk waved and stretched at othe invisibles.

At the center of the disk was white figure T, almost an inch lon at times, formed by what looked t be three purple lips. Radiating ou from the T were two dozen luminou green bands, narrow at the mout but widening to pencil thickne at the rim, where the tentacl emerged. As many as ten shor thin, stretchy, fingerlike projectio grew around the end of each ban but it was impossible to keep cou because of the lengthening an shortening of the tentacles, each which was a pale fawn color with pinkish-brown tip, much like th tails of some Siamese cats. At th moment the outer edge of the d had become thick and fleshy, and anemone resembled a large mus room.

The father went to the refrigerat for anemone food and found son raw liver. He pushed through th crowd around the tank and droppe a piece in under the raised lid. A opaleye streaked in underneath ar swept it off to the corner behind th filter, with the four other opaley behind him. The next bit drift very slowly beyond reach of the te tacles as the disk curled out, bowi on the stalk. A speckled crab hustl across the sand and dragged th meat under the anemone's roc The little boy took the next pie because his hands were deft in tig places, and he held his breath as h lowered the scrap to within an inc of what his older brother kept sayi were "deadly stinging tentacles The meat floated down that last inc and touched one of the green ban halfway to the center of the dis The T broke open, and one of th purple lips split, forming two lo stretchable sides of a slanting V. rippling motion beneath the pie of food moved it with barely pe ceptible nudges and shoves until neared the cavity. Then it w

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jostled and shouldered into the V-shaped chute, and the purple lips closed over it, pressing the food firmly down inside.

The stalk began to shorten, telescoping into itself, and this jammed the pinpoint projections along its surface so close together that it seemed made of cream-colored plush. So slow and smooth were the movements that the stalk had cinched in its middle like an hourglass and no one had seen it happen. "It's swallowing now," the little boy said, and his sister made a gulping sound for emphasis. The rim just under the tentacles curled slightly upward, showing a bracelet of white dots ringing the whole bloom. Then the disk reshaped itself into an oval, with one side tilting high and then curling down over its face, and slowly the whole thing swung away from the family and leaned against the side wall of the tank.

"Anemones don't like this much light," the older brother said, and the sister remarked that the thing didn't have any eyes as far as *she* could see. The light was turned off, and the anemone hunched itself up like a hole being pulled in after itself and was again in the position in which the little boy had first found it. The mother said that this was the signal for bedtime, but the older brother said that it was only because the tide was out again at Mission Bay.

Miles away the Mission Bay tides seemed to affect the openings and closings of the anemone until it had adapted to the rhythms of the new environment and the new diet of raw meats, chicken, and fish. A mark was scratched on the frame of the tank, and when the surface of the water fell below this mark, distilled water was poured in until the level rose to the scratched place. Distilled water was all that was needed, for none of the salts had evaporated.

The crabs in the tank kept scrambling out through a crack in the lid, and one evening the larger one was stopped halfway across the kitchen floor. When it was returned, it waggled and kicked in the water until the filter current took it down within reach of the stinging fringe. The crab stiffened and lay still, and although it was rescued immediately and seemed able to crawl to safety, it lived only a few hours more. "Deadly stinging tentacles," the little boy said, with a wise tight-lipped look.

This choice location directly in the path of the current was a new one to which the anemone had moved shortly after its arrival in the tank. It had traveled with that slow, almost imperceptible, movement of the base of its trunk. For an anemone it had been racing — it left the old rock and crossed over sand and gravel to another stone, three inches away and ninety minutes later.

The anemone continued to survive and flourish with the tenacity of the old bluegill, and each day added a little to the triumph, for the rate of attrition connected with rescued fledglings, tailless lizards, and dime-store goldfish had been great and disturbing. And then one evening the boy made his routine suppertime check. He turned away to give the cat (his brother's tenacious old pet) a sullen kick. The mother quickly looked into the water and saw that the anemone had turned itself inside out. It had spread its lips wide around the central cavity and continued spreading its mouth open as the boy watched. The rim, along with the green bands, had curled down, embracing the stump, and the curling and outfolding went on until even the lining of the cavity seemed to curl out and flow onto the rock below. The sister looked in and made one of her expressive noises. This one was "Awk!", and the boy who knew his pet had died hid the book his sister had been reading and then sat down to supper and immediately spilled a glass of milk.

The father was mopping up milk with paper napkins when he looked over at the aquarium and saw the anemone sucking its stomach back inside the cavity and curling its tentacles up around the rim. The disk bloomed on the stalk once more, and the little brother fed the cat under the table and fetched more milk without being asked.

It was the sister who supplied them with the clinical details and the older brother who scoffed at the anemone's "brush with death." He insisted it was only a housecleaning, and he cited chapter, book, and verse from some library book to prove it; then he went on to overwhelm them with the details of anemone reproduction, including the growing of little ones from cast-off bits of the base or even by splitting down the middle to form a pair. The little boy figured the cost of further tanks and air pumps and heard with an almost skeptical hope that anemones were nearly indestructible. His brother explained that there was a museum in Scotland which had housed a group of anemones for thirty years, and before the museum got them they had been kept by some old lady for thirty years.

He had now found the practically perfect house pet, he thought, as he pushed a tiny piece of lean lamb chop to one side of his plate for the anemone's supper. Across the room the motionless disk was feeling the current with a single moving tentacle, as if the atoms of lamb aroma had entered the intake valve of the air pump and moved through the filter into the water.

Popcorn

by Daniel J. Langton

We have moved too much, traveled too much,
My head is a hive of old numbers,
JUniper seven something something seven something,
The stocking caught on the phone,
The desperate one by one of the lies.

GArfield something, 9 0 2 3.
KLondike 5, whazzit whazzit ten.
Your phone spelled D A N G E R S,
Your phone spelled K L A A X X I,
Your phone spelled love once,
Something something once.

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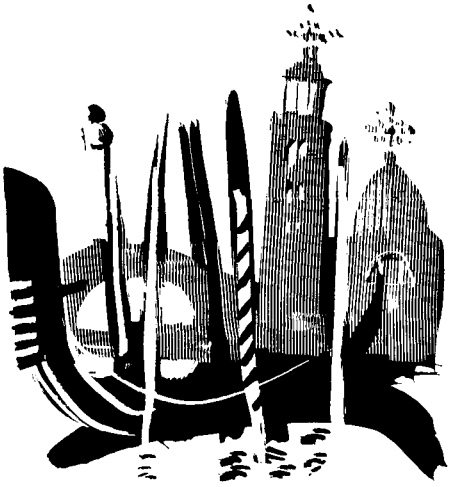
places

Shoprite Tours

by Robert Lasson and David Eynon



(Scene: Travel agent's office. Husband and wife are standing at counter as agent examines a sheet of paper.)

AGENT: I've got your itinerary all worked out, except for a few little details that we'll go over right now. You folks want a divorce? (*Husband and wife shake heads in amazement.*) In that case, we'll scratch Mexico. That means you start in England on the twenty-seventh, where you pick up your hundred-and-twenty-four-piece set of Spode china and your bagpipes. You've only got an hour between connections.

WIFE: Won't we see the Changing of the Guard?

AGENT: Sorry, that's when you'll be at the National Health Service Dental Clinic getting your teeth fixed. It's free, you know, even for tourists — and an exclusive with Shoprite Tours, I might add.

HUSBAND: But the Guard —

AGENT: You'll see them on your slides. Now, on the twenty-eighth you get the night boat to Amsterdam for your full day in Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg. That gives you the wooden shoes, a lace tablecloth (*with* matching doilies), and the re-enactment of the Battle of the Bulge by Hungarian Boy Scouts.

WIFE: Couldn't I get some Delft in Holland? My mother had —

AGENT: *Delft?* In *Holland?* At those prices? You must be kidding! You pick up your Delft in . . . let's see now . . . yes, in Hong Kong.

WIFE (*wistfully*): Delft should come from Holland.

AGENT: It does. These are guaranteed imported Dutch seconds — the blue is a little pinkish, but that's why you get a forty-five percent discount.

WIFE: My mother's Delft didn't come from Hong Kong.

AGENT: Look, folks, if you want to throw your money around like drunken sailors, you might just as well stay —

HUSBAND: I thought Hong Kong was the suits.

AGENT: The *fitting* for the suits is Hong Kong. You pick up the finished suits in Calcutta on the eighth.

WIFE: What about our car?

AGENT: Right. You wanted a red VW convertible. It'll be ready in Wolfsburg, Germany, on the third. You'll arrive at noon, the car comes off the line at four forty. Meanwhile, you can visit the famous Schlepperdinck wine cellars — or you can work on the assembly line until five. Their rate is a dollar seventy-nine an hour, and you might be able to slip a few extras onto yo own car. Of course you're on tin. and-a-half after five.

WIFE: I thought this was going to be a second honeymoon.

AGENT: All right. How about the bridal suite at Fensterlos Castle? Hot and cold running Rhine wine, seven full minutes of Gypsy fiddling, check-out time five thirty — an additional eleven dollars. (*Wife and husband look at each other, shake their heads.*) No? In that case, you'll be ready to roll in the Volks at five ten. You hit the autobahn at approximately six fifteen. You'll clear the Brenner Pass and will be in Florence picking up your three leather wallets, your monogrammed jewel box, and your matching end tables just as the sun climbs over the Apennines. That's a memory you'll always treasure, folks. Then on to Rome and the Vatican for a five-minute private personal audience with that great religious figure — Charlton Heston — followed by a tarantella lesson with Marcello Mastroianni.

WIFE: But how about Venice The canals, the gondolas —

AGENT: Venice is sinking! Besides, it's in your slides. Now. While your Volkswagen is being ferried across the Adriatic to Belgrade, *you'll* be on the plane to Hong Kong for that fitting. Waiting for you is a complete Chinese dinner with — get this! — *three* from Column A and *four* from Column B. And for an additional five dollars, you can create an international incident.

WIFE: Our car's going to Belgrade?

HUSBAND: What's Belgrade?

AGENT: What's Belgrade? Only one of the oldest and most exciting cities in Middle Europe. A veritable crossroads of the Ottoman and European cultures. The last outpost of the Rudnik Mountains. You'll find the world's greatest collection of ancient Serbian manuscripts in the National Library . . . a magnificent equestrian statue of Crown Prince Michael. From the twelfth century, Belgrade was the key cit of Hungary and Serbia, giving con mand of the upper and lower Danube. Belgrade is glamour! Belgrade is culture! Belgrade is living

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history! Belgrade is where we sell your Volkswagen at a twenty-eight percent profit.

HUSBAND AND WIFE: Belgrade?

AGENT: Meanwhile, you're snug on an Air Borneo three-engine jet headed for Calcutta — two hours ahead of your suits. In Calcutta you'll join genuine native students as they stone a foreign embassy of *your* choice. And that same evening, you pick up your Hong Kong suits.

WIFE: You've forgotten our watches.

AGENT (*with derisive snort*): Please, madam. Your four A.M. flight out of Calcutta lands you in Geneva right at the watch factory. Your "his and hers" Yogi Bear watches will be waiting. And by a fortunate coincidence, you folks are going to be the millionth couple to come to Switzerland just to buy a watch — that month. There'll be a brass band, a speech by the burgomaster, and, to preserve this magic moment forever, two life-size statues of you and the missus in Swiss cheese.

HUSBAND: What are we going to do with two statues of Swiss cheese? I don't even like —

AGENT: The burgomaster will take them off your hands at twenty-nine cents a pound. You'll never miss the money.

HUSBAND: You mean *we* pay *him?*

AGENT: That's a lot cheaper than paying excess baggage on three hundred pounds of Swiss cheese.

WIFE: Couldn't we *give* them away?

AGENT: Not in Switzerland you couldn't, lady.

HUSBAND: How about the Matterhorn? I wanted to see it —

AGENT: It's in your slides: two hundred and forty genuine color-slides showing all those wonderful places you've always wanted to see. We throw in two double exposures and six out of focus so your friends won't think you're the sort of tourists who just go places and buy professional slides.

HUSBAND: If we're going to Hong Kong, Calcutta, and all, shouldn't we see a doctor for special shots?

AGENT: I'm glad you asked. Part of our package plan, which we handle more economically than any doctor (*reaches under counter, brings out a hypodermic needle, which he holds up and clears of air*), is a complete set of inoculations against yellow fever, typhoid, bubonic plague, typhus, the Aztec two-step, Calcutta tummy, Bombay itch, Swiss gout . . .

Bergamot Country

by Leslie Gardiner

Most of the world's manufactured perfumes and toilet waters depend for their base oils on eleven square miles of fruit gardens fringing the extreme tip of Italy's toe, at Reggio in Calabria. In that one charmed spot the bergamot orange, most delicate of citrus plants, thrives. It demands a clay chalk alluvial soil, frequent irrigation, and strong sunlight. A high wind or a rain shower can be fatal to the flowering tree, and so can sea mist — although the bergamot loves sea air. It will not survive outside a 39 degree to 114 degree Fahrenheit range, or where temperatures fluctuate. Satisfy all these requirements and still the plant takes ill and dies — everywhere but at Reggio. From the Ivory Coast, where the French are currently experimenting, to Formosa, where Japanese arboriculturists have been trying to grow it for years, no bergamot has ever flourished.

The fruit is of mysterious origin and suspect genealogy: a hybrid (something like orange crossed with lime, to the layman's eye) which came from nowhere and whose parentage cannot be determined; a mongrel intruder which was growing wild in the Reggio orchards no earlier than 1660. (Citrons were known to the Romans, the lemon appeared in Italy in the seventh century, the bitter orange in the tenth, and the sweet orange in the fourteenth.) Until the powerful odor of its rind attracted perfumers' attention, it was a useless freak.

In the eighteenth century *acqua admirabilis* was all the rage: a toilet water which, marketed under the name of eau de cologne, from the city in which it was prepared, vanquished all competitors and never looked back. Its inventor had tak bergamot essence for his base. It h for the perfumers of the Pompado and Du Barry era the magical pro erty of combining smoothly wi other "essential oils"; of, as a Fr chemist admitted, "bringing ou best in them and imparting to the an indefinable sweetness and e quisite freshness."

Peasant farmers of Reggio, und stimulus of international deman began replacing their orange a lemon orchards with groves of b gamot. The industry has expand ever since, but it is still small, quai and untidy. From fifteen *azie* (family concerns) and one collecti farm, all in and near Reggio, con all the world's bergamot essen over 200 tons a year.

The *aziende* diminish, but t acreage remains the same and p duction rises. Niccolo Cassar members a time fifty years ago wh the bergamot country was sprinkl with sixty tiny peasant holdings l his own. He and his family (wi two sons, their wives, and a grar child) harvest their fruit in Octob unripened but ready for pressi These days they earn a few lire fr the citric acid in the pulp — it us to be thrown away. The essence stuff that matters, is extracted f the peel by the girls, who squee out the beads of moisture agains sponge with their tough, gri hands. In six hours an experienc presser gets through two hundr pounds of bergamots, and colle half a pint of essence.

A seesaw economy (prices goi down as production goes up), a the temperamental disinclination Calabrians to learn new tricks, count for the survival of a cru wasteful, and laborious system. B coaxed by forecasts of big perfum demands and new chemical uses bergamot, some old-fashioned *azie* have recently taken their first halt steps toward automation. They e ploy a clumsy machine called *c brese*, the "Calabrian," in which whole fruit is rolled between serra disks while the essence trickles, d by drop, through a woolen filter sack into a cup. The *calabrese* de with a hundred pounds of fruit hour, and yields two pints of esse every day; but it must be set for ferent sizes of fruit, fed and emp and cleaned by hand. It is easy install at modest cost, simple to erate, suited to the characteri

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small-time businesses of the bergamot country, and as modern as many a fruit farmer of Reggio wants.

Manpower becomes a problem in the depopulated south, Italy's poor- province. Most young Calabri- s dream only of earning enough to be able to emigrate to New York or Munich, and even the bergamot in- dustry needs more machinery to do the work of men. On go-ahead *aziende* within the past few years, the *pelatrice*, the "skinner," has ap- peared, automatically loading, grad- ing, and unloading the fruit and centrifugally separating the essential oil from the juice. One *pelatrice*, for output, equals ten *calabresi*, or fifty manual pressers. Thirty per- cent of all the bergamot essence last year was extracted by *pelatrice;* this year it may be near 50 percent; and five years hence, they say, every bergamot in Reggio will go through the new machinery. It improves quality and sets standards of purity and concentration which the tradi- tionalists with their sponges cannot match for long.

On the seafront road, which D'An- nunzio called "Italy's most beautiful kilometre" — a dead-straight boule- vard, in line with Mount Etna across the water, with the shim- mering Messina strait on one side and the white city of Reggio on the other — stands the control cen- ter for Italy's most fragrant in- dustry. It is a plain tenement-type building, with a brass plate on the door: *Stazione Sperimentale per l'In- dustria delle Essenze e dei Derivati Agrumari* (Experimental Station for the Essence and Fruit Derivatives Industry). Inside, white-overalled figures move quietly about. It might be an elegant small maternity home, where they use perfumed an- tiseptic. The waiting room is scat- tered with illustrated house journals of the fruit trades of many lands.

Professor Francesco La Face, dap- per, courteous, and scarcely middle- aged, station director and world au- thority on the bergamot, has a warm welcome for casual visitors — per- haps because he gets so few. He es- corts them through the laboratories upstairs, a small scientific United Nations, where Italian and foreign chemists (an Argentinian, a Japa- nese, and a Hungarian at a recent count) analyze oils from the wild herbs of Sicily, determine citral percentages in fruit juices (a Cana- dian government project), and eval- uate some of the aromatic essences of the region — some with flasks of lavender, sage, mint, and basil around them, others embowered in acacia, jonquil, orange blossom, and jasmine. On the research side, in the same small building, gas chroma- tography and spectrophotometry are opening up new areas of develop- ment in all the Mediterranean floral perfume industries.

The highly involved "aromatic complex" of bergamot is their special study. From a basket of superficially identical fruits, Professor La Face picks out examples of the three ber- gamot varieties: *melarosa* (slightly larger than average), *torulosa* (slight- ly smaller), and *communis* (medium- sized), which is the only type accep- table in the discriminating modern market. He distinguishes further be- tween *communis castagnaro* and *com- munis femminello* — the former mi- croscopically wrinkled and bulging, the latter smooth-skinned and spher- ical. *Femminello*, odorous and rich in essence (two qualities which rarely go together), is the most prized of bergamot strains, but hard- est to grow and the shortest lived.

La Face, the perfect connoisseur, sniffs the myriad tiny substances which, along with the usual acetates, make up a test tube of concentrate, and accurately reports the date on which the fruit was picked, its pre- cise geographical origin, and the method by which its essence was ex- tracted. Rind of fruit prematurely harvested yields oil with a distinc- tive "green" aroma; the discerning nostril detects an impaired bouquet and knows that the fruit has been bruised in gathering, or overscraped, or left too long in the machine.

The bergamot industry is a state monopoly — a world monopoly. By a law stricter than those applied to the production of quality wines, every ounce of essence must be de- posited in the Reggio warehouse of the Consorzio del Bergamotto, the branch of the Ministry of Commerce and Industry which supervises every stage of production, bottling, and marketing. Professor La Face ap- proves certain physical and chemi- cal standards, samples each con- signment, awards a certificate to the grower — *normale*, *mediocre*, or *de- teriorata* — and puts a market value on it. With the Consorzio's direcort he constitutes a two-man price- fixing committee, the Olfactory Commission, which can make in- centive payments to farmers who de- liver essence of a refined vintage character. This happens rarely; and laboratory synthesis, using the same combinations of ingredients and reproducing the same growing con- ditions, is never successful.

The Bergamot Consortium's big- gest customer is France, but the es- sence is shipped all over the world, even to Moscow and Peking. Export figures for 1966 are a record 260 tons — $3 million worth. The whole industry, based on cultivation meth- ods which look pathetically primi- tive today, faces a revolution to- morrow. Demonstration farms, ex- perimental plantations, and *centri di moltiplicazione* (propagating sta- tions) have begun to clamber up the precipitous slopes of Aspromonte, the "bitter mountain," in Reggio's suburbs. A day on the bergamot ter- races is not the only attraction of Calabria's provincial capital, a city where tourist attractions abound.

Soon the bergamot country may really prosper. A new factory farm north of Reggio will be capable, it is claimed, of handling 10,000 tons of fruit a year — and this is only the first of four which the Consorzio hopes to get working before 1971. There are moves to give Reggio its own perfume factory and fruit juice canning plant. (Nobody drinks ber- gamot orange at present, and the locally celebrated Southern Flower toilet water, bottled in the town, is a mere souvenir offering from the hospitable Calabrians to their visi- tors.) Fruit juice and eau de cologne are notoriously bracing commodi- ties, and they could refresh and re- invigorate no others so much as the *disoccupati*, the idle poor of southern Italy.

Epitaph: Ithaca

by Richard O'Connell

Odysseus lies here
by the rock-roar, the gull-scream:
Safe from the fury
of a home and a wife.

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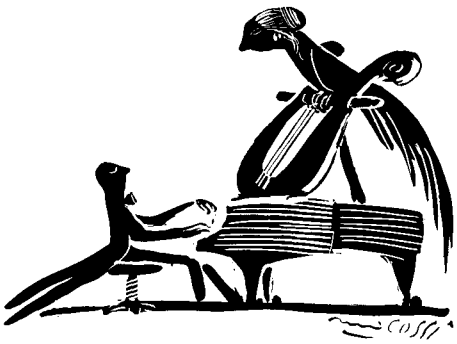

Record Reviews
by Herbert Kupferberg

Chaplin: A Countess From Hong Kong
Lambert Wilson conducting a Universal Pictures studio orchestra; Decca DL-71501 (stereo) and 1501
Most critics found Charlie Chaplin's *A Countess From Hong Kong* a sentimental and old-fashioned kind of movie, but the same qualities turn out to be strengths in this soundtrack recording. Mr. Chaplin is an old hand at composing, as he demonstrated as long ago as *Modern Times*, and his songs for the new picture turn out to be pleasingly tuneful and deftly turned. In fact, had the pictorial elements been up to the musical, the critics might not have been quite so grumpy about the *Countess*. The record album contains a picture album tracing a career worth reliving.

A Toscanini Treasury of Historic Broadcasts (Haydn: Symphony No. 99 in E-flat and Symphonie Concertante in B-flat, Opus 84; Leopold Mozart: Toy Symphony; Brahms: Serenade No. 2 in A, Opus 16, Song of the Fates, Opus 89, and Liebeslieder Waltzes, Opus 52; Sibelius: Symphony No. 2 and Pohjola's Daughter; Shostakovich: Symphony No. 1, Opus 10, and Symphony No. 7, Opus 60, "Leningrad")
Arturo Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-6711 (monaural only): five records
Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the extensive list above is that none of these recordings, made during the 1940s, has been previously released. All were taken from the archives of unreleased masters, gathered by the conductor's son Walter, and issued now in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of his birth. And a fabulous collection it is, from the quicksilvery Haydn No. 99 to the overwritten Shostakovich *Leningrad* Symphony. That two such dissimilar works could benefit equally from Toscanini's precise yet lyrical treatment provides still another attestation of his unique art. Virtually every other work in the album represents a similar revelation, despite the inevitably dated sound. Incidentally, the *Toy* Symphony is the one we all used to know as Haydn's until modern musicologists, after no doubt assiduous research, decided to ascribe it instead to Mozart's father, Leopold. Fortunately the change has in no wise affected its gusto. Toscanini, who died blissfully unaware it wasn't by Haydn, loved it too.

Genêt: The Balcony
Howard Sackler directing Pamela Brown, Patrick Magee, Cyril Cusack, and others; Caedmon TRS-316-S (stereo) and TRS-316: three records
Undeniably, the appeal of Jean Genêt's play *The Balcony* is largely visual, what with its all but naked pony girl, its slavish thief, and its other brothel denizens. A recording, no matter how graphic, cannot provide these elements, though Caedmon's handsome album does all it can through photographs of the various stage and film productions. Nevertheless, a good deal of the bizarrerie and fantasy of the drama comes through in this exciting production. Genêt's ideas of illusion and reality are also set forth in all the clarity an expert cast can muster, and if this is not sufficient, the printed text is provided to go along with the spoken words.

Beethoven: An die ferne Geliebte, Opus 98
Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, and Jörg Demus, piano; Deutsche Grammophon 139197 (stereo) and 19197
Beethoven's "To the Distant Beloved" is a minor achievement, but a thoroughly likable one — a set of six love songs that are melancholic in a very melodious sort of way. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau sings them without heaviness or pretentiousness, so that they emerge as rather touching if not very profound songs. Quite a few additional Beethoven songs are crowded onto the record, including the interminable and repetitive,

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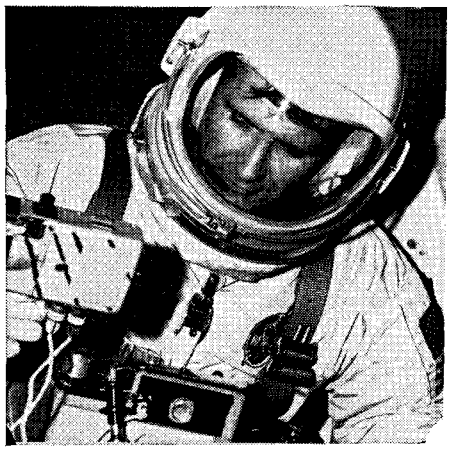

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though somehow quite agreeable, "Adelaide." As a songwriter Beethoven had his limitations, and this collection explores them pretty thoroughly.

Man for All Seasons (sound track)
Paul Scofield as Sir Thomas More, Wendy Hiller as Lady Alice, Leo McKern as Thomas Cromwell, Orson Welles as Cardinal Wolsey, and others; RCA Victor VDM-116 (monaural): two records

Robert Bolt's *A Man for All Seasons* is a work eminently worth preserving on records, and this movie sound track, which follows closely the original stage work, does the job admirably. The confrontation between Sir Thomas More and King Henry VIII over matters of conscience, legality, and religion is made to seem vivid and immediate; in fact, one senses not only the politics and intrigue of sixteenth-century England, but a feeling of the human drama and passions of the time. Even the pastoral setting of the movie comes through, with birds singing in the woods and oars splashing in the Thames as More is ferried to the King's palace at Hampton Court. And there are incidental passages that linger in the mind, such as More's words to an ambitious young man who is desperately trying to avoid a career in teaching. When he bitterly asks who would ever hear of him in such a profession, More quietly replies: "You — your pupils — your friends — God. Not a bad public, that."

Fiddler on the Roof (Sung in Yiddish)
Shmuel Rudenski and other members of the Israeli "original cast"; Columbia OS-3050 (stereo) and OL-6650

Fiddler on the Roof wasn't written in Yiddish, but it is eminently well suited to that language, which, after all, was the mother tongue of Tevye the dairyman and the other inhabitants of Anatevka. This recording was made in Israel, which seems to be making something of an industry of *Fiddler on the Roof*, since there also was a Hebrew-language "original cast" production not long ago. Shmuel Rudenski, the star of this show, creates a flavorsome and strong-voiced Tevye, but most of the other roles are done with more vigor than smoothness. There's no doubt, though, that this *Fiddler* sounds thoroughly at home.

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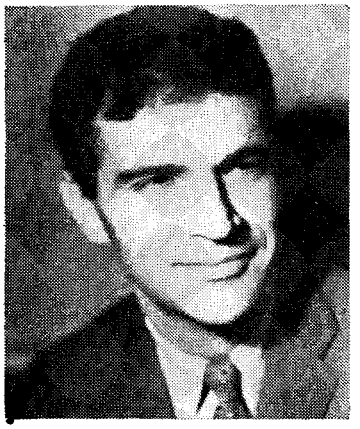

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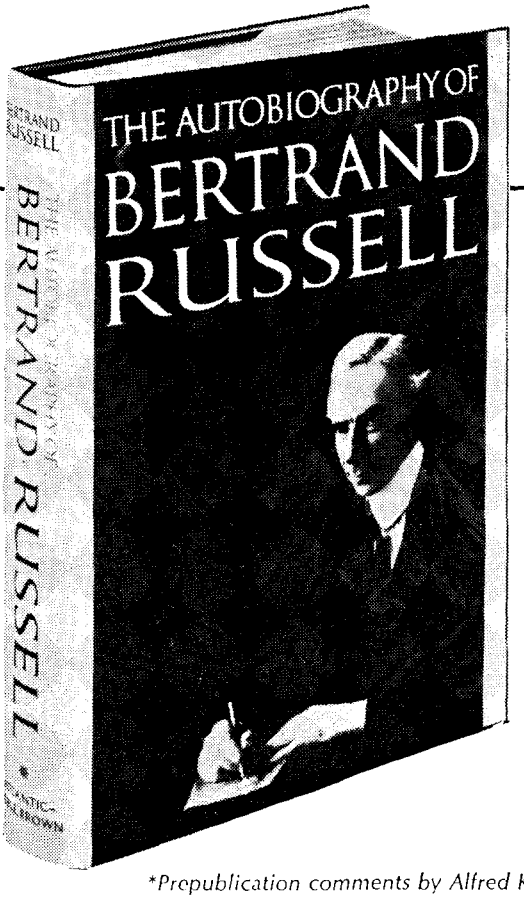

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books

The Peripatetic Reviewer
by Edward Weeks

With the staging of *Pal Joey* in 1940, music and lyrics by Rodgers and Hart, and book by John O'Hara, the musical theater on Broadway took a significant turn for the better; now for the first time the text, the music, and the lyrics became a carefully integrated, skillfully built up composition. Kurt Weill had much to do with this, for his *Threepenny Opera*, while it failed in its American production, showed how the songs could be used to advance the action rather than stop it. American composers listened to Kurt Weill and profited. Prior to *Pal Joey* the American musical comedy was a collection of turns and tunes any one of which could stop the show, as did Helen Morgan's in *Show Boat*, but only rarely did those songs add to the essentials of the story.

In his article "A Nice Gershwin Tune," which Leonard Bernstein published in the *Atlantic* in April, 1955, he made this distinction plain in what he said about Gershwin: "Each work got better," he wrote, "as he went on, because he was an intelligent man and a serious student, and he worked hard. But the *American in Paris* is again a study in tunes, all of them beautiful and all of them separate. He had by that time discovered certain tricks of composition, ways of linking themes up, of combining and developing motives, of making an orchestral fabric. But even here they still remain tricks, mechanisms borrowed from Strauss and Ravel and who knows where else. And when you add it all up together it is still a weak work because none of these tricks is his own; they don't arise from the nature of the material. . . . When you hear the piece, you rejoice in the first theme, then sit and wait through the 'filler' until the next one comes along. In this way you sit out about two thirds of the composition. The remaining third is marvelous because it consists of the themes themselves; but where's the composition?"

After *Pal Joey* it is easy to name the "new" musical comedies in which the lyrics, the dancing, the humor, and the story were all subordinate and revealing parts of one composition. Here are the big seven: *Lady in the Dark*, *Oklahoma*, *Carousel*, *South Pacific*, *Kiss Me Kate*, *West Side Story*, and *My Fair Lady*.

Almost without exception these American hits were panned when they opened in London, even though they played to packed houses year after year. Part of this is the vinegar with which English critics besprinkle most American folk art, but chiefly it is because our form of musical theater is not done by the English; what they prefer is the revue — Cochran's Revue, for example, in which the talented trio Beatrice Lillie, Jack Buchanan, and Gertrude Lawrence did a series of numbers, sometimes on their own, sometimes ensemble. This is the traditional English fare, probably derived from the music hall, and the London critics see no reason why it should be altered. The English revues are ingenious, and they are remarkably cheap to produce, as witness *Tunes on a Shoestring;* perhaps one might say that in the matter of their economy they are better adapted today to the British pocketbook. But sometime one of the London critics will realize that the "new" musical theater on Broadway demands more careful composition, better timing, and a finer sublimation of all those elements than what had gone before.

Songs and the composer

THE LIFE THAT LATE HE LED is the rather artificial title of GEORGE EELLS's biography of Cole Porter (Putnam's, $6.95), and the reading of it, like listening to his tunes, turns my thoughts back with nostalgia. When Cole Porter sailed for France in early July of 1917 (the book is in error on this date), he was a young Yale graduate with a headful of tunes, and a gift, a very real gift, for rhyme. I was on the *Espagne*, and night after night heard him sing his most popular tune of that moment, "I've a shooting box in Scotland; I've a château in Touraine." His war service in Paris was largely a matter of convenience to Mr. Porter. He met some dazzling people, who found him entertaining, and chief of them the beautiful Linda Thomas, a wealthy widow nine years his senior, whom he married in 1919. From then until the late twenties he and Linda indulged their vanities at St. Moritz, in Paris, and in several huge palazzos they rented in Venice. They led charmed lives, entertained spectacularly, and Porter's contribution to the theater was minimal. "Cole," says the biographer, "one of the first men to operate a speedboat on the canals, was a particular fa-

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vorite of Princess Jane's. For him Venice was a succession of days lazed away at the Lido, of elaborate social functions, of equally elaborate practical jokes and of experimentation with what at the moment happened to be fashionable and distracting. ('I tried opium once. Found it overrated,' he said.)" Since the wit which was to distinguish his later songs has not been preserved in letters or remembered conversation, these early pages read like a faded copy of *Town Topics*.

From his not very successful *Hitchy-Koo of 1919* until he began work on *Fifty Million Frenchmen*, Porter had made no serious bid as a composer. Then, as his biographer puts it, Cole dropped his pose as a playboy, put himself in the hands of two professionals, Louis Shurr and Ray Goetz, and got down to work. Good musical comedy was not easy to afford in the Depression, but the best of it came from Noel Coward, George Gershwin, and Cole Porter; and a medley of some of Porter's big hits would include: "Let's Do It," "You Do Something to Me," "Night and Day," "I Get a Kick Out of You," "Easy to Love," "Anything Goes," "You're the Top." Here are the sophistication, the wit and power of suggestion, and the unquenchable melody Porter was drawing on.

It is tragic that at the height of his success he should have been critically injured while riding on Long Island. The first examination called for a double amputation. Linda, who was in Paris, knowing her husband's *amour-propre*, refused permission. For the rest of his life, Cole was never long without pain. His legs had to be broken and reset seven times, and in the end one was amputated. Yet it was in these two decades of endurance that he did his best work. This is for me the most vital part of Mr. Eells's book, the time when he knew the composer and gained from him an insight into Cole's friendships with Monte Woolley, Howard Sturges, Dr. Albert Sirmay, and Bella Spewack, who badgered him into doing *Kiss Me Kate*, the best thing he ever wrote. The author sometimes has difficulty separating the good from the mediocre, and I grow as bored as Linda was with Cole's business activities in Hollywood. As in so many theatrical memoirs, there are too many openings, too many members of the cast, too many theater parties. It is the man's gritty gaiety and his courage and skill in continuing to write when again and again he had been counted out that one remembers.

The Tate in trouble

In the second volume of his autobiography, BRAVE DAY, HIDEOUS NIGHT (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $6.95), SIR JOHN ROTHENSTEIN gives a brave, generous, and vital account of his triumphs and trials as director of the Tate Gallery. Sir John is an urbane and attractive writer dedicated to encouraging what is best in contemporary British painting. His book, as the title implies, falls into two parts: "Brave Day," his guardianship of the collection during the Blitz, when the gallery itself was gutted, and "Hideous Night," the acrimonious debate touched off in 1952 in Parliament and the British press as to whether the Tate and its director had been misusing the funds. For me, as, I think, for most Americans, the first half is far the more rewarding.

The relations between the Tate and the National Gallery had been allowed to settle into a state of dusty confusion long before Sir John came on the scene. Both were state-owned, the National Gallery the mother, the Tate the offspring, more audacious in its championing of what was modern. The Tate was allocated such a trifling sum for acquisitions that the National Gallery had repeatedly to come to its support, granting it the purchase price of new pictures from endowments which were not always scrupulously respected. To make things worse, the Tate had foisted upon it by political favoritism some trouble-makers on the staff who would not collaborate with Sir John and whom he had a devil of a time removing.

These were the Augean stables he inherited in 1939. There was no filing system, correspondence had been shoved anywhere, or pilfered; and the storage of pictures not hung and thick in dust, included thirty-four Turners never seen by the public and the best of them still unstretched. That Sir John could have accomplished so much before the Blitz is remarkable, and the moral in this for Americans is what might happen in Washington were our National Gallery placed on the same budget as the Smithsonian, with the latter having the final say. Heaven forbid!

Sir John assumed office with two working principles: first, that the aura of the French Impressionists had unfairly depreciated the respect for British painting, and he meant to right this balance; second, that the enthusiasm for modern art was too often accompanied by a superficial acceptance. He knew that war was coming and that all the valuable works in the Tate would have to be hidden in castles or country houses remote, dry, and with only enough water pressure in case of fire. It was well he did so, for early in the bombing the Tate lost its roof and virtually every windowpane. Sir John was swift to befriend the British and refugee artists, and to exhibit their work, when possible, in the still airtight rooms of the National Gallery. The accounts of his visits to artists like Pasmore, Wyndham Lewis, Augustus John, Paul Nash, David Jones, and Kokoschka are warm and perceptive, and often resulted in acquisitions of gifts to the Gallery. His description of the six weeks which Stanley Spencer spent with him and Elizabeth, his American wife, should pass him through the pearly gates. Britain was blessed to have an art director as perceptive and sympathetic as he; and so were we, for his first showing of modern American painters in the Tate — which Sir John put through at the war's end at a cost of $30,000, when pounds sterling were scarce — did both parties immense credit.

At the insistence of his chairman, Sir John remained mute throughout the public inquisition, which began in 1952. The storm that blew up was a savage one, alienating him from trustees like Graham Sutherland, making him seem responsible for slovenliness in high place, and dimming for a time the gratitude the nation owed him. His friends stood by him more staunchly than did his chairman, but he had the gratification of knowing that the Tate was a far richer institution than it had been when he took hold. No one can fault him for wanting to make a clean breast after all these years.

"Captain" Hemingway

Ernest Hemingway was a good journalist; he was well schooled

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during his months on the staff of the Kansas City *Star*, and after the First World War his correspondence for the Toronto *Daily Star* was his only means of subsistence in France until under the prodding of friends he began to gamble on his short stories. BY-LINE: ERNEST HEMINGWAY (Scribner's, $8.95) is a large collection of Hemingway's reportorial pieces. The ones that most appeal to me have to do with his fishing for marlin in Cuba or for trout in Europe, and those in which he covered the Spanish Civil War, 1937–1939, and the invasion of Europe in 1944. I don't think he was at his best in the Orient when he was writing for *PM*, and I have a distaste for his big-game hunting.

William White, who made the selection for *By-Line*, says that "Hemingway soaked up persons and places and life like a sponge." This is true, and it is equally true that he had a way of putting himself in command of the situation, of embellishing reality to make a good story even better. Of the war pieces from Spain, "The Chauffeurs of Madrid," "The Flight of Refugees," "Tortosa Calmly Awaits Assault" are admirable for their terseness, pity, and the foreboding of defeat.

Hemingway needed his correspondent's credentials to get where he wanted to be, but once on the spot, he violated the conventions by ceasing to be a noncombatant. His affiliation with the French partisans who gave him the honorific title of "Captain," his part in the liberation of Paris are told with an air of bravado in "Battle for Paris" and "How We Came to Paris," both written for *Collier's* in the autumn of 1944, but he did not violate censorship, and the toughness with which he writes about war is the result of his identification with and love for the fighting man. "War in the Siegfried Line," in which a tank destroyer chews up one after another of the bunkers filled with SS troops, gives back to the Germans the brutality they had inflicted on others. On occasion Papa goes too far in his self-appointed role as commander. In "Voyage to Victory," in which he continually advises the commander of a landing craft on how to come in on Fox Green Beach, the Navy lieutenant, a veteran of the landings in Africa, Sicily, and Salerno, is preposterous. I don't believe it happened that way.

Reader's Choice
by Oscar Handlin

JOSÉ ORTEGA Y GASSET'S THE ORIGIN OF PHILOSOPHY (Norton, $4.00) is an essay which got out of hand. Back in 1943 the distinguished Spanish philosopher was asked to write an epilogue to Julián Mariás' *History of Philosophy*. Ortega agreed, but somehow could never complete the assignment. He kept writing away for ten years, and when he died in 1955, the task was not yet finished. The fragments have now been published in a straightforward translation by Toby Talbot.

The failure was not surprising. Acceptance of the invitation meant for Ortega a challenge to survey the whole course of human philosophizing and to distill its significance for modern man. In 1943, the Great War was still in progress; and ten years later the crisis in human events that it marked was not over. Ortega was too scrupulous a thinker to find in history easy answers to the problems of existence in his own day. Perhaps he never finished because he was not really satisfied with his effort to elicit from the great minds of the past the guiding precepts to carry his contemporaries through the difficulties of the present.

Ortega sometimes complained that he was not taken seriously as a philosopher. Even his students, he wrote, regarded him as a literary figure. A felicitous style and a gift for apt illustration embellished his learning and softened the rigor of his arguments. In this book, as in others, the discussion is discursive; and Ortega does not hesitate to wander off in illuminating digressions in the notes and in the text. Whether regarded as formal philosophy or as literature, each page, however, says something enlightening.

There is, moreover, a fundamental seriousness of purpose about the book. What does a retrospective survey of man's thought reveal? "The history of philosophy *prima facie* reveals the past to us as a defunct world of errors." But that preliminary view turns out to be a mask. Regarded more carefully, all the errors appear as incomplete, partial truths. In a still closer view, it becomes a matter of indifference whether the philosophical past is designated as an accumulation of errors or an accumulation of truths because in fact it contains elements of both. It is best understood as an experience through which man has been passing.

These observations lead to the central theme, the ultimate unity of philosophy as an experience. But the task of making philosophy was not a permanent occupation of humanity. This form of speculation began at a fixed point in time in Greece, and although it developed continuously for two thousand years, there is no guarantee of its perpetuation. Hence the significance of Ortega's inquiry into its origins.

Ortega argues that the birth of philosophy was connected with a distinctive period of freedom, during which society had the spiritual as well as the material resources to indulge its practitioners. Parmenides and Heraclitus — and their successors — dared to be dissatisfied with accepted explanations of the universe and launched an effort to discover a world other than that of simple experience. They sought a truth detached from myth and tradition that they could validate by reason. The quest persisted for centuries; and Ortega has no doubts about its value. But he does have doubts whether the times are any longer propitious to it, and that uncertainty very likely prevented him from bringing his work to a conclusion.

KARL JASPERS' PHILOSOPHY IS FOR EVERYMAN (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.50) expresses greater faith if not greater confidence. The book is an outgrowth of a series of television lectures directed by the eminent existentialist philosopher at a lay audience. The mere assumption of the task was an act of faith, for the philosophers of the past usually aimed their teaching at an educated elite. Jaspers regarded his decision to address the masses as "a slap in the face of reality." It implied: "As it has been till now, so it is.

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But it ought not and must not remain so." The modes of understanding that had not yet reached the masses, he insisted, had to be made available to them in the future.

Jaspers' is a finished work, rigorously outlined, lucidly written, and forcefully argued. Nevertheless, there is a concordance between its message and that of Ortega. The two philosophers were born in the same year, shared much the same intellectual inheritance, and were subject to similar influences.

For Jaspers, as for Ortega, the starting point is science, the revolution in man's understanding of the realities of the universe. The knowledge which in the eighteenth century revealed the limitations of tradition in the twentieth exposed the inadequacies of reason itself. As a result, Jaspers argues, a total revaluation of ideas is necessary. Briefly he surveys, in turn, history and its pertinence to the present, politics and its connection with freedom, the shortcomings of sociology and psychology, the relationship of myth to metaphysics, and the problems of coping with love and death. In each case, Jaspers draws the reader beyond empirical and rational inquiry to the root of things — to the true meaning and goal of existence. In doing so, he deliberately and consciously points to the limitations of knowledge based on reason. Here are none of the certainties that sustained thinkers of earlier eras.

Characteristically for Ortega and Jaspers, philosophy has ceased to be an integral, all-encompassing system which explains the universe and informs men with assurance what is true and false, right and wrong. Philosophy rather is a mode of thinking, the substantive conclusions of which are rarely stated with precision. It reflects the state of knowledge in the modern world — fragmented, tentative, and shadowed by large areas of doubt.

For centuries philosophy and theology sustained one another. Today even religious faith does not bring the philosopher assurance. A reading of the new edition of PAUL TILLICH'S monumental SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY (University of Chicago Press, $12.50) shows how painful and demanding belief is for a twentieth-century thinker who looks honestly at man's situation. Tillich, who wrote most of this work in the 1950s, was himself markedly influenced by existential philosophy. He recognized boldly that the Christian symbols had become increasingly problematic within the cultural context of his time, and groped for a means of bringing personal faith into accord with rational understanding. Yet in the end Tillich must leave man still in the dark, addressing a remote and inaccessible deity.

In theology, as in philosophy, there can be no certitude. And without assurance of its truth, faith cannot serve a consolatory function. That is the penalty of the novel situation created in our times by the awareness of the limits of man's knowledge.

Regions of the unknown

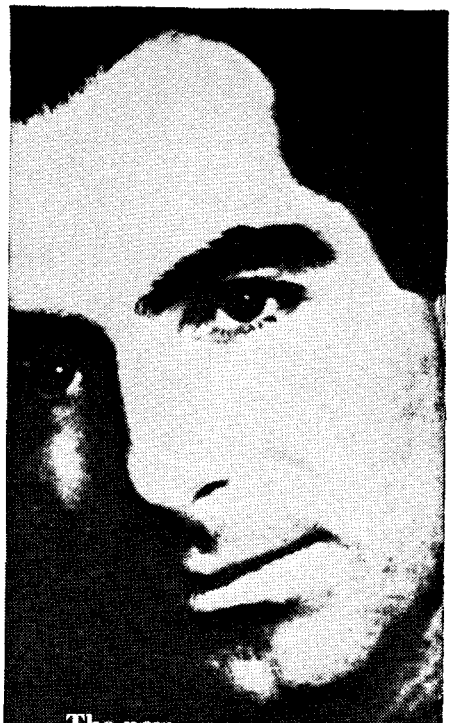
In the past century, philosophers have had to take cognizance of, or at least leave room for, the nonrational, unpredictable, and even inexplicable elements in the human situation. F. W. Nietzsche, William James, and Henri Bergson, among others, recognized the importance of instincts and emotional drives. These undefined needs and impulses are not subject to logical or scientific tests of the truth, yet seem to serve a function. The scholar can hardly understand them since he catches only unrelated, disconnected glimpses of their operations.

THE PRINCESS by GUNNAR MATTSSON (Dutton, $3.95) offers one such fleeting view. This account, translated from the Swedish by Joan Bulman, on one level is a simple and moving love story. On another, it is a true narrative of a physical miracle.

A young Finnish novelist meets a girl. He is twenty-six, has just published a best seller, and is bursting with energy. She is three years younger, a nurse, and a victim of Hodgkin's disease. Her medical training informs her that there is no hope, that she has only months, perhaps weeks, to live.

The unpredictable occurs. They fall in love, and although the prospective term of their life together is brief, are married. They determine, for whatever time they may have, to act as if a normal life awaited them. Foolishly, in the light of what they know, they decide to conceive a child.

The remission of the incurable disease is the miracle. For no known medical reason, the advance of the cancer halts. She lives through the



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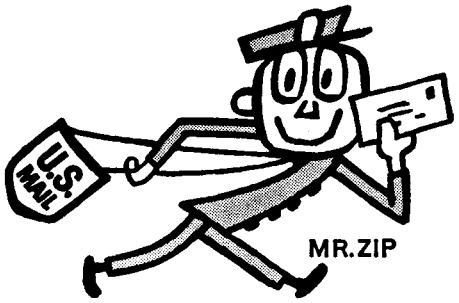

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IT'S AN OLD COUNTRY

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period of the pregnancy, gives birth to a normal child, and at the end is on the verge of recovery.

The story, which would not be credible if it were fiction, is told with moving dignity and restraint. Mercifully, it never becomes maudlin. It is evidence that faith without illusions is capable of effecting impressive results.

ALAN MCGLASHAN'S THE SAVAGE AND BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY (Houghton Mifflin, $4.00) seeks the traces of the knowledge beyond science in society's subconscious mind. An English psychiatrist who was once an R.A.F. pilot and a drama critic for the *Observer*, Dr. McGlashan has compiled an interesting catalogue of daydreams and nightmares, desires and anxieties that lie beneath the surface of man's consciousness. He has sought his material in folk habits and popular culture, in comic strips and fairy tales. His discursive argument leads to the conclusion that man, without relinquishing his technical triumphs, must "go back to his horn book and learn again the lost alphabet of living." Thinking should always be guided by feeling, which is a way of recalling the basic wisdom covered up by civilization. "Primitive man has something to tell us, and in the purely symbolic language of our dreams he speaks to us still."

There is a danger in the promiscuous appeal to folk memory. Dr. McGlashan tells us that "an old countrywoman who used to treat dropsy with decoctions of foxglove from her garden . . . was finally proved to have been, in fact, dispensing an unknown drug called digitalis." The mold on damp cheeses, which once made a rude plaster for infected wounds, was shown to be the source of penicillin. This is evidence of the practical wisdom hidden in simple hearts. Yet such anecdotes, true or not, provide no basis for generalization.

The fact that the exceptional instance cannot be explained is no proof that love will cure cancer or that the witch doctor's brew is as effective as that from the laboratory. It shows only that there is much of which we are yet ignorant.

Respect for the primitive is one of the themes of THE GOODBYE LAND by JOSÉ YGLESIAS (Pantheon, $4.95). In 1964, the author went to Spain to seek out the place of his father's birth and death. The American found the little village in Galicia much as it had been years before when his father had left it to be a cigarmaker in Havana and Tampa, much as it had remained when the old man had brought back to it his mortal disease. The visitor from the metropolitan twentieth century was culturally remote from the peasants absorbed in a changeless routine. Yet the sense of kinship created by the father's migration established a basis for comprehension.

In the effort to identify his father, the stranger searched the memory of the villagers. He got the sense that they did not know about the passage of time. The cycle of their lives blurred past and present just as their religion blended pagan and Christian elements. The impression of timelessness, with its inference of immemorial wisdom, evokes a sympathetic response in a modern man who is all too aware of the uncertainties caused by rapid change.

Nightmares and daydreams

Popular culture, as Dr. McGlashan points out, often finds ways to express the fears and desires men do not wish to recognize. CARLOS CLARENS' AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE HORROR FILM (Putnam's, $6.95) is a valuable chronicle of the nightmares recorded on film.

The movies of the past survive mostly in vague memories, and criticism of them is so ephemeral that any coherent account of the cinema past is welcome. Clarens' book is thoughtful and well written, and supplemented with a good set of illustrations. It is a unique account of an important cultural phenomenon.

Horror was an essential element of movie-making from the earliest days. The first experiment by Méliès in France led to *Dr. Caligari* in Germany and to the succession of vehicles for Chaney, Lugosi, and Karloff in Hollywood. These films provided almost the only refuge from the realism which dominated the screen until recently, and they presented imaginative directors with unusual opportunities to explore the potentialities of the medium.

To the audiences these pictures offered the simpler thrill of indulgence in illicit violence. Clarens pays more attention to the producers than to the consumers, and therefore is content to assume that the participation of the spectators has a

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cleansing effect. They take part in the acts of violence without suffering the consequences. But Clarens makes little effort to trace changes in the content and character of the horror depicted on the film or to assess the influence of popular attitudes upon the sadism and sexual fantasies which seem always to have infused these images.

Appropriately, the book closes with a good discussion of Jean-Luc Godard's *Alphaville*. In the city ruled by a monster computer, the romantic hero ultimately caused the machine to destroy itself by feeding it unclassifiable information — poetry. He thus expressed the resentment of the individual at being controlled by a science heedless of his feelings.

Sexual daydreams in American popular culture were long most explicitly located in burlesque. IRVING ZEIDMAN'S THE AMERICAN BURLESQUE SHOW (Hawthorn Books, $7.95) is a breezy account that follows the girls through almost a century of exposure. The good old days never were. Before 1900, the shows were a dreary conglomeration of filthy dialogue and licentious songs and dances. Thereafter the various Wheels and Circuits which organized the performances toned down the sex when the law frowned, expanded the areas of nudity when the censors were elsewhere occupied. From beginning to end, to outsiders burlesque seemed a great bore.

Who went and why? These are the questions Zeidman does not ask or answer. He has written a good history of the producers and the houses, of the strippers and the comics, and even of the critics. But the audience is absent. He correctly writes off the aesthetic claims perverse highbrows made on behalf of the shakers and tossers. But the girlies satisfied an emotional need that was not inconsequential and that would be worth understanding.

Down under

The people of Sydney had no particular musical tradition, but when they decided to build an opera house, determined that it would be a magnificent one. They raised $300,000 by public subscription and got from the Danish architect Joern Utzon a bold, imaginative design for a building estimated to cost $8 million. Work began in 1959. Six years later, the estimate had risen to $46 million, and the structure was far from finished.

No one minds. The funds come not from taxes but from regular public lotteries; and as the steel and concrete monument rises leisurely in the heart of the harbor, it reminds the Sydneysiders that they have a stake in gambling on what is to come.

The Opera House is characteristic of this continent of a country in which the future is more important than the past. Australia's great spaces nurture grandiose ambitions. Rapid change and lack of people keep them incomplete.

ELSPETH HUXLEY'S THEIR SHINING ELDORADO (Morrow, $6.95) is the perceptive record of a journey through Australia. Miss Huxley's earlier travel accounts dealt with Africa and focused largely on the natural environment. Her descriptive skill is evident in this volume too, in the sketches of the cave paintings at Oenpelli or of the Penguin Parade on Phillip Island or of the rain-forested Mount Lamington. But in dealing with Australia, she wisely devotes much space to the cities. The book makes no effort to advance a theory of Australian culture, yet its insights and observations leave the reader a coherent impression of the place and its people.

An American is particularly impressed with the comparison with his own civilization. In both the United States and Australia, the evidence of English antecedents survived long after independence — in place names, in language, in literature, and in law. In both countries the frontier significantly shaped national development. The availability of land and the restlessness of the population were of importance in both, and parallel attitudes developed toward space. Perhaps these features of the environment generated in both societies a preference for risk over planning. The two national capitals, Miss Huxley points out, evolved similarly. The American W. B. Griffin was called in to lay out Canberra, just as the Frenchman Pierre L'Enfant was asked to plan Washington — and both carefully-worked-out schemes were largely disregarded.

Australia, however, never felt the influence of Puritanism. There was no check upon the frontiersmen's urge to gamble, nor upon their

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indulgence in alcohol or sex. There may be some connection, too, between the lack of a Puritan tradition and the prominence of labor unions in the society. Miss Huxley's account of Broken Hill, an extraordinary mining town in New South Wales, reveals a degree of control by the unions over the private lives of their members that would be unthinkable in the United States.

The most striking difference is in the population itself. Australia did not feel the impact of immigration from continental Europe as the United States did. Indeed, until the Second World War, there was a firm policy of admitting only British newcomers. In the last two decades, the need for labor and the fear of underpopulation have altered that attitude, and the entry of substantial numbers of Southern and Eastern Europeans may increase the similarity to the American experience.

Potpourri
by Phoebe Adams

Armed with a practical working knowledge of painting and a passion for rooting out obscure facts, CHARLES MERRILL MOUNT should be able to write a good biography of Claude Monet or any other artist. His MONET (Simon and Schuster, $10.00) is nevertheless a seriously unsatisfactory book because Mr. Mount is a clumsy writer whose ill-chosen modifiers sometimes defy rational interpretation and whose participial phrases drift like loose balloons upon the breeze. His style is further blemished by his habit of never using one word if three can be wedged in, and by a euphemistic prissiness better suited to the nineteenth century than the present day. Behind the thicket of awkward prose, Monet is still obscured by his biographer's sentiments, which are strongly chivalrous and highly partisan. It is Mr. Mount's considerable achievement to have recovered from oblivion the story of Monet's first wife. She was a very pretty girl of very respectable family, who became Monet's mistress at the age of eighteen and thereafter got a vile deal from everybody. Mr. Mount has fallen in love with this wistful ghost, and his admiration for Camille leads him to present Monet as a neglectful lover, an improvident husband, an avaricious leech, a whining beggar, and a painter who never covered a canvas in what Mr. Mount considers quite the proper way. That this dreary slob is not the man Mr. Mount intended to portray is apparent from his preface, which states that "it is quite possible Monet is among the really heroic figures in the history of painting," and identifies him as "a sacred monster."

In contrast to Mr. Mount, whose troubles are those of the permanently amateur writer, DYLAN THOMAS seems to have been born an old pro. His SELECTED LETTERS (New Directions, $8.50) begin when Thomas, according to Constantine FitzGibbon (whose editing and annotation of these letters are invaluable) was less than seventeen years old. The first letter concerns the youth's utterly impractical, predictably abortive scheme to publish a literary magazine, but it reads as though he had been at the editorial trade for thirty years. Not that he was overoptimistic — it's the tone of the mildly cynical, efficient, assured old hand that rings with alarming conviction. Thomas was acting — or writing — the editor in advance of becoming one, and this element of committed performance runs through all his correspondence. His idle gossip, anathemas on Welsh provincialism, confessions, rages, and rants are all intensely calculated creations, acts of conscious craftsmanship. I do not mean to imply that Thomas was an insincere correspondent, but rather that he brought to letter writing the skill with words, the explosive imagination, and something of the concentrated intention that went into his poetry. If a letter was written at all, it was designed to convey precise meaning and create definite effects, and in these objects Thomas always succeeded. At least, he succeeded on paper. For all his wily wordplay, he lost the courtship game with Pamela Hansford Johnson, who ultimately declined his hand but kept his letters. Like everything else in the collection, they are fascinating and painful. One knows all the time that this glittering torchlight parade is going to march off a cliff.

THE WISHING TREE (Random House, $3.95) is a fanciful story that WILLIAM FAULKNER wrote to amuse a little girl of his acquaintance. I hardly know what to report of it, except that it is no *Alice in Wonderland.* It has considerable charm of episode and a plot derived from the old folktales of misused wishes. There are bits of comic dialogue tha dimly suggest the grown-up Faulk ner, but neither Faulkner's themes nor his style were ever suitable for reduction to the juvenile level, and he knew better than to force them in that direction. *The Wishing Tree* is a pretty gesture which just happened to be made by William Faulkner.

SALLIE BINGHAM'S THE TOUCHING HAND (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50) contains a novella and six short stories. They are elegantly written, involve a variety of settings and characters, and appear to involve a variety of themes. Actually, they all have a common basic pattern — the interdependence of people and their persistent resentment of it. More bias perhaps than formal theme, this notion is twisted seven ways in seven adroit stories. Miss Bingham is much too clever to suggest a cure for it anywhere.

THE FIRST MASOCHIST (Stein and Day, $6.95) is a biography by JAMES CLEUGH of Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, the well-bred historian-novelist who, to his own annoyance, bestowed his name on a sexual aberration almost as well known as sadism. The book proves to be a surprisingly humorous work, for the complications arising from a romantic desire to be horsewhipped by pretty ladies swathed in ermine are incongruously mundane. Ermine is expensive; horsewhipping is harder work than ladies care to undertake; and in Masoch's close-knit world of Austrian gentry, promising anonymous correspondents had a tendency to reveal themselves as somebody's mother. Despite disappointments, Masoch contrived to earn an international reputation with novels which were by no means devoid of merit, to support two wives and assorted children, and to avoid both jail and the lunatic asylum. Mr. Cleugh never bothers to explain the sources of his detailed conversations, which are presumably lifted indiscriminately from Masoch's novels, letters, and the testy memoirs of his first wife. It doesn't matter much. One gathers tha neither Masoch nor his associates were ever too certain of the line between fact and fiction.

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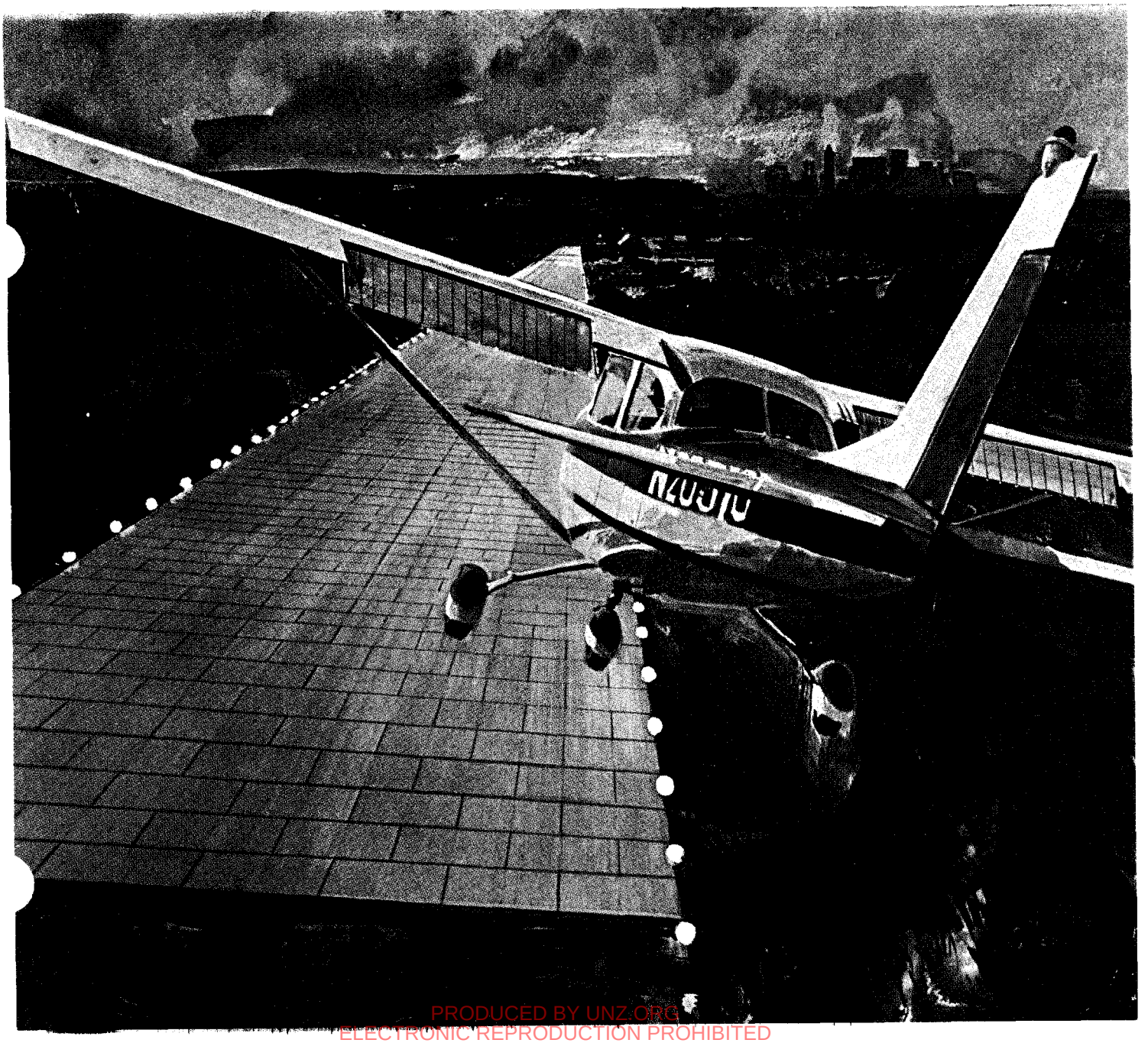

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